

The Outlook

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THE OUTLOOK appears to-day in unfamiliar guise. Beginning this week, each of its fifty-two issues will bear the form of the standard magazines, and each issue will be protected by a cover. The first issue in each month will be the Illustrated Magazine Number, and will contain from one hundred and twenty-eight to one hundred and sixty pages, with generous illustration. The remaining issues of each month will contain not less than sixty-eight pages.

This change in the form of The Outlook does not indicate any change in its spirit, character, or purpose. It is characteristic of The Outlook that it believes in the immortality of the spirit and in change of forms:— in the old religion and in a new theology, in the old patriotism and in new politics, in the old philanthropy and in new institutions, in the old brotherhood and in a new social order. This change in the form of The Outlook, therefore, is quite consistent with its essential principle, that change of form is always desirable when it promotes life.

In assuming the form of the current literary magazines, The Outlook does not become a magazine of literature. It will be more than ever a weekly newspaper. It will devote more thought, more money, and more space than ever before to the interpretation of current events. It adopts the smaller page because it is—

More convenient to hold in reading;

More convenient to carry in the pocket;

More convenient for the library table;

More convenient to put on the book-shelf for future reference.

In its new form The Outlook will of course seem unfamiliar, to ourselves as well as to our readers, for a little time. But it is a change that has been under consideration for at least five years, and we believe that it will rapidly win approval, and add greatly to the attractiveness, the convenience, and the value of the paper for all who use its pages.



THE Senatorial contest in New York has brought out once more the oft-repeated charges of legislative corruption through a fund contributed "under pressure" by corporations and business men, placed in the hands of the head worker of the Republican party—in plain words, in Mr. Platt's hands—and used nominally as a general political fund, actually to reward legislators faithful to the machine, to help pay their election expenses, and in the end to control legislation. Mr. E. C. Benedict is reported in the New York "Evening Post" as saying: "The government in this State is in the hands of three houses, and the third house does business on the principle of 'stand and deliver.' That's the way the Legislature treats corporations. I am mentioning no names, but I will say that the present ruler is as much more expensive than the former one of a different political stripe as an educated, skillful, high-priced man is than an ignorant and low-priced one." At the Choate meeting last week Mr. William D. Guthrie used the following language:

"The individual legislator is now seldom directly bribed. Corporations or individuals seeking protection or valuable charter rights at the hands of the Legislature retain a recognized political boss and pay him for the service to be rendered. This secures the desired favor. They pretend that these payments are contributions to the party, but as a matter of fact they are tributes to the fund of the boss, who turns over to the National, State, or County Committee as much of the spoil as he sees fit, distributing most of it for the purpose of electing to the Legislature his own nominees. In form it is a contribution to the party; in substance and truth it is bribery and blackmail. Most of these contributions are made by corporations. The items are entered on their books under fictitious sundry accounts and hidden from public investigation."

It is not too much to say that there is a widespread belief that Mr. Benedict and Mr. Guthrie spoke with knowledge; and former utterances of Mr. Choate have given the same intimation. Neither Mr. Platt, nor the New York Legislature, nor our business men ought to remain silent under such charges. Sooner or later, to use the forcible slang of the day, "the cover must be taken off" and the whole matter laid before the public conscience.

Meanwhile the question whether New York State shall send to represent it in the

United States Senate Mr. Choate or Mr. Platt is one which concerns all the people of the State, though unfortunately they have no direct voice in deciding that question; and the principle involved concerns the whole Nation. So far as we have seen, it is not pretended by Mr. Platt's warmest friends that he is either a statesman able to formulate a policy for the Nation, or an orator able to commend to the Senate and the country policies formulated by others with whom he is co-operating. The ground on which his candidature is based is stated with commendable frankness in the following typical letter from a Kings County Assemblyman:

"An honest man always acknowledges his obligations and pays his debts. An honest party also acknowledges its obligations and pays its debts, and the Republican party of New York is more heavily in debt to the Hon. Thomas C. Platt than it has ever been to any one man in the forty years of its history. As I am a Republican, I feel myself bound by the obligations of the party, and so I shall vote for Mr. Platt, and I shall do it with all my heart."

According to this candid spoilsman, an office created for the purpose of serving the people of the State is to be converted into a currency for the payment of a political debt. No one talks of any debt due to Mr. Choate. His acceptance of the office would involve a considerable sacrifice on his part, and if he is selected by the State it will be on the precise principle on which he is selected by his clients—because he is the best man to serve the interests of the people in the councils of the Nation. Of course the machine means to elect Mr. Platt. But if the public were not apathetic, it would not be impossible to compel the machine to change its mind. It meant to re-elect Mr. Platt when he resigned from the Senate; but the voice of the people was too decisive to be disregarded, and he was not re-elected.

The first draft of the major part of the charter of Greater New York, made public last week, is full of features of National interest. The new commonwealth created—a commonwealth of three million people—has not, indeed, a tithe of the powers conferred upon new States in the West, but has much greater powers than are now given to the municipalities consolidated by the charter. The municipal legislature is given comprehensive, though not exclusive, powers over the police system, the school system, the

protection of the public health, the regulation of streets and buildings—including the height of buildings—the establishment of markets, the laying out of parks and parkways, and the management, under certain admirable limitations, of municipal property and municipal franchises. The legislature in which these powers are vested is nearly as large as that of most States outside of New England, and, like most State legislatures, is to consist of two chambers. This last feature is becoming somewhat exceptional in municipal assemblies, and was revived, of course, in the fear that a single chamber might take important action without due deliberation or due notice to the public. The Commission, however, recognized the necessity of other methods of securing such deliberation and such public notice, by providing that no important ordinance can be acted upon until several days after publication in the "City Record." In the case of ordinances for the expenditure of money or the granting of franchises, a three-fourths majority is always required, and a five-sixths majority in case of a veto from the Mayor. No new public work involving an expenditure of more than \$1,000,000 can be undertaken without first being referred to the voters of the city. The Council or upper house of the legislature is to consist of 37 members, whose president shall be elected at large, and the remaining members by groups from ten Council districts; the lower house, or Board of Aldermen, is to consist of 104 members, to be elected by groups from twenty-two Senate districts. The avowed object of electing members by groups from large districts is to provide for the introduction of minority representation when the State Constitution shall be changed so as to permit it.

The Mayor, as was anticipated, is granted extensive powers. His term, like that of the municipal legislators, is limited to two years, but during this term there is hardly any limitation upon his authority. Nearly all executive responsibility is concentrated in his hands. The heads of all but one of the thirteen city departments—Law, Police, Public Improvement, Parks, Buildings, Public Charities, Correction, Fire, Docks, Taxes and Assessments, Education, and Health—are originally appointed by him, and may be removed by him at his discretion during the first six

months of his term. The head of the Finance Department alone is elected by the people and is independent of the Mayor. For the regulation of subordinate appointments, some excellent civil service regulations are incorporated in the charter, including a provision that no salaries shall be paid to men not appointed in conformity with the civil service rules. The Department of Police is to have the supervision of elections. For this reason it is to be directed by a Commission of four members, not more than two of whom shall be of the same political party. In the matter of education the proposed charter provides for a central board for the whole city, and a local board for each of the five "boroughs" into which the city is to be divided. Other features of the charter will be discussed when they come before the Legislature for final disposition. Space only remains to print in full the clause providing that in the future public franchises shall periodically revert to the control of the public. It reads as follows:

"Hereafter no franchise or right to use the streets, avenues, parkways, or highways of the city shall be granted by the municipal assembly to any person or corporation for a longer period than twenty-five years, but such grant may give to the grantee the right on a fair revaluation to not more than one renewal for a further period of not exceeding twenty-five years. Upon the termination of the franchise or right granted by the municipal assembly, the plant or property of the grantee in the streets, avenues, parkways, or highways, with its appurtenances, shall become the property of the city without further or other compensation to the grantee, and the city may by ordinance provide for the operation thereof by itself or by lessees."

The thanks of the community are due to the gentlemen who have prepared this report. It has been done under great difficulties, and in an incredibly short time; it must be remembered, too, that the Commissioners could not work as mere idealists, that they must recognize past traditions and present popular prepossessions, and prepare a charter not so radical and revolutionary that it would be certain not to be acceptable to the people, and therefore certain not to be adopted, nor even to work well if it were adopted. It seems ungracious to criticise the product of so painstaking and patriotic a service, and yet the community must constitute itself a committee of the whole for the consideration of its provisions. In sharply discriminating between executive and legislative functions, and in concentrating the former in a Mayor, with large

power of appointment and removal, and commensurate responsibility for the administration of all departments, the Commission has done wisely. The departure from this principle has been one chief cause of the corruption in our municipal governments. The Commission has done wisely, too, in providing that municipal franchises shall not be sold for a longer term than twenty-five years. This leaves the way open to the future to adopt municipal ownership of municipal industries, if it desires to do so, and gives to the community, in any event, the advantage, which belongs to the community, of growth in the value of the franchise. Still more important is its qualified adoption of the referendum, in the provision that appropriations exceeding a million dollars shall be referred to a popular vote. The incidental expense of a special election would be insignificant as compared with the advantages to public welfare accruing from this provision.

But in two respects the proposed charter appears to us seriously at fault. The perpetuation of the bi-partisan idea in the Police Board is not justified by the fact that the Police Board now controls the Bureau of Elections, since it would be easy to separate the two absolutely. More serious is the constitution of the proposed municipal legislature. Elections are idle forms unless the electors know, or can easily ascertain, something of the personal character of the candidates for whom they are voting. It is because in so many cases this is impossible that they vote the regular ticket which unscrupulous managers have prepared for them. In providing a Board of Aldermen of 104 members, to be elected in groups of five from districts averaging 150,000 people, the Commission has perpetuated the vice of our American system. Under the plan proposed it would be impossible for the elector to know the men whom he imagined he was selecting to represent him. There are two methods, either one of which would make such knowledge possible. One would be to delegate the legislative power to a small body of nine, twelve, or fifteen men, to be elected by the whole city on one ticket. This would appeal to the ambition of the best men in the city, and make it possible to secure a body of representative citizens in the permanent legislative Board, as it has been to secure such citizens in

the Charter Commission and the Rapid Transit Commission. The other would be to divide the city into a hundred voting districts, and provide that each district should elect one, and only one, representative. This would make it possible for each elector to know the one man who would represent him in the city government. But a Board of Aldermen of 105, elected by five districts, will leave, in most cases, the electors to vote for unknown men, and will practically relegate the choice of the Board to the "bosses" who make up the party tickets.

Last week the Board of Estimate and Apportionment of New York City acted in a manner worthy of imitation by the boards of other cities, in granting increased appropriations to the free circulating libraries of the metropolis. For the year ending July 1st, 1896, the circulation of the New York Free Library consisted of 680,000 volumes, an increase over the previous year of 80,000. The full amount authorized under the statute for apportionment is at the rate of ten cents a volume circulated. This would amount to \$68,000. While the Mayor and other members of the Board appreciated the work of the Library, they were not prepared to allow the full amount permitted by the law. They granted to this Library \$50,000, an increase of \$15,000 over last year's appropriation; to the Aguilar (Hebrew) Library an increase of \$6,000. Here again the library circulation had increased so rapidly that it might have received an increase of \$12,000 under the law. The Mechanics and Tradesmen's Library received \$15,000, and the smaller libraries received increased appropriations in proportion. Next to public schools, public libraries are of the greatest efficiency in education. The late election has been of peculiar benefit in awakening the people to their need of instruction as well as of entertainment in reading, and may have had something to do with the increased circulation. The advent of the great new library in New York City—the consolidation of the Lenox and Astor Libraries with the Tilden Fund—ought to be followed by as splendid results as have attended the Philadelphia Free Library, which was started four years ago with a large appropriation and an annual grant from the city of \$90,000. During the past year, this institution circulated 1,300,000

volumes, surpassing all other libraries in the country.

In response to our call for information about any properly authenticated evidence of coercion by employers in the recent election, two correspondents send us clippings from the Omaha "World-Herald." These extracts contain the report of an election contest in an Omaha court, from which it appears that one P. E. Iler, a distiller, testified under oath that he had one hundred and seventy men in his employ previous to election; that he told his employees how he wanted them to vote, and that if Mr. Bryan was elected the works would have to close down; that he "saw to it" that they marched in the McKinley parade; that he was now satisfied that the greater portion of them voted for Bryan, and that as soon as he could find out which of his employees had done so they would be discharged. While it does not appear that an actual threat of discharge in case of voting in opposition to the employer's wishes was made before election, his own evidence shows that he used every other means to unduly influence his men, and no doubt they all understood that refusal to obey his wishes might mean the loss of work. Another instance of nearly equal flagrancy was brought to our attention by a correspondent and commented on in The Outlook of November 28. With these two exceptions no one has been willing to make a definite charge, with dates and names, over his own signature and of his own knowledge. That there were other individual cases is quite probable; but it is not probable that there was anything like wide-extended political coercion of workmen. That so very few cases have been brought forward tends to disprove the general charge, which, as we have heretofore said, involves employer and employed in a common condemnation, the former as corruptionists, the latter as cowards. If such an attempt takes place, it is the duty of those threatened to make the facts known. The resulting indignation of the community would be so great that few employers would dare further to interfere with the political independence of their men.

The result of the Senatorial contest in Utah, which opens with the new year, will be very interesting to those who have watched Mormon politics. The right of

the Mormon Church leaders to interfere in State affairs will practically be settled by the Democratic majority in the Legislature. Moses Thatcher, one of the candidates, until recently was an apostle in the Church. He had always been known as one of the liberal leaders who were opposed to the attempt of the Church to defy the people of the United States, and he had been one of those who finally forced the First Presidency to agree that the Mormon people should give up their old Church political party, and should divide honestly on party lines. The facts, we are informed on good authority, are as follows: In 1891, when this division took place, the Mormon leaders expressly declared that, so far as politics were concerned, they released their people from the obligation to take counsel with them. Mr. Thatcher refrained from taking an active part in politics until this promise was broken by the leaders, who endeavored to break down the great Democratic majority that had been given in 1891, and who counseled in secret priesthood meetings that the people should be evenly divided, so that the leaders might hold the balance in power. Then Mr. Thatcher openly took the field against such practices, and became a Democratic leader. He fought the idea of equal division in his own county, and convinced the people there that they should be honest. The liberal Democratic element, which had been resisting the designs of the Church leaders, rewarded him for his efforts by nominating him in 1895, at the first State election, for United States Senator. During the campaign the members of the Mormon First Presidency criticised him for taking the nomination without first consulting them, and thereupon the Democratic State Convention, composed almost three-fourths of Mormons, was reconvened in the last two weeks of the campaign, and an address was adopted in which the First Presidency and their chief supporters were severely criticised, and a strong declaration against the interference of the Church in State affairs was adopted. At the April Conference this year, as a reply to the Convention's address, the Mormon leaders issued a manifesto in which they declared that every officer of the Church must take counsel with his ecclesiastical superiors before entering into any political engagements. Mr. Thatcher refused to give his sanction to this doctrine, saying that it was a practical

declaration of the Church's right to control politics, as almost every Mormon is a Church officer of some kind. For this he was recently deprived of his apostolic office, and pronounced "contumacious." It is an indication of the changed conditions in Utah that he did not take this action as a virtual sentence of banishment, but defied the Church, by announcing himself as a candidate for the Senatorship.

The Georgia Legislature, despite the hardness of the times among its pre-eminently agricultural constituency, has largely increased the State appropriation for school purposes. There was a contest over the increased appropriation for the State university, and the House at one time voted to reduce the amount, but finally, by a majority of nearly two-thirds, gave the \$22,500 asked for. The sum is not large, but it is equivalent to the interest on an endowment of \$400,000, and the debate showed that the Legislature had accepted two principles of far-reaching importance: (1) that the universities and the common schools are mutually essential parts of the educational system; and (2) that opportunities for the higher education as well as the lower should be accessible to all the children of the State. The Legislature seemed also about prepared to adopt a uniform system of textbooks in the elementary schools, and to furnish these books to the pupils at cost, but this proposal was finally referred to a committee to be reported on at the next session. The appropriation for the common schools is to be raised from \$600,000 to \$1,000,000. Apart from these educational matters, the Legislature has considered several important measures relating to the improvement of the penitentiary system, the further restriction of the liquor business, and the curbing of monopolies. The Anti-Trust Bill, which passed both houses, seems to possess enough vitality to call forth considerable opposition from the friends of the trusts. It prohibits trusts from selling goods within the State of Georgia, and it is expected at least to give independent producers a substantial advantage in securing Georgia trade. Inconsistently with their National platform, the Democrats in the Legislature voted down a bill prohibiting future contracts stipulating for payment in gold. They took the ground that while such contracts, if they became general, threatened serious evils, and might wisely be prohibited by

National legislation, no State could prohibit them without lessening the supply of money its citizens could borrow from other commonwealths. It is scarcely necessary to repeat our conviction that such interference with the right of private contract would be injurious and unjust if not unconstitutional.

The failure last week of the National Bank of Illinois, followed by the failures of other banks in Chicago, St. Paul, and West Superior, has called general attention to the lack of enforcement of our banking laws. While the failure of one of the above banks was because of "dry rot," some of the others were carried down by reason of the disaster which properly overtook the National Bank of Illinois. We say properly because Comptroller Eckels has given out the following statement:

"The failure of the bank is due to injudicious, reckless, and imprudent methods followed by the officers and not checked by the directors, though their attention had been individually called to the same and over their individual signatures they had promised to remedy the weak points in the bank's condition. The largest source of failure is the bank's holdings of the Calumet Electric Railway stock, the full amount of which cannot now be stated, for it is discovered that a part of such holdings was not made to appear on the books, but concealed in another account. This and other large and doubtful loans had been called by special letter to the attention of the officers and directors, and specific improvement promised a year since."

This very statement of the Comptroller, however, will lead to many pertinent inquiries as to the enforcement of our National Banking Law. We have just learned that the conduct of the bank was reckless and imprudent, but Mr. Eckels knew that some such conduct characterized it a year ago. It now appears that the Calumet Electric Company had received more than the entire capital and surplus of the bank. Surely the directors must have known that the total liability of any banking association "for money borrowed, including in the liabilities of a company or firm the liabilities of the several members thereof, shall at no time exceed one-tenth part of the amount of the capital stock of such association actually paid in." So reads our National Banking Act. What the public would like to know about this whole matter is, whether we cannot have such an enforcement of the law as to protect honest folk against reckless and criminal violations of law.

The day before Christmas, when everybody was shopping, the street-car system of Boston was "tied up." The cause of the strike was a peremptory demand of the conductors and motormen for the recognition of their Union. The West End Railroad Company, in which the interests of all the shareholders of all the original railroad corporations are now consolidated, has refused to treat with its laborers except as individuals, and the men allege that they are unable to secure proper attention to their grievances. The men voted to strike on the morning of December 23, unless their demand for the recognition of their Union should be granted by 3 o'clock of that day. The officers of the Union who waited upon the President of the West End Company were told by that official that only the Board of Directors could take the action demanded, and that a majority of the Board could not be brought together for several days. He asked a week's time, and the officers of the Union consented to hold the strike order in abeyance for that period. When the men heard of this agreement, they repudiated the action of their officials. The latter, they said, had exceeded their authority, and had been tricked by the street railway president, who wished delay to collect a force of non-union men. The strike ordered by a majority of the employees over the heads of the officials was naturally obeyed with hesitation by many of the workmen, and in one district was not obeyed at all. As a further element of embarrassment, unemployed men presented themselves at the offices of the company in numbers that dismayed the strikers. In a day the strike was completely broken, and the company has been taking back what men it would on its own terms. The men most active in the unions—to the number of eight hundred, the men report—have been permanently laid off. The cause of the men was lost chiefly by their want of confidence in their officials.

The Pennsylvania Senate Investigating Committee, which is examining municipal conditions in Philadelphia, last week turned its attention to the administration of the city gas-works. Professor Bemis, of Chicago, who was one of the principal witnesses, brought out sharply the fact that it was costing the city of Philadelphia nearly twice as much to manufacture coal-

gas as it would cost if the public business were conducted upon business principles—nearly twice as much, in fact, as it now costs the city of Wheeling, W. Va. The reason for the wasteful methods employed in Philadelphia, he said, was in part the refusal of the City Council to appropriate the sum necessary to construct a modern plant. This, however, was the less important reason. The more important was the absence of Civil Service Reform in the administration of the works. The labor bill was far higher than it should be even with the present antiquated plant, because the gas-works were used to furnish needless or overpaid places for political workers. He believed in public ownership, he said, but he believed in it as a means to secure the efficient service of the public. The citizens of Philadelphia ought not to be satisfied because they get their gas 20 per cent. cheaper than the citizens of New York. If they wish to secure the full benefit of public ownership, they must give their attention to the public business, and see to it that it is conducted upon business principles. Professor Bemis's testimony was a striking statement of the necessity of Civil Service Reform where technical work of any sort is performed by the public. Other witnesses brought out several vivid illustrations of evils which Professor Bemis attacked. Employees testified to the payment of "voluntary" political assessments, and to a regular channel through which these passed. It was also testified that the private corporation which supplies the city with water-gas—at 37 cents per thousand cubic feet—was in the habit of taking on men at the dictation of the politicians, keeping them, as a rule, for only a few days, and then making room for other friends of the politicians. By means of this movable force the corporation "kept in" with the politicians, and the politicians "kept in" with large numbers of constituents. The spoils system is not confined to works controlled by the public.

The statistical table of the public schools in the largest ten cities of the United States has just been reported in the last issue of the report of the Commissioner of Education. Boston ranks first in the enrollment, attendance, and value of school property. Sixty per cent. of the children between the ages of five and twenty-one years are registered in the schools of Bos-

ton. Baltimore reports an average of forty-eight; Brooklyn, forty-nine. New York City has the largest enrollment in the public day schools, but the average of attendance does not give her ranking with the three cities mentioned. Boston has the lowest attendance of private and parochial schools. It is plainly stated that the public schools of the city of Boston rank so high that they are the favorite schools of its citizens. The public school buildings of Boston are the most costly in the United States. The value of her school property per capita is \$81; that of New York, \$42; Brooklyn, \$26; St. Louis, \$21. The overcrowded condition of the schools in New York is clearly shown when it is stated that the number in the average daily attendance at each building in the city is 1,172. The average attendance in Brooklyn is 778; in Boston, 354. As Boston ranks the highest in average daily attendance and in per capita property value of school population, she also ranks highest in the average salaries received by her teachers. The average salary paid in Boston is \$1,000 per year; in New York, \$677; in Brooklyn, \$762. For the whole country it is estimated that the pupils in the common schools of the country—that is, in the public elementary, secondary, and high schools—is 425,000 more than attended these schools in the previous year. That this increase is enormous is shown when we remember that the average annual rate of increase for ten years ending with 1892 and 1893 was about 286,000. The report calls attention to the fact that this increase of school attendance occurred during a period of business depression that affected the whole country, and the deduction is drawn that the business depression which threw out of employment the children of school age was utilized by the parents by giving these children school opportunities.

One of the most painful aspects of the recent flurry about Cuban affairs caused by the agitation of the matter in the Senate has been the evidence in so many quarters of the diminished respect paid to that body in foreign countries. There was a time, as Bishop Potter reminded the readers of *The Outlook* in his admirable sermon published two weeks ago, when the United States Senate was synonymous with ability, distinction, and leadership. The men who gave it pre-eminence as a

legislative body were no more free from faults than their successors to-day, but they had a largeness of view which brought with it a certain steadiness, and which gave the Senate, what it ought never to lose, the authority which flows from dispassionate and thoroughly intelligent dealing with public questions. In recent years the personnel of the Senate has not only suffered a great decline, but it has ceased to be a deliberative and conservative body. By a strange transformation, the House of Representatives has become more deliberative and conservative than the Senate. The foreign journals are saying in many different ways that very little attention ought to be attached to the vaporings of the United States Senate, and unfortunately the people of the country are saying the same thing. They expect from the Senate a strong, dignified, judicial dealing with foreign matters; instead of that they have had a nervous, agitated, fussy, and often needlessly offensive dealing with these matters. Messrs. Morgan and Chandler give evidence in ability and manners of the immense decline in the authority of the Senate from the days of Webster and Calhoun. What the Senate needs is the presence of two or three strong, vigorous leaders who are afraid neither of their constituencies nor of their associates.

The rumors of action on the part of the Ambassadors of the Great Powers at Constantinople looking to an enforcement of the proposed reforms in Turkish administration have continued during the past week, and have grown more definite. It is now said that, in an audience between the representatives of England, France, Italy, Germany, Austria, and the Sultan, the latter was distinctly warned that if the revenues ceded for the payment of the Turkish debt were in any way encroached upon, European control of the finances of the Empire would become inevitable. The Sultan is reported to have obstinately refused to concede any measure of control to the Powers, whereupon the Russian Ambassador declared that the throne of the Sultan might be placed in imminent peril. If the reports of this interview are to be trusted, they indicate a decided advance on the vacillating policy of the past. They also indicate an obstinacy on the part of the Sultan which is anything but promising for a peaceful settlement of

present difficulties. The Ambassadors are holding frequent meetings, and there are many evidences of the approach of that crisis in the affairs of the Turkish Empire which has already been too long delayed.

A protest has been addressed to the President, signed by a committee of American citizens in Jerusalem, against an extraordinary order issued by our Secretary of State, Mr. Olney, directing "diplomatic officers to withhold Government protection from all Americans whom the Consuls may reasonably suspect of having no intention of ever returning to the United States." This order has the appearance of having been framed for the specific purpose of withdrawing Government protection from all our missionaries in the Turkish Empire, and officially notifying the Turkish Government that it may massacre them as well as the Armenians, since most of these missionaries have enlisted for life and intend to live and die in the land to whose redemption from barbarism, cruelty, and lust they have consecrated their lives. The fact that such an order can be issued by the Secretary of State and come to the knowledge of Americans only through the protest of those whose lives are endangered by this act of disloyalty to America and her citizens, emphasizes the demand which has heretofore been made for giving Cabinet officers a seat in our House of Representatives and subjecting them to public questions by members of Congress, after the example of the British House of Commons. We agree with the protestants that this order transcends the power of the Secretary of State, that it is in contravention of existing treaties, that it expatriates loyal citizens, that it is warranted neither by law nor reason, and we may add that it dishonors the American flag and the American name. We hope that some one in Congress will take the matter up and call for official information on which Congressional action may be based.

Last winter the English Ministry made the mistake of overloading its programme, and accomplished very little in the way of specific legislation, meeting, in fact, with a signal defeat, as readers of *The Outlook* will remember, on its educational measures. This year that subject will be the foremost matter before Parliament, and a number of bills dealing with the question will be in-

troduced. The principal bill will be in the hands of Mr. Balfour instead of Sir John Gorst, who last winter displayed great incapacity for handling a delicate and uncertain discussion. A new bill has been drawn which, it is said, meets with the approval of English Catholics, and which will probably be so framed as to avoid some of the objections which were urged against the bill of the last session; but it is very doubtful whether the Ministry, unless it has entirely changed its position, can deal with this matter in a way which will command the assent of the nation. The Government will also attempt to deal with the much-abused procedure by which private legislation is carried through Parliament. Under the present arrangement all private bills are settled by party committees in the House of Commons and pass through successive stages with heavy charges at every turn. Indeed, the expense attending private legislation and the fortunes made by what is known as the Parliamentary Bar and by various officials are among the old abuses which have too long been protected by inertia or indifference or the interests of powerful persons. Mr. Balfour, it is said, proposes to introduce a measure which will do away with these abuses and facilitate legislation for local ends without heavy expense. An Irish Local Government Bill is also to be introduced, with a Masters' and Workman's Bill, an Employers' Limited Liability Bill, and other subordinate measures. There has been a decided flurry in Irish politics caused by the discovery that Ireland has been overtaxed, and an urgent demand is made by the Irish members that a large sum of money thus taken from Ireland shall be refunded. It is charged that the country is overtaxed annually about twelve millions of dollars, and as this has been going on for a number of years the Irish are naturally inclined to press their claim for rebate.

The publication of the text of the treaty between China and Russia, which now only awaits the signatures of the Emperors of the two countries, makes still more definite the fact that Russia has acquired a controlling interest in the great Eastern Empire. By the terms of this treaty Russia secures the right to run her great Siberian railroad to Kirin, about two-thirds of the way through Manchuria, and Vladivostok will be connected with Port Arthur. The

Russians are also authorized to keep as many troops as Russia thinks necessary to protect her stations; which means, practically, to send as many men into Manchuria as she pleases. Port Arthur is to be fortified by the Russians as a matter of protection to China, and in time of war Russia may use it as a basis for operations or concentrate her forces there as she chooses; this means that Russian military control is to include not only Manchuria, but the Liao Tung Peninsula. More than this, Russian army officers are to be selected to reorganize the Chinese army—a privilege which may carry with it the most momentous results, for there are many European military critics who believe that admirable fighting material exists in China if it can only be intelligently disciplined. Gordon believed this, and Lord Wolseley, who ought to know what he is talking about, agrees with him. All this means an immense advance of Russian influence and authority in the Far East. In possession of Port Arthur, with as many men as she chooses to put there, and as extensive fortifications as she chooses to build, with railroad connections through Siberia to Russia, with a practical control of China for purposes of drawing supplies behind her, and with a paramount influence at Peking in the determination of Chinese policy, Russian power in the East will be immensely augmented and consolidated. Thus in the East as well as in the West, Russia is rapidly becoming most conspicuously active.

The tragic interest of the situation in Armenia has diverted attention from Greece; but in any settlement of the Eastern question the Greeks have a great interest, and are likely to have some share of the spoils. In Crete the Turks have been following their usual policy of procrastination, delay, and evasion of promises, and the Cretans have formally declared that the reforms promised them have not been effected; but the Greek Government has wisely taken a conservative position, and has held the country back from active participation in the agitation. Meanwhile, however, the Government is apparently not indifferent to popular sentiment, nor to the possible complications of the near future; nor is it likely to entirely escape the strong influence of the army, the officers of which are intensely dissatisfied with the inaction

imposed upon them. While holding the country back, the Government is evidently getting ready for emergencies. The active force of the Greek army has been very largely increased, improved rifles have been introduced, organization is being studied, and many steps are being taken to secure higher efficiency. Financial difficulties, of which Greece has more than her share, do not appear to impose economy on any country when military preparations are in question. Greece is practically bankrupt, but it is spending money on its army as if it had a surplus, and there is some talk of providing the sinews of war by means of a popular loan.

Georg von Bunsen, who died last week, was one of the most interesting personalities of our time. He was the fourth son of the famous diplomatist and scholar, Baron von Bunsen, and was born in Rome when his father was Prussian Minister there. Georg von Bunsen had his university education at Berlin and Bonn, but his broader education was in England (where his father was then Ambassador) in studying the practical application of philosophy to politics. These years of close companionship only emphasized Georg von Bunsen's peculiar resemblance to the gentle, refined, spiritual, and thoroughly sane spirit of his father. Few instances show such a direct inheritance. In 1862 the younger Bunsen was elected to the Prussian House of Representatives, to which he belonged uninterruptedly until 1879. From 1867 to 1884 he was also a member of the North German and of the German Reichstags. In spite of natural oratorical gifts, his parliamentary labors were not so much those of a speaker as of a hard-working member of many committees, especially those on the Budget and on Education. These labors were brought to an abrupt termination by Prince Bismark's rude suppression of the Liberals, and the German Reichstag saw no more significant scene than on the day when Georg von Bunsen and Theodor Mommsen walked out of the House for the last time. Despite this, Bunsen always recognized the great ability of the not over-scrupulous Chancellor, and in the crisis of 1890 was the first to declare that only one man could now lead Germany with satisfaction to all parties—the then almost unknown General von Caprivi. Of late years Bunsen devoted his time to the

direction of many helpful undertakings in the domain of economics and charity. No such endeavor, however, could have had a more far-reaching influence than that which came from his own home, a home which knit together many hearts from many lands. The beautiful living about which we have read in "Memorials of a Quiet Life" and in the memoirs of Bunsen's father and mother has been as characteristic of those who have continued the English home in Germany.

The hard times in the West Indies owing to the increasing loss of the European sugar market are becoming daily more evident. Germany, France, Austria, and other European Governments have been fostering the industry of beet-sugar raising by paying a bounty upon every hundred-weight of sugar exported. Our readers will remember that six months since the German Agrarians won a legislative battle on this issue. Five years ago the Imperial Diet had reduced the sugar bounty by one-half, and had declared that, under certain conditions, the bounty should entirely cease by the middle of 1897. This so angered the Agrarians that they repealed the law and restored the bounty to its old place, an action of course depressing the general market. The areas given to beet culture in Europe became greater. We hardly realize the vast preponderance of the sugar industry in the West Indies. For instance, in Barbadoes nine-tenths of the total product is cane-sugar. An English Commission has now been appointed to report on the condition of the islands. The coming debate in Parliament will directly attack the bounty system. In 1886 Mr. Gladstone said:

"My desire is that the British consumer should have sugar at the lowest price at which it can be produced, without arbitrary favor to any one engaged in the competition; but I cannot regard with favor any cheapness produced by means of subsidies of foreign States, designed to cripple capitalists and workmen engaged in a lawful branch of British trade."

The British West Indian sugar-planters favor the placing of countervailing duties on Continental sugar, or the calling of an international conference to arrange for abolishing the bounties on beet-sugar. It is to be hoped that the latter plan will prevail; it would be for the interest of fair competition.

For 1897

The following are some of the reforms to be worked for in 1897:

A permanent tribunal for the settlement of all controversies between Great Britain and the United States.

Adequate support of the American flag and adequate protection to American life and property on foreign soil.

A financial system which will provide a currency increasing with the increase of population and of business, and so substantial in its foundation as to inspire confidence and credit at home and abroad.

Taxation adjusted according to the possessions and incomes, not according to the expenditures, of the persons taxed; and levied on corporations at the same valuations of property as on individuals.

Municipal ownership of all "natural monopolies;" in lieu of such ownership, no franchises granted for more than one generation.

Reform of the primaries: so that the people shall nominate the candidates as well as elect them.

A direct practical recognition and adoption of the referendum and the initiative in State and municipal politics.

In manufacturing centers and great cities, adequate homes for wage-workers, with free access to pure water and bright sunshine; no dark bedrooms, no unventilated halls, no basement living-rooms, no rear tenements.

Co-operation of all denominations in Home Missionary and Foreign Missionary work. No fighting of Christians among themselves; all Christian forces joined to fight the world, the flesh, and the devil.

Absolute freedom of discussion of all ethical, Biblical, and theological topics within the Church of Christ. No turning reverent souls out to carry on their discussions outside the Church.

Such are a few of the reforms which The Outlook asks its readers to help forward toward accomplishment in 1897.

The New Governors

The special attention of our readers is directed to the article elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook on the twenty-five State Governors who were elected last autumn, the majority of whom are just now beginning their new administrations.

On the whole, we think that our readers will agree with us that this survey of the Governors-elect, the material for which has been obtained by extensive correspondence, and our object in which has been exact though kindly portraiture, gives a reasonable ground for a tempered optimism respecting the future of America. They show clearly that excellence in character is not confined to any party or any locality. The Republican Wolcott, the Democratic Adams, the Populist Rogers, and the free-silver Johnston, may serve as illustrations of the truth of both statements. It is equally clear that the Governors-elect generally represent the better, if not the best, sentiment and character of their respective parties, and this in spite of machines. Whenever the people get control of the primaries and determine the nominations, as they now determine the elections, the better sentiment, of the victorious party will be embodied in its chosen representatives.

The Basis of Government

Three correspondents on page 33 write in reply to a recent editorial on this subject. The first cites Herbert Spencer as an authority for the doctrine that government rests on the consent of the governed; the second questions whether the will of the majority is not the same as the will of God, since all men are God's children; the third considers all human law coercive and despotic in its nature, and that only the individual, not the community, has a conscience.

To the first we reply that we decline to accept Herbert Spencer as an authority in the sphere of either morals or religion. One who is an agnostic in religion and a utilitarian if not a hedonist in ethics, cannot consistently recognize any higher standard of political duty than the greatest happiness of the greatest number, ascertained by their vote. To the second we reply that, as an individual may be governed, not by his conscience, but by his passions, his prejudices, or his sensual self-interest, so may a community. History affords awful evidence of the truth of this proposition. And when it is so governed, the wreck is as much more terrible than the wreck of a community as the number involved is greater.

Our third correspondent, who proposes as a basis of government the proposition that "corporations have no souls," and implies

that the State is a corporation and cannot have a soul, answers, so far as our readers are concerned, his closing statement that it is not for us to say our forefathers were wrong in putting slavery into the organic law.

Our position is, in a sentence: that neither king, oligarchy, aristocracy, nor democracy can make a law: society, however it is organized, can only discover and apply law, the authority of which rests neither in the power of a king, the will of a majority, nor the consent of the governed, but in God Himself.

The Pastor

The true pastor is both born and made. He is a man of catholic and quick sympathies. He instinctively weeps with those that weep, and rejoices with those that rejoice. Whoever stumbles he is apprehensive, whoever falls he is hurt, whoever triumphs he is victorious. Created to be a personal friend, he is trained by the school of experience in the art of spiritual friendship. He has wrestled with doubts, been assailed by temptation, known the travail of grief, and in all has been conqueror and more than conqueror. He loves the little children, and shares their frolics; his heart beats high with the exuberant hopes of youth; he is eager to share in the struggles of middle life, and, endowed with a prophetic imagination, he shares the calm of old age.

For his sympathy is a bestowing, not a demanding, sympathy. The secret of his life is in hidden springs, which are never dry. Like his Master, he might say, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." This life he is eager to share with others. Pastoral work is never a toil to him; if it is a sacrifice, it is always a joyful sacrifice: for it is always a joy to give one's life in service to others. What is burdensome and also useless is the effort to impart a life one does not possess. As the born artist cannot see a beautiful picture in nature without trying to reproduce it with brush or pencil; as the born musician, when he sees a cathedral organ, is possessed with a great desire to sit at the keyboard and make it speak for him to others; as the born orator, seeing a great audience listlessly inattentive while some unhappy wight without ideas or without power to express them meanders helplessly along,

is filled with a passionate eagerness to wake that sleepy audience up and make it alive with thought and feeling—so the born pastor, seeing an individual soul in any experience which companionship may succor or enrich, is eager to bring his own life into play that he may aid the feeble, lift up the fallen, or add to the heavenly exaltation of the divinely victorious.

Yet though this service is not a toil, it costs him much; for nothing is of any spiritual value to the recipient which has not cost the giver something. Of the pastor as of the Christ it may be said, He takes our infirmities and bears our diseases. "With the true pastor," says Dr. John Watson, "visitation is a spiritual labor, intense and arduous, beside which reading and study are light and easy. When he has been with ten families and done his best by each, he comes home trembling in his very limbs and worn out in soul." He has given more than eloquence or sound doctrine; he has given life, and it has cost him something of his own life.

The best pastor is rarely a best preacher: his sympathies are too individual; he cannot generalize experiences nor deal with souls in masses. The home is his sanctuary, the bedside his pulpit, the affection of his befriended flock his recompense. Others may have the admiration of their great congregations as their fee; he is the father of his people, and has the love of his spiritual household as his reward. And when life's changes or the last great change separates him from his charge, his name is cherished with an undying reverence, like that which the devout Roman Catholic pays to his tutelar saint.

In our admiring reverence for the prophet-preacher let us not forget to render a reverential love to the pastor-friend.

The Lives of the Saints

It is, at the first glance, surprising to find Dr. James Martineau saying, "We lost the true notion of human culture when we threw away the 'Lives of the Saints;'" surprising, that is, to find such an expression coming from such a radically Protestant source; but it is easy to divine Dr. Martineau's meaning and to accept his statement. In the same essay he says that the fault of a purely secular education is that it is limited to the knowledge of things, and brings the student's mind rarely into

any admiring contact with pre-eminent persons. "We teach him the grammar and the forms of speech, but few of the things most worthy to be spoken. We teach him the seas and lands, the rivers and mountains of a dead or empty world, but of the histories they have passed through, the proud passages of his country's life, the good men that should be as the beacon to his path, we too often leave him in ignorance." This sentence lets us into the secret of Dr. Martineau's meaning with regard to the loss which the English-speaking world sustained when it threw away the "Lives of the Saints;" and he makes that meaning still clearer when he adds: "The soul grows godlike, not by its downward gaze at inferior nature, but by its uplifted look at thought and goodness greater than its own." These words remind one of Dr. Jowett's statement that in the future ethical education will be taught largely through biography—that is to say, not by abstract statement, but by familiarizing the student with the careers and characters of those whose lives have illustrated the moral quality in a high degree. Every one who has any knowledge of children knows how much easier it is to not only teach them a truth, but inspire enthusiasm for that truth, by using the example of some great life or some noble character. Hero-worship is, as Carlyle saw, a divine instinct. We sometimes make mistakes about our heroes, and set up those who are unworthy of our homage, but the instinct which compels us to admire superiority is one of the noblest things we possess. Some day the Lives of the Saints will be rewritten, not from the ecclesiastical, but from the spiritual, point of view; and when they are so presented, they will be the richest material possible for the education of the young, the inspiration of the mature, and the consolation of the old.

A Notable Biography

"The Story of Gladstone's Life," by Justin McCarthy, the first installment of which appears in the current number of The Outlook, will probably be the most widely read and acceptable biography of the great English statesman which has yet appeared. It is not wise, as a rule, to publish the biography of a man still living; but Mr. Gladstone's political career has been so completely rounded out, and he has lived to such a great age, that it is pos-

sible to tell the story of his life as if it were already finished. That story is of the very first interest to all English-speaking peoples, because it is the biography of one of the foremost men of his time. He not only has been a great political leader and constructive statesman, but is a great personality, notable for distinction of character, intelligence, and influence. The story is to be told by the man best qualified to tell it. Mr. McCarthy is a trained historian and writer, with a special knowledge of the history of the last half-century. He has known Mr. Gladstone familiarly, if not intimately; there have been times when he has been in constant association with him. He was a leader in the agitation for Home Rule in Ireland. He combines in a rare degree intimate knowledge of his subject, and a style which is at once popular and admirable. In the preparation of this biography he has had the cordial co-operation of Mr. Gladstone, who has also cordially lent his aid to *The Outlook* in its endeavor to secure for the work illustration which should be at once interesting, typical, and significant. As the biography progresses it will be enriched with portraits of Mr. Gladstone, his friends, and the great men of his time, which will be of very unusual value. There will also be a great number of other illustrations, all interpretative of the text and illustrative of the man and his life. No romance could have a greater human interest than this story, which will be presented to the readers of *The Outlook* in the successive Magazine Numbers of the coming year.

The Theology of an Evolutionist

The objection which religious people have felt, and which many still feel, to the doctrine of evolution is not wholly as explained by the New York "Tribune:" "It overthrew the popular anthropomorphic conception of God, and the popular belief in the literal truthfulness of the Bible." These objections existed, but there were others deeper and more serious.

The Christian creed, not merely embodied in ecclesiastical formularies, but expressed in continuous preaching, and entertained in the common thought of the laity, was to this effect: God made man perfect; he fell; as a consequence of that fall sin entered into the world, and death through sin; to recover man from this fall

and to redeem him from its consequences Jesus Christ lived, died, and rose again from the dead. A philosophy which denied the fall of Adam seemed to the Christian believer to destroy the foundation of this belief, and bring the whole superstructure down in ruins. The intellectual process of the ordinary religious thinker was very simple: If there was no fall, there is no sin; if there is no sin, there is no redemption. The devout Christian can reconstruct his anthropomorphic conception of God, and substitute therefor faith in the Divine Immanence. He can reconstruct his belief in a dictated revelation, and substitute therefor faith in a spiritual and progressive revelation. But he cannot be persuaded that there is no sin in the world—he is too conscious of it; nor that there is no divine forgiveness of sin, for he has come to the Physician and has been healed.

To many, evolution appears inconsistent with the doctrines of fall, sin, pardon, and redemption. It has sometimes seemed so even to its defenders; it has often seemed so as interpreted by its defenders. The devout soul can reconcile evolution with a theistic theory of creation and with a spiritual theory of revelation, but he knows not how to reconcile it with his Christian faith in the reality of sin and salvation. It appears to him that if evolution is true there is no fall, that sin is only an imperfection, that pardon is only pity for the unfortunate, and that the only redemption is growth.

The object of the series of articles on *The Theology of an Evolutionist*, by the senior editor of *The Outlook*, commenced in this issue, is to afford some answer to this difficulty. He has himself experienced the difficulty; for a considerable time it prevented him from accepting evolution. In these articles he traces the process by which he has overcome the difficulty, retained his belief in fall, sin, forgiveness, and redemption, and yet become an evolutionist. These articles are an attempt to relate the facts of Christian experience—penitence for sin, peace in pardon, joy in deliverance—in terms consistent with evolutionary philosophy; consistent, let us say, with Christ's own evolutionary definition of the Kingdom of God:

"So is the Kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he

knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself ; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

It may be quite impossible to reconcile evolutionary philosophy with sixteenth-century theological formularies; but it may be quite possible that both Christ's teaching and the experience which has grown out of it are consistent with evolutionary philosophy—more consistent with it than they are with sixteenth-century theological formularies. Whether that be so or not it will be for the reader to consider after reading and pondering "The Theology of an Evolutionist."

The Life of the Spirit

The Man Christ Jesus

The clear recognition of the normal human life of Christ is one of the great gains of modern religious thought. To his disciples, who felt the touch of his hand and heard the tones of his voice; to the little group of twelve, who often lived with him in the intimacy of the most familiar intercourse; to the throngs who waited to see him pass, or to hear those simple, beautiful, and searching talks—to all these Christ was never less than man, however greater than man. There was no confusion of two personalities in the thought of his contemporaries; no blurring of the clear outlines of a warm, vital, real human career; no substitution of a strange, unhuman, incomprehensible personality in place of the son of Mary, who was born at Bethlehem, had gone up to the Temple while yet a child and talked with the doctors of the law, had spoken in many places in Judea and Galilee, had died at Jerusalem as other men die, and been buried as other men were buried. All this the men and women who had become his followers knew about Christ; and to them he was as real, natural, and normal a man as John or Matthew or Peter. There was nothing abnormal about him, although there was much that was exceptional and unique; there was nothing phantasmal about him, although there were things which were incomprehensible.

Those who saw sight restored to the blind and life given back to the dead saw nothing strange or unnatural in the bearing of the healer, or incomprehensible and mysterious in his methods. Nothing could

be in more striking and significant contrast than the simplicity with which Christ did the wonderful works which are called miracles, and the air of cheap mystery with which modern attempts to use what are called supernatural powers or to produce what are called supernatural effects are surrounded. The sane spiritual mind, after witnessing one of these attempts, longs to get into the open air; nothing could be more unwholesome and spiritually repulsive than that mockery of spiritual intercourse miscalled the spiritual *seance*. From all that was abnormal, morbid, or spiritually unnatural Christ was as free as a great artist is from tricks of manner or a great nature from pretension. In his divinest moments Christ was unaffectedly and simply human in his aspect, expression, and experience; in those mysterious hours at the threshold of which thought stands reverent and abashed, all that a man may feel Christ must have felt, however much may have been added of experience beyond the ken of human kind. It was no unnatural and abnormal power which flowed from the touch and in the command of this quiet, sympathetic, tender-hearted teacher; it was rather the exaltation and sublimation of his natural force; it was the overflow of that spiritual vitality within him upon which the whole world was to draw. The healing, the feeding of the multitude, the raising of the dead, were marvelous and incomprehensible manifestations of authority over material conditions; but to the men who saw them these works must have seemed perfectly natural. One who really saw what was in Christ might have predicted them; they carried no element of surprise with them; for, from such an one as he, they might have been expected. They were as natural to him as walking was to Peter, or speaking to Paul. When one looks at these marvelous works in the immediate presence of the man who wrought them, they cease to be strange and difficult to believe.

When speculation began, however, to play about this wonderful personality, to separate it into faculties, to divide it into a dual nature, to mark the line between the human and the divine, then straightway the clear and beautiful figure of Christ began to loom strange and mysterious in the thought of Christendom. In losing the sense of the reality of his human nature

and life, men lost closeness of touch, intimacy of feeling, frankness and simplicity of fellowship with him; he receded from their view, the outlines of his face became shadowy, the tones of his voice seemed remote and alien; the memory of his works was suffered to surround the worker like a magical veil through which mortal eyes must not strive to look. He who had lived, so to speak, in the open; who loved highways, the seashore, and the places where men gather, no less than mountain solitudes and desert places; who ate at family tables, used homely speech, cared for little children, and spoke intimately to fallen women, gradually withdrew from the near gaze of men into the infinite distance where God was exiled from the world he had made, and became himself a kind of second divinity; more tender than the Father—had he not human memories and associations?—but still far above the touch of human hands and the sound of human voices.

But man must needs have the love of man and the sympathy of man, and so it came to pass that, as Christ slowly climbed the steps of the white throne and took on the ineffable majesty of the Godhead, the tender, sorrowful face of the virgin mother grew more and more distinct and beautiful in the thoughts of men. There must be some one nearer God than themselves, and yet like themselves in need and memory and hope, to whom they could speak; some one who understood their experiences and spoke their language. And so it came to pass, out of the deep necessities of the human soul and the human life, that Mary became our intercessor between her own son and his human brothers; and the Christ who died for his brothers, and who, in dying, pardoned those who smote him, vanished, in a way, out of the life he lived and the world he had redeemed. In the history of human thought few things have been more strange or pathetic than the loss of the sense of the reality of the humanity of Christ; for no revelation was ever more complete than that which set the figure of the man Christ Jesus in the crowded highways of the world.

The difficulty of believing in the interpretation of life which the great spiritual teachers have always given lies not in the interpretation but in ourselves. There are moments in which we know that life has

all the glory with which it has been clothed by prophet and poet. We need no demonstration in these hours of exaltation; we see with our own eyes. On the mountain summit no one doubts the great sweep of landscape, beautiful and benignant to the curve of the blue horizon; but when we descend, and the view fades, and skies are low, and mists hang close about us, we begin to forget, to question, and to reject. Noble men, unspoiled by misuse of a good world, know that life is noble; evil men know that life is evil: have they not made it so? In our uncertainty of thought about God, our uncertainty of moral action, our manifold and oft-repeated failures to do what we want to do and live as we ought to live, it seems incredible that Christ really was and is one of us—one, that is, in complete knowledge of our experience, needs, and sin, in complete sympathy and in immortal fellowship. We do not believe it because we are not good enough to believe it; we doubt it because we feel unworthy of it. And so, forgetting that it was this very condition in ourselves which brought Christ to us, we suffer him to recede into the distance, and lose the divinest experience which can come to us. Sharing that divine nature which lays the burdens of the weak upon the strong, the sin of the impure upon the pure, the need of man upon God, Christ must come to us; being bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh, he must likewise know us, suffer and die for us, and live immortally with us.

The Spectator

The world was in a dream on a certain morning in October, not many weeks ago, when the Spectator found himself climbing the hill which rises between Mr. Burroughs's celery farm and the Hudson. The yellow leaves were falling silently, there was a haze veiling the Catskills, and a soft mist on the river, in which the distant sailing craft seemed slowly to dissolve. There was an air of meditation and reminiscence over the wide landscape; a stillness in the woods, broken only by the rustle of leaves or by voices so distant that they gave one a new sense of detachment. The Spectator, who was not indifferent to these brooding autumnal influences, rejoiced in his heart that he was getting out of the world, and that he was going to see John Burroughs. For every man has his atmosphere, and they are not so many whose talk and presence would have fitted that mellow, golden day. The path climbed the hill with abrupt directness, and one had no

sooner taken it than he was out of the sight of houses and roads. Every step was a step away from man and towards Nature. At the top of the hill there was a bit of level from which one saw a wide stretch of country bounded by veiled, mysterious hills; and then the path led down to the bowl, full of black earth caught in a hollow, which Mr. Burroughs has planted with the freshest of things that grow to be eaten.

Here, on the edge of a kind of friendly wilderness, the author of "Fresh Fields" has not only made a little plantation, but has builded a house for himself of the sort that neither casts reproach on its surroundings for their roughness, nor is repulsed by the woods as an impertinent intruder; a shelter for a man who loves what is natural and simple, but who does not confuse simplicity with ugliness. A good deal of the work was done by the architect; his hands laid the stone chimney which is one of the features of the house. He is now sitting at his writing-table; a few books are scattered about, and a few photographs or other portraits are on the rafters; among them a notably striking head of Whitman. Mr. Burroughs has just finished the proofs of his book on Whitman, and is in that happy frame which comes to a writer when the mechanical part of his book is finally and forever off his hands. Those who read books do not appreciate the work and worry which set in when the writing is done and all the "copy" safely lodged in the hands of the printer. Then the author is compelled, with a sinking heart, to read in cold blood, and with a tragic sense of failure, that which he may have written with the tide of feeling running like a mill-race and the imagination in a glow. Mr. Burroughs is always hospitable, but it is easy to see that he is glad of a holiday and a friend to help him waste his time. First there are the contents of the bowl to be examined. The Spectator, whose ignorance of such matters has an artistic completeness, asks questions and learns how the soil became so black, how it is drained, and how the succulent crop is nurtured and harvested. There are men at work getting out stubborn stumps and digging draining ditches; everything is in its shirt-sleeves, and it is clear that, although the owner of the property is a writer of books, he is not a "fancy" farmer.

As they climb a steep ascent of rocky hillside which rises on one side the plantation the Spectator is reminded again that Mr. Burroughs is a farmer by birth, instinct, early training, and choice; his point of view is that of the farmer; the point of view of a man who not only enters into the elemental life of Nature, but who knows also what can be done in practical ways with the material and help she offers; one who holds spiritual relations

with Nature, but who also knows how to get on with her from day to day. Right here one finds a point of contrast between the writer of to-day and his greatest predecessor. Thoreau was an untamed man, who loved Nature with a kind of jealous, exclusive affection, and was eager to get away from the smoke of even the most distant chimney and shut himself in with the primitive, uncivilized world. Hence a tang in his style which excites and stimulates and sometimes bites; he is quite willing to instruct us, but he is not of us. He is quite civilized, after all, however, when we come to his egotism. Mr. Burroughs, on the other hand, is on easy terms with Nature and with us. He is wedded to natural things, simple ways, wholesome aims; he hates pretension, ostentation, luxury of every sort; but he believes in civilization, society, culture; he does not try to turn back the finger on the dial of history and revert to the primitive type; he tries to harmonize individual with social life without any sacrifice of simplicity, independence, and savor of natural qualities. He does not assume any personal ownership of Nature, nor any esoteric communications with her; he knows her intimately, he lives with her on easy terms, and he is glad of an opportunity of giving all who show any aptitude the opportunities of a similar acquaintance.

The climb is short but sharp, and the Spectator soon finds himself on a boulder from whence there is a great outlook on the country. There are few houses in view, and there is a deep sense of quiet and solitude. The stillness is so deep that the voices of the men working in the little black bowl are caught by the hill and sent up to the summit without a change of tone. The dog who has followed us up thrusts his nose over Mr. Burroughs's shoulder and gets the expression of affection for which he asks as plainly as if he had speech. The talk runs along many lines, as talk ought to when the day is golden and the doors of the world stand open on every side. Mr. Burroughs knows the literature of the day, and is interested in writing people, old and new. He sees things from his own point of view, and a shrewd criticism runs through his comment; but his tone is hearty and generous, his recognition of good work instant, his condemnation impersonal and devoid of all acerbity.

He is evidently looking everywhere for the native note, the individual tone, the freshness and force of strong personality. He admires scholarship in its place, but he is not at all imposed upon when it attempts to do the work of original impulse; he can appreciate and enjoy refinement, skill, delicacy; but he looks upon freedom, force, virility, as the primary qualities. In his latest book, a very sympa-

thetic study of Whitman, his literary aims and tastes are frankly disclosed. He is not polemical in spirit, but he stands resolutely for the natural, native, inevitable in art; for the frankest, simplest, straightest word which a man can speak out of his deepest conviction. He indulges in no idle, self-conscious talk about American literature; but he believes that this literature must have a note much more distinctive than that which sounds in much of our verse and prose. He does not think that the democratic idea has gone deep enough in the consciousness of many writers to give its full inspirational force. He rejoices in all that has been well done in our literature, but it is clear that he thinks that so far our life is bigger than our books; an opinion in which he does not stand alone. He is especially eager to recognize good out-of-door work, and it is a pleasure to note his delight in the recent excursions of Dr. Henry van Dyke in this great field; touching for a moment on his poems about birds, he says nothing truer to life has been written on these themes in this country, and he repeats with infinite relish Van Dyke's beguiling fishing song, "An Angler's Wish in Town."

The day is at its zenith when we climb down the rocks and make preparations for dinner. The Spectator must respect the privacy of that hour of masculine domesticity, but he will always be ready to indorse Mr. Burroughs's skill in coming to close quarters with Nature and dealing with such matters of pure detail as the baking of potatoes in the ashes. Beside that lunch, the elaboration of formal dinners, of which the Spectator partakes not without pleasure, seems a reversion to barbarism, a descent from those heights on which an out-of-door appetite is matched with an out-of-door feast.

And in breaking bread at that simple table the Spectator feels again the charm of Mr. Burroughs's brotherliness. His simplicity, sincerity, and directness are all involved in this deep fraternal spirit; he is a comrade in the sense in which Whitman used the word. This is often called the woman's age, and it is well that it is so; for the world sorely needs some of the qualities which women are giving it in ways new and numberless. But such an age brings its perils, and one of them comes from the fact that the writing man finds his constituency so largely made up of women that he is psychologically modified in sentiment and expression by that fact. Now, the more feminine a woman is, the more distinctive becomes her type and her note; but when a man takes the woman's view or catches her tone, he sacrifices a certain part of his force. There are many such writers to-day. Mr. Burroughs is one of the men who are not influenced by the sex of his readers; he is, in a fine sense, a man's man. He looks at the world from a man's

point of view; he speaks with a man's frankness and directness. He even escapes the blandishments of Nature, and speaks of her as frankly as if she were not beautiful and baffling and elusive. He rejoices in Whitman's freedom of speech even while he refuses to follow his example. He craves the open air, the freedom of the road, the frankness of men with men, the rugged simplicity of people who live in the field and by their hands. He is a democrat through and through. He has also refinement, reserve, delicacy; because, besides being a man, he is also an artist.

The days are few which take us to the doors of hearts so hospitable and minds so alive and catholic; and when the Spectator walked back to the river with Mr. Burroughs in the afternoon, he had the feeling that the day had somehow had a kind of rhythmic completeness, the inward experience matching and interpreting the outward stillness of yellow woods and brooding sky. It is as irrational to ignore the wise as to crown the fools, as we sometimes do in the haste of our admiration, and are ashamed at our leisure. Let us discriminate carefully; but when we recognize character, insight, talent, we shall do well to honor them in the flesh instead of placing unavailing wreaths on unresponsive graves. It eases the Spectator's heart to say that he honors and loves Mr. Burroughs; and it cannot harm Mr. Burroughs.

The Outlook Vacation Fund

The trained nurse service which the generosity of our readers has made possible for the working-girls of New York has been employed at once. This service means far more than words can express.

The girls at the Loomis Sanitarium write most cheerfully, and the community life makes entertainments possible. The Casino, with its cheerful outlook, its opportunities for amusement, lightens the months of isolation that, at the best, are hard to bear.

A manufacturer of knitted underwear has made a most generous donation of underwear; several cloaks have been sent for the use of the girls at the Sanitarium. The request is made that all garments intended for the use of the girls at the Sanitarium be put in order before being sent; that the senders notify us of their intention to send the garments, that we may notify the Vacation Society, and give directions for the parcel. This saves expressage.

THE VACATION FUND

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,081 78
A Subscriber.....	1 00
K.....	50 00
H. K., Buffalo, N. Y.....	20 00
E. G. B.....	1 00
A Friend, Philadelphia, Pa.....	5 00
D. J. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.....	15 00
From A Friend, R., New Haven.....	5 00
Total.....	\$1,178 78

The Basis of Government

An editorial with the title given above which appeared in *The Outlook* for December 12 has called out several letters. Three of these we print below. Comment will be found in our editorial page.

I.—A Vigorous Dissent

The statement that the theory that government rests upon the consent of the governed is an exploded theory must inevitably awaken vigorous dissent in many minds. One of the latest writers on the subject of "The Relation of Religion to Civil Government in the United States," Isaac A. Cornelison, asserts that "every government, even the most despotic, rests ultimately upon the consent of the governed. A very complex aggregation of influences may move them to give their consent, but without it no government could stand" (page 195). He quotes Herbert Spencer to the same effect; foot-note, same page. He also quotes Thomas M. Cooley, referred to as probably the most eminent living jurist in the land. "The theory of our political system is that the ultimate sovereignty is in the people, from whom springs all legitimate authority" (page 191, foot-note). It does not seem to me that the conclusion is at all warranted that, "if government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed, then the Southern States were right and the Northern States were wrong in the Civil War." Let us suppose that several persons agree to build a house and live in it. After the house has been built and the company domiciled in it, some of the members repent of their original agreement. What can be done about it? It is plain that the malcontents can either leave the house peaceably, or they may undertake to destroy the house. If they do the former, the house still stands; it covers the same territory; it is as strong and beautiful as ever; it merely shelters fewer people. If they adopt the latter course, and succeed, they have demonstrated their power, but not their right, to destroy the house built by mutual agreement. The Southern people had a perfect right to betake themselves to a government which they liked better, but not to destroy the government to which they had sworn allegiance. They could betake themselves to another country, but their territory had become a part of the Union and could not be wrested from the rest except by violence. Or, take the illustration of a company agreeing to take a voyage together; in mid-ocean some become dissatisfied and forthwith proceed to scuttle the ship! Or, a man and woman consent to live together as husband and wife; children are born to them; their agreement has led to momentous consequences. How can the fruits of this union be destroyed

by a mere regret or repentance on the part of one of the parents—unless, indeed, the revolting parent falls to and, like Saturn, devours its own offspring? In the case of human governments, the consent of the governed, when formally obtained, as in our own, carries with it not only an obligation to support that government, but also the impossibility of withdrawing from it except by violence. For the original agreement has given birth to a vital organism which can be destroyed only by revolution.

It is true that the consent of the governed should be based always upon the recognition of divine law. Only as this is done will governments endure. But bad and unstable governments must learn, as an individual learns, the folly of disobeying divine law, by experience. Conscience is the best guide for an individual even though it is not infallible, and the consent of the governed is the only true basis for government, even though it fails to recognize divine law. But it is right, it is imperative, to emphasize the need of the recognition of divine law to secure perpetuity of government, monarchical or democratic.

(Rev.) WILLIAM F. FURMAN.

Providence, R. I.

II.—Can Democracy Become Unrighteous?

The remarks of the Rev. Lyman Abbott, quoted in *The Outlook*, December 12, on the Basis of Government, raise in my mind a question. Granted that the true basis of government is the laws of God, independent of human legislation (I think every reasonable person will be ready to agree to that proposition). But how are we to find out what those laws are? Those who believe in democracy believe that it is safer to trust the people to find out what the laws of God are. Not all the people will reach the same conclusion; but the majority may agree as to some item of government. For if the fundamental assumption of democracy be true, the majority is more likely to be right than the minority. Hence when the majority decides upon any question, that decision is, for the time being, God's law. Else democracy is a failure. If I stand back and look on, and decide that the majority is as apt to be wrong as the minority, and imagine that I know what God's law is, independent of either majority or minority, am I not thereby deciding that democracy is a failure? If some one man knows better what God's law is than all the rest, then it would be better to make him monarch, and leave the whole question to him. It would only be a question of getting the right monarch. It would not be a question as to whether monarchy is the best form of government any longer.

Or, if some few men know better than the

multitude what God's laws are, then an aristocracy would be the best form of government; if only we could select the ones who were best fitted to constitute that aristocracy, leaving the multitude to look to the few for guidance. But the assumption underlying democracy is that neither one man, nor yet a few men, can be trusted to discover what God's laws really are; that it is only the multitude who can be trusted to receive the word of God. It is the multitude that come in contact with the facts of existence. It is the multitude that feels and suffers and discovers every detail of the manifold relations of men. It is the every-day experience of the multitude that makes up the vast experiment of human government. Whatever their decision is, as to any item, is passed over to their executives in the form of statute laws; and for the time being these statute laws are the word of God to them. They correspond exactly to the phase of development from which they originated. As civilization goes on, it may be necessary to amend these laws. But each law in its day, that really does represent the wish of the majority of the people, is the law of God, or else democracy is false in principle. Who shall decide when the multitude of the people has found the truth? If any one is competent to make such a decision, would it not have been better to have made such a one king? If there is any appeal from, or criticism upon, the will of the majority, then it certainly follows that some other one or ones is more competent than the majority is.

If the above be true, is not the statement, then, that a democracy can become Godless, or unrighteous, by relying upon the wish of the majority—is not such a statement a practical denial of the fundamental principles of democracy?

C. S. CARR.

III.—Democracy a Compromise

The glittering generality that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed" has dazed the multitude of democracy-worshippers among us for a century, until the unthinking get hot with patriotic wrath at any denial of the truth of that proposition in our great preamble.

Rousseau was a dreamer, with a dreamer's fancies. Paine and Jefferson uttered the Rousseau sentiment, and then set themselves to organize a State that was of necessity a direct denial of the truth of that sentiment. They should have said in words, as they did in action, that popular governments derive their just powers from the consent of the majority of the governed. That is popular government as far as it has ever gone or ever can go.

All human law, whether it be the will of a king, of an oligarchy, or of a majority, is

coercive and despotic in its nature; somebody gives the order, and the rest obey. And the hideous tyranny of the "bigger half" was known and felt long before De Tocqueville called attention to it.

There is, no doubt, a truth hidden in that Jeffersonian proposition. Every potentate on the face of the earth keeps his place and his power by popular consent. The masses of all lands allow themselves to be ruled and robbed, each by his legitimate tyrant. But our preambles attempted to give a new meaning to the proposition—viz., that the law of the land in a republic should be the expressed will of all the people. A fine abstraction, and nothing more.

The true basis of government, as you state it, is, no doubt, "very simple and easily understood," but it is as utterly impracticable as Rousseau's dream. A republic based upon it would fall in pieces like a child's house of cards, because the cement of such a fabric is the consent of all the governed, and that is not always to be had. The Ten Commandments are an admirable code of morals, and, as you well say, right because they are right, and not by reason of the authority that gave them; but the strict enforcement of those edicts in any organized State under the sun would disintegrate and scatter it, leaving it a mass of sovereign atoms, each a law unto itself.

If fifty-one men constitutionally make a law, and the remaining forty-nine say it is unjust, and that they will not obey it, the majority must kill them to the last man rather than let the constituted authority come to naught. And that is human government, whether of czar, king, or majority. To say "Thou shalt not kill" to a commonwealth is to deny it the right to exist.

You speak of law as a thing to be sought for and found, not made. You no doubt mean moral law—that, and the personal human conscience to which it is addressed, and from which it issues in human actions. These are divine creations, perfect and safe; neither of them, when allowed free play, ever leads man astray.

But we cannot create a public conscience. We cannot organize a constitutional moral sense. Corporations have no souls. They are the work of human hands. Only God can make a conscience, and he stops at the individual.

Human compacts are, always have been, and always must be compromises; they are more or less moral as circumstances will allow, but they are always hampered with a proviso found necessary to union. Our forbears put slavery into our organic law. They thought they must for the sake of peace, whatever the consequence. And it is not for us to say that they were wrong.

D. F. ROGERS.

Minturn, Iowa.

The New Governors

A General Survey of their Personal and Political Characteristics¹

THE National election so absorbs public attention that the election of the Governors of the various States passes with little consideration outside the respective States, and often with too little consideration even within their boundaries. But, under our Federal system, if the greater interests are affected by Congress and the President, a greater variety of interests, and many which come closer home to the citizen, are affected by the State Legislature and the Governor. If the moral complexion of the people of the whole country is indicated by the character of its Presidential candidates, it is still more accurately indicated by the character of its gubernatorial candidates. For the quality and character of the men who are

elected in the various States to represent the interests of the people, and who are personally known to the voters who have elected them, is quite as significant of the present condition and future prospects of the country as is the character of the man whom the Nation elects to be its President. In this belief *The Outlook* has secured from private correspondents of a trustworthy character information respecting the twenty-five Governors who were elected last fall, and presents here a general survey of their personal and political characteristics. Our quotations are from the letters of correspondents, who necessarily remain unknown to our readers; but of the honesty and intelligence of their judgments *The Outlook* can give positive assurance. We have obtained the views of political supporters and political opponents, and shall endeavor to give a discriminating and appreciative pen-picture of each representative Governor.

THREE MACHINE-MADE GOVERNORS

With three exceptions, the Governors-elect are men whose past history gives promise of honest and honorable administration of their office, and whose characters are represented as varying in the scale from good to excellent. The three exceptions are the Governors of Maine, Minnesota, and Illinois. Unless we are wholly misinformed, each of these men has been



HON. ROGER WOLCOTT (REPUBLICAN)
Governor-elect of Massachusetts

¹ The illustrations accompanying this article are for the most part from original photographs. Portraits are given of all the Governors elected last autumn except Governors Holcomb, of Nebraska, and Culberson, of Texas, who were elected for second terms.

nominated and elected, not only by a machine, but by a corrupt machine, to which, in times past, each has been politically subservient. Probably the best defense which can be made for them is that attributed to Governor Clough, of Minnesota: "My machine ain't any worse than anybody else's machine." The encouraging fact in the situation is that these candidates were carried into office, not by their own popularity, but by that of the party whose nomination they had secured. The Governor of Maine

They were carried into State office by the popularity of Mr. McKinley and the overshadowing importance of the financial question. It is not legitimate to judge beforehand the administration of these men. It must suffice to say here that the citizens of Maine, Minnesota, and Illinois will have need to be watchful; while it may perhaps be hoped that the greater responsibilities which the office of Governor brings with it will secure a better administration than the past political history of the Governor-elect of these three States would give reason to expect.

THE FAR WEST

It is an interesting fact that no States have elected Governors of higher moral character than the Far Western States whose moral judgments the people of the East have been somewhat sedulously taught to depreciate. Whatever may be thought of the political wisdom of the Populist principles, the character of the men who have been elected by Populist votes indicates unmistakably that, morally, Populism is a revival of Puritanism in politics, though with new political applications. Of the Governors-elect in the Far West the most interesting figures are those of Governor Adams, of Colorado, and Governor Rogers, of Washington.

Alva Adams was born in Wisconsin in 1850.

He modestly describes his education as a "log school-house education." He came to Colorado in 1871, and in January, 1872, started a hardware business in Colorado Springs, soon after transferred to Pueblo. From this center he has organized branch houses in various parts of the State, putting them under the charge of young men whom he has selected and trained for the purpose. He has the reputation of having done in this way more than any other man in the State to promote its welfare. "When he finds a capable, trust-



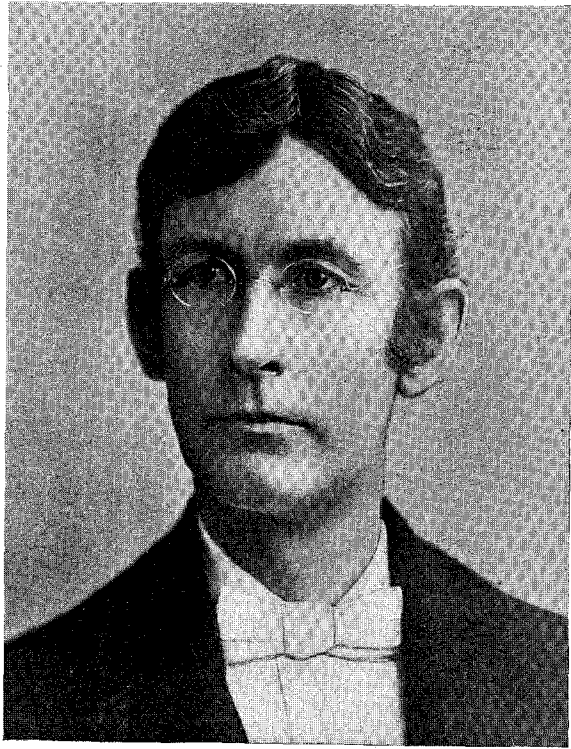
HON. HAZEN S. PINGREE (REPUBLICAN)
Governor-elect of Michigan

was elected in September, so that an accurate estimate of the relation of his majority to the normal vote of his party is impossible. But in Illinois Governor Tanner, in spite of the fact that his competitor was Governor Altgeld, ran behind his ticket nearly twenty thousand votes; while Governor Clough, of Minnesota, was elected by a very narrow majority in a State which gave over fifty thousand for McKinley. It is doubtful whether either of these men would have been elected but for the overwhelming interest in the Federal issues.

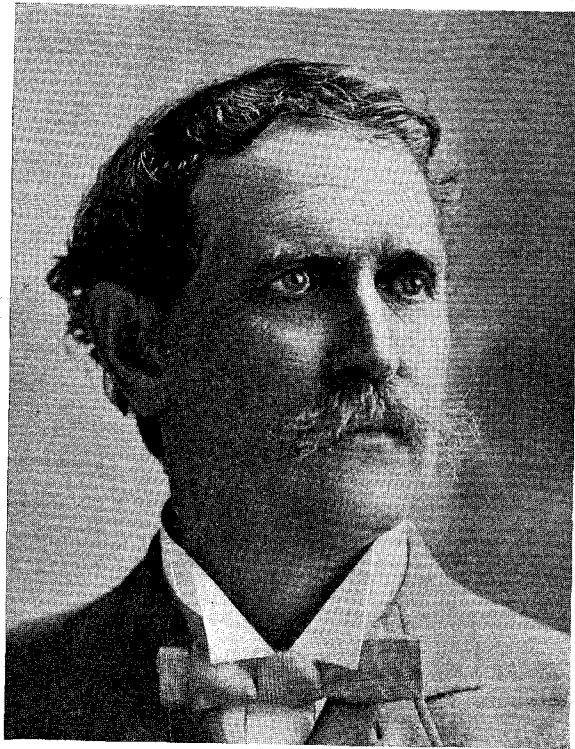
worthy young man, he gives him such a good chance in the concern that he speedily becomes independent. Governor Adams has not become rich by the process, but he has made many others rich." His intellectual growth has kept pace with his prosperity. "He has one of the best private libraries in the State. It is a working library, especially rich in books on practical questions, such as economics and sociology." He has always been a Democrat, but was elected Governor, though in a Republican State, in 1887, by a union of the best elements in the State regardless of party lines; and the simple, straightforward business administration which he gave in 1887-89 is a guarantee that his administration in 1897-99 will be that of an intelligent and conservative progress.

John R. Rogers, the Governor-elect of Washington, an avowed Populist, and a vigorous propagandist of Populism, is of Puritan stock. He descends from the Connecticut Rogers family, was born in Maine and migrated to Washington, where he has written much for the press, and represented his district, including the city of Tacoma, in the State Legislature. His battle there against public corruption, and especially his endeavors to improve the public schools, and to compel ventilation and inspection of the coal-mines, made him at once unpopular with the machine and popular with the people. "As a private citizen he has exemplified the best sturdy New England type—self-reliant, industrious, temperate, and indefatigable in his work for humanity." Since his election he has declared in the following words his purpose to administer the laws of the State so as to protect all just interests of person and property:

No person or corporation need fear any discrimination. There shall not, with my sanction, be any harsher application of the law to one than to another. I am not entering upon a crusade. I am firmly convinced that this State will be benefited by the measures my party proposes. They



HON. FRANK S. BLACK (REPUBLICAN)
Governor-elect of New York



HON. JOHN R. TANNER (REPUBLICAN)
Governor-elect of Illinois

will be, however, administered cautiously, so that no hardship shall be inflicted. I know that unless I am backed up by public opinion my administration cannot be a success. I want it to be a success, first, for the sake of the State; second, for my own reputation; third, that my party may command the confidence of the people. In my book I was a propagandist. I said in my preface that I purposely used very plain and emphatic language. I did it to arouse the people. I believe I succeeded. But as Governor of the State I have other duties to perform, and I know that the danger to be apprehended from those who have labored earnestly in a cause is not their lack of honesty, but their lack of judgment. We shall be sincere, but we shall, I hope, be prudent.

Another interesting representative of the Populist movement is Silas A. Holcomb, the Governor-elect of Nebraska, originally elected two years ago by a combination of Populists, Democrats, and independent Republicans, and this year re-elected with an increased plurality by the same elements.

He is characterized by a political opponent as "one of the most broad-minded and intelligent of the Populist leaders." In the controversies under his previous administration with other State officials politically hostile to him, he so carried himself as to win the popular approval, as evidenced by his increased majority. Since his election he has declared that, in his judgment, no radical legislation attacking the rights of creditors will be attempted by the State Legislature. But he also declares himself in favor of the investment, for the benefit of the State, of the permanent school fund, of over half a million of dollars, the interest of which, as we understand it, has not hitherto gone to the State; increased economy in the administration of State institutions; the abolition of the contract system in State penitentiaries; and we judge also, though this is not so

explicitly stated, a fair and equitable taxation of the railroads.

The Governors of the other Far Western States must be introduced to our readers in a few words. Frank A. Briggs, Governor-elect of North Dakota, was born in Minneapolis in 1858. He is a staunch Republican in politics, and strenuously opposed both to Democracy and Populism. But he is pledged to equalize railroad taxes so that

the railroads will pay on their property assessed at its actual and true value. Answering a request of *The Outlook* for a statement of the policy of his administration, he replies: "I expect to be conservative and liberal toward all persons and classes. Investors will not be antagonized by either vicious legislation or an oppressive policy; we shall treat non-residents just as we do our citizens; and corporations shall have equal and fair treatment, but will not, as far as I can prevent, be allowed any privileges not accorded to all citi-



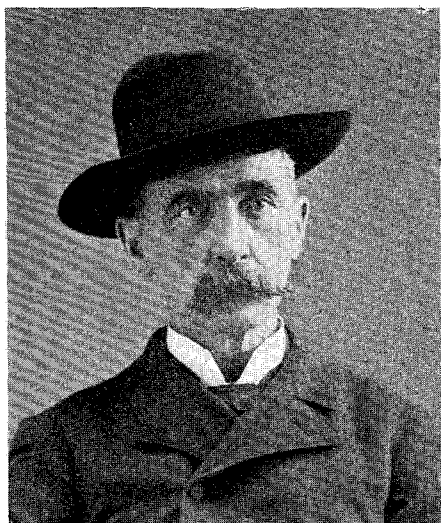
HON. LON V. STEPHENS (DEM.-FUSION)
Governor-elect of Missouri

zens or individuals."

In South Dakota both the candidates were Scandinavians, both men of excellent character and successful in the administration of private business. Andrew Lee, the Governor-elect, was born in Norway in 1847, received his sole education in the American public school, and is without experience in public life, but is "a man of considerable force of character and common sense."

Frank Steunenberg, elected Governor of Idaho by a combination of Democrats, Populists, and free-silver Republicans, belongs by his political affiliations to the Populistic-Democratic party. He is described to us as a representative rather than a leader of the people, but as one whose influence will be in favor of the conservative rather than the radical wing of his party.

Robert B. Smith, elected Governor of



HON. JOHN R. ROGERS (FUSION)
Governor-elect of Washington



HON. W. D. BLOXHAM (DEMOCRAT)
Governor-elect of Florida

Montana by the united Democratic and Populistic parties, was born in Kentucky in 1854, began the practice of law in that State in 1877, removed to Montana in 1882, and has been a member of the Constitutional Convention and United States District Attorney. In 1894 he joined the People's party, and, partly owing to his personal canvass, the vote of that party was

doubled. Says a political opponent in a personal letter to us: "Governor Smith is a substantial, conservative citizen, an attorney of large attainments and reputation. While he represents the most radical class of Populists and silver men of all parties, I have yet to hear the most ultra gold advocate express any misgivings as to his executive efficiency or prophesy disaster as



HON. ALVA ADAMS (DEM. AND FREE SILVER REP.)
Governor-elect of Colorado



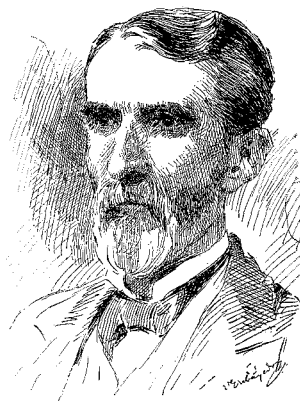
HON. JAMES A. MOUNT (REPUBLICAN)
Governor-elect of Indiana



Hon. G. W. Atkinson (Republican)
Governor-elect of West Virginia



Hon. Robert L. Taylor (Democrat)
Governor-elect of Tennessee



Hon. Edward Scofield (Republican)
Governor-elect of Wisconsin

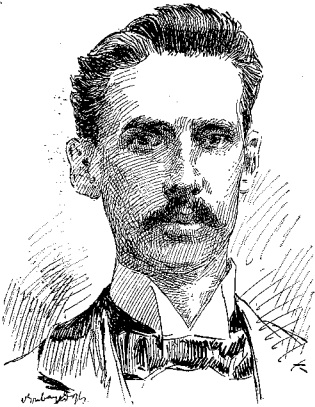
the result of his election. He is a man of clean life, public and private."

The election of John W. Leedy by the Populists in Kansas appears, from the best information we are able to secure, to have been due to a popular revolt against State Republican leaders and policy. The political history of Kansas is in this respect like that of many another State in which parties have become corrupt by the very reason of their long possession of power and their practical security, in overwhelming majorities, against being called to an account for their misuse of it. Mr. Leedy is a farmer in the prime of life, and his election is due to the agricultural vote. He has made no publication of his political plans since his election. So far as they can be judged from his previous utterances, it may be expected that the dominant party under his leadership will take measures looking toward a greater legislative control over the railroads; such equalization of taxation as to assess their property fairly; the enforcement of the prohibitory law, until the question of its continuance can be submitted to a popular vote; and some measure for the relief of the agricultural classes by limiting the power of the creditors, and preventing such enforcement of their claims as might drive the farmers generally into bankruptcy. A conservative correspondent writes us on this subject as follows: "Many believe that the greatest Kansas calamity has been the facility with which people here could run in debt. The present obligations will be paid off as soon as the industry of the citizens can raise the means, and any future contracts will be made under conditions clear to all parties. It will not

be a State disaster to see the business of the money-loaner steadily declining. These sentiments, I think, are indorsed by our best citizens, and I hope they will be entertained by Governor Leedy." The country generally, we think, must do what our correspondent says the Kansas people are inclined to do, "give the Populist a show and not form judgments in advance."

THE MIDDLE WEST

The most dramatic figure in the State elections of 1896 is unquestionably Mayor Pingree, of Detroit; we call him by the title by which he is best known. Hazen S. Pingree was born in Maine in 1842; received his education in the public schools; entered a shoe-factory at Hopkinton, Mass.; enlisted when the Civil War broke out; rendered honorable service in the war, and spent five months a prisoner at Andersonville; at the close of the war went to Detroit, where he started a shoe business, which has prospered in his hands. He was first elected Mayor of Detroit in 1889, and has been elected three times since, each time with increased majorities. He is a born fighter, and has cultivated the gift that is in him; but he has consecrated his combativeness to the public. He has conducted a vigorous and effective campaign on behalf of the municipality against especially the street-car corporations, with the result of making railroad fares in Detroit lower than in any other city in the Union. He has had at times all the "vested interests" combined against him, but he has had the people, with increasing majority, in his favor. He was nominated Governor in spite of the machine, and with characteristic courage announced at



Hon. W. H. Ellerbee (Democrat)
Governor-elect of South Carolina



Hon. Frank A. Briggs (Republican)
Governor-elect of North Dakota



Hon. Frank Steunenberg (Dem.)
Governor-elect of Idaho

once the political programme which he would endeavor to carry out if elected Governor. This programme we quote from the Chicago "Advance:"

1. Doing away, as far as possible, with conventions for local officers, and giving the people themselves a direct vote in primary elections for the nomination of candidates.
2. Two-cent fares on all the railroads of the lower peninsula.
3. Taxation of railroad property the same as other property.
4. The application of the principles of the Inter-State Commerce Law to commerce with the State, to secure to farmers and shippers the advantages of the competition in places not having several lines of railroad.
5. Submit to popular vote the granting of street railroad and other quasi-public franchises, as a check upon the corruption of aldermen and other city officials.
6. The suppression of trusts and monopolies as far as the State can go in that direction.
7. Laws against over-capitalization of corporations, and swindles committed by promoters.
8. Laws against the coercion of voters, and

particularly to prevent corporations of a public character, like railroads and banks, exerting undue influence in elections.

Of that popular uprising against plutocratic control of which the Bryan movement was one manifestation, of which Populism in the Far West is another, and the end of which is not yet, Mayor (now Governor) Pingree is the most famous and the most vigorous if not the ablest representative. Of course such a man is subjected to many charges. The methods of war are never agreeable to the defeated party, and not always defensible, tried by the highest ethical standards. But we believe that Governor Pingree is a thoroughly honest man, whose strong personal ambition, coupled with native combativeness, and combined with a genuine interest in the well-being of the common people, have made him the power he has been in the State of Michigan, and will be likely to make him a still greater power in that State in the immediate future.

Next to Governor Pingree the most pic-



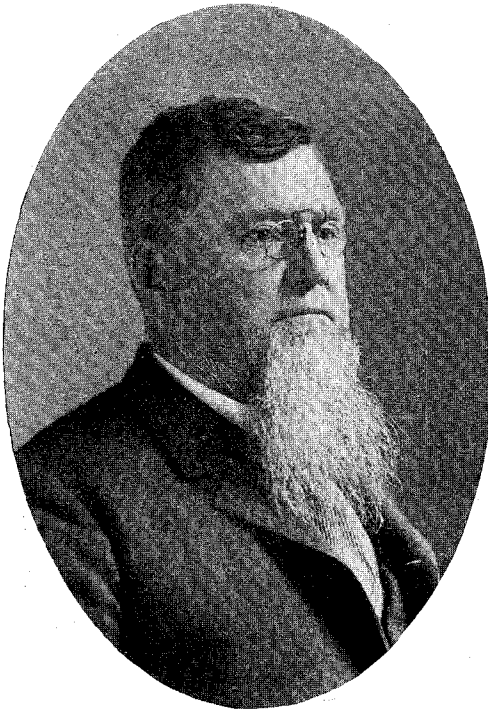
Hon. Andrew E. Lee (Fusion)
Governor-elect of South Dakota



Hon. J. W. Leedy (Populist and Democrat)
Governor-elect of Kansas



Hon. David M. Clough (Republican)
Governor-elect of Minnesota



HON. LORRIN A. COOKE (REPUBLICAN)
Governor-elect of Connecticut

turesque figure in the Middle Western States is James A. Mount, the new Governor of Indiana. He was born in that State in 1843, and was brought up on a farm. At the breaking out of the war he entered the Seventy-second Indiana Regiment, which was included in the famous "Wilder's Brigade;" won honorable mention from General Wilder; at the close of the war pursued his studies for two years at Lebanon Academy, since which time he has been engaged in farming. He owns and maintains a "model farm" of five hundred acres, and is an aggressive advocate of scientific farming. His administration may be expected to represent the agricultural interests of the State. He is a strong advocate of improved highways, a great believer in education, an enthusiastic Sunday-school worker, naturally a friend of the workingman, and advocates arbitration as a means of amicably adjusting differences between employer and employed.

THE SOUTH

Turning from the Middle West to the Southern States, the most entertaining, if not the most dignified, figure in that section is that of the Governor-elect of Tennessee, whom the people of his State delight to



HON. GEORGE A. RAMSDELL (REPUBLICAN)
Governor-elect of New Hampshire

call "Bob" Taylor. Some years ago the two brothers, Robert and Alfred Taylor, conducted a canvass of the State, one as the Democratic, the other as the Republican, candidate for Governor. Robert Taylor, the Democrat, was elected, and came out of office, so the well-authenticated story runs, \$15,000 poorer than when he went in. By a successful lecturing tour he paid off his debts, then persuaded his brother to join him. The two traveled through the South together, once at least coming North, giving a joint lecture. Robert's theme was "Dixie;" Alfred's was "Yankee Doodle." One gave stories of Southern life, the other the history of the American Nation from the point of view of a free democratic civilization. It is this "Bob" Taylor who has now been re-elected Governor of the State of Tennessee. He is a warm-hearted, affable "good fellow," whom everybody likes, and a man of irreproachable honesty, whose character every one respects, but many Tennesseans will wish that he might bring to his office a more distinctive element of personal dignity.

Major Edward Scofield, Governor-elect of Wisconsin, is fifty-five years of age. He worked first on a farm, then as a typesetter in a newspaper office until the breaking

out of the war, when he enlisted, rising rapidly through successive grades from private to major. He "is a clean, upright man, of unimpeachable private life; business man; Protestant; church-going." "There are intimations that he proposes civil service applicable to the State Department. We need it sorely." A clean administration may be expected from him. How forceful it will be it remains to be seen.

G. W. Atkinson, the newly elected Governor of West Virginia, is a pronounced party man. He was born in Virginia in 1841, is a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan University, has taught school, practiced law, served his State in various offices, edited and written several volumes, has served the Republican party both on the State and the National Executive Committees, is personally honest, and from him, even by his political opponents, a creditable administration is expected.

Lon V. Stephens, of Missouri, was elected on the free-silver ticket, and was strongly indorsed on the eve of the election by the labor leaders, Sovereign and Debs.

Charles A. Culberson, the Governor-elect of Texas, won a National reputation by his vigorous and successful efforts to prevent an advertised prize-fight within the borders of that State. For this campaign he has been criticised by some excellent men, because it cost the State \$100,000 at a time when the treasury was empty and the money had to be borrowed. In our judgment, the exclusion of the prize-fighters was worth, in the increased prestige and reputation of the State, much more than it cost. His act in this respect was a typical one. He has been a vigorous and efficient enemy of all forms of lawlessness; has enforced the laws, preserved order, and distinctly raised both the character and the reputation of a State which in size and resources is truly imperial. He is not a Civil Service Reformer; entertains the formerly prevalent view that to the victors belong the spoils, and signalized his entrance upon his office two years ago by radical and substantially universal changes in all the administrative offices within his control.

Governor Joseph F. Johnston, of Alabama, is a North Carolinian by birth, Scotch-Irish by descent, and about fifty years of age. At the close of the Civil War, in which he did gallant service on the Confederate side, he moved to Ala-



HON. JOSEPH F. JOHNSTON (DEMOCRAT)
Governor-elect of Alabama

bama, where he has since lived. He is a man of high moral character. For six years he has been a prominent representative of the free-silver party in that State, and to this fact his nomination and election were primarily due. He urges radical improvements in the public schools, on the ground that universal education is the only safeguard for universal suffrage. He is generally regarded as belonging to that class of Southern people who desire to exclude the negro vote. He vigorously condemns lynching.

The new Governor of Florida, William D. Bloxham, has been influential in its political life since 1860. He was once before elected Governor, serving from 1880 to 1884. He belongs to the conservative wing of his party. His avowed policy, as stated to *The Outlook* by a personal friend, is to "push transportation into those sections of the State still requiring it," and to "promote immigration and the investment of capital in the State." He is a pronounced advocate of a better public-school system, and has pledged himself cordially to the vigorous suppression of lynching.

The newly elected Governor of South Carolina, William H. Ellerbe, is, like his predecessor, Governor Evans, one of the young men who enlisted under Governor Tillman in the organization of the "Reform" party. He is pledged to carry out the "Reform" programme of lower rates and

higher taxes from the railroads, lower taxes and better schools for the farming communities, and the strict enforcement of the dispensary law.

Daniel Lindsay Russell, of Wilmington, N. C., was born in Brunswick County of that State in 1845, and has been almost continuously in public service from 1866 till now. He is a Republican, an advocate of prohibition, and a vigorous enemy of all forms of corruption and vice. His past history gives guarantee of an administration just, but radical rather than cautious.

THE ATLANTIC SEABOARD STATES

Ebe W. Tunnell, Governor-elect of Delaware, was born in Baltimore in 1844. He is a bachelor, a member of the Presbyterian Church, by vocation a druggist, has served as a member of the General Assembly, and was once before candidate for the Governor of his party. "Everybody likes him, trusts him, and speaks well of him." "He is what we call here a 'clever man,' which denotes qualities of heart and temper as much as of head—simple, sincere, pleasant, and kindly of nature." "His perfect honesty and high principle have never been questioned; though he has gone through two rather heated campaigns, not one word derogatory to his personal character has ever been said even by his opponents." "His administration is looked forward to by both parties alike with hope and confidence." It is significant that during his first campaign the Democrats, in place of the usual mass-meetings, substituted public receptions, where the people might meet their candidate in social intercourse, and become acquainted with him. They were a great success, and were repeated in this last campaign, which resulted in his election—an indication that personal character rather than either political ideas or the power of oratory carried him into office.

Frank S. Black, Governor-elect of the State of New York, was first brought

prominently before the people of the State by his participation in the work of the Committee of Safety at Troy, which came into existence after the Ross tragedy, and by his action as its counsel in the prosecution of the murderer of Robert Ross. He is a strong party man, has been a leader in the Republican party in Rensselaer County, is a radical protectionist, and is a firm believer in the gold standard. He was born in York County, Maine, in 1853, worked on his father's farm, earned the money for his college education, graduating from Dartmouth College at twenty-two as an "honor man," and has since about that time practiced law in New York State. "His distinctive characteristic," says one of our correspondents, "is his honesty. There is no deceit in him." It

may be expected that his administration will be an aggressively partisan one, but also that it will be straightforward and incorruptible. Many of the people of New York State are asking themselves, Will he be subservient to Mr. Platt? We cannot better answer this question than by quoting from the letter of a correspondent who is a recognized representative of the party opposed to Mr. Black:



Hon. Ebe Walter Tunnell (Democrat)
Governor-elect of Delaware

I have been frequently asked whether, if asked by Mr. Platt to do a thing, Mr. Black (as Governor) would comply? My reply has been, Yes, if *Black* believed in the wisdom of the act. In that event he would do it, whatever might be expected in the way of outcry that Platt owned the Governor. But if he did *not* believe in it, he would not do it. In deciding whether the proposed action would be wise or not, I think Mr. Black would be moved by considerations of "organization" and "party," but not to the point of doing anything plainly wrong and dishonorable.

NEW ENGLAND

With the exception already referred to, New England seems to have selected her Governors from among the best representatives of her respective States. Lorrin A. Cooke, Governor-elect of Connecticut, was born in Massachusetts in 1831, has been identified with the Republican party

since its birth in 1856, and has acceptably served the State in the Senate, and as Lieutenant-Governor. A widely known citizen of Connecticut says of him:

He is by occupation a manufacturer, and has been successful in business, though he is not rich. He is not a man of college education, but is broadly informed, and has a good, round, brainy head. Socially he is modest in demeanor, ready and agreeable in conversation, and with a keen sense of humor. He is an earnestly religious man; has for many years been recognized as one of the foremost laymen in the Congregational communion in the State. He was Moderator of the National Council of the Congregational Churches at Chicago in 1886. He is really, in all the essentials, a fine specimen of the New Englander. In his political preferences he has been from first to last an instance of office seeking the man, and not the man the office. His nomination to the Governorship was in obedience to the generally expressed wish of the people. In his administration he is confidently expected to throw his whole influence into the scale in favor of political purity and integrity and all public moralities and against every dishonest practice and corrupt policy.

George Allen Ramsdell, Governor-elect of New Hampshire, was born in that State in 1834, and received his early education in the common schools and at a New England Academy, supplemented by one year at Amherst College. His judicial temper and the regard in which he is held by his fellow-citizens are attested by the fact that probably no other citizen in the State has been called upon to act as referee or arbitrator in so great a number of controversies. He has served three terms in the Legislature, has been a member of the Governor's Council, and has occupied various positions of trust in connection with educational, commercial, and banking institutions. His nomination was a defeat of the machine and a victory of the better element of his party, as was his election by the largest vote ever cast for any candidate for Governor in the State of New Hampshire. He is, says a correspondent, who writes of him with reserve, "a fine Christian man of the best New England type."

We can best characterize the Governor-elect of Massachusetts in a sentence by saying that Roger Wolcott is a worthy successor to the gubernatorial chair of a State whose Governors, with few unfortunate exceptions, have been distinguished in the history of the Nation ever since Colonial times. He was born in Boston in 1847. Among the notable ancestors on his father's side is Oliver Wolcott, signer of the Declaration of Independence and Brigadier-General in the Revolutionary Army. Governor Wolcott graduated from Harvard College in 1870, and was the choice of his classmates for class orator; four years later graduated from the law school; began his public career as a member of the Common Council of Boston in 1877-1879; served in the Lower House of

the Legislature in 1882-1884; was elected Lieutenant-Governor in 1892, and re-elected in 1894. Since the death of Governor F. T. Greenhalge he has been Acting Governor. His plurality in the last election was 155,572. He is a staunch Republican, although he refused to follow his party in the nomination of Blaine in 1884. He possesses a most engaging personality, that courtesy and culture which is characteristic of the best type of the old families of Massachusetts, and offers



Hon. Robert B. Smith (Fusion)
Governor-elect of Montana

a sharp and agreeable contrast to the average pushing and self-seeking politician. A correspondent tells us that his wife once remarked that "'Mr. Wolcott could never become Governor because, should anybody push along that way, he would be sure to step aside and remove his hat,' and that pretty fairly portrays the character of the man." His administration will unquestionably represent purity, a reasonable economy, and sterling integrity. While his antecedents and associations identify him with the established order of affairs in the Bay State, still he has expressly disclaimed any such attachment to the old economic order as would prevent him from favoring such extension of public control over natural monopolies as experience may seem to demand.

The Theology of an Evolutionist

I.—Religion, Theology, Evolution

By Lyman Abbott

That the reader and the writer of this series of articles may understand one another, it is important to commence with some clear definitions. This is the more important because the terms employed are customarily used with widely different meanings. In order to understand the relation of religion, theology, and evolution, we must first understand what we mean by the terms religion, theology, and evolution.

Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. Belief in the reality of religion involves belief that God is, and that he stands in some personal relation to man. But it is not an opinion respecting God, nor an opinion respecting his influence in the world of men. It is a personal consciousness of God. It is a human experience, but an experience of relationship with One who transcends humanity. The creed is not religion; the creed is a statement of what certain men think about religion. Worship is not religion; worship is a method of expressing religion. The church is not religion; the church is an organization of men and women, formed for the purpose of promoting religion. Religion precedes creeds, worship, church; that is, the life precedes men's thoughts about the life, men's expression of the life, men's organizations formed to promote the life. Religion may be personal or social; that is, it may be the consciousness of God in the individual soul, or it may be the concurrent consciousness of God in a great number of individuals, producing a social or communal life. In either case it is a life, not an opinion about life. It is not a definition of God, it is fellowship with him; not a definition of sin, but sorrow because of sin; not a definition of forgiveness, but relief from remorse; not a definition of redemption, but a new and divine life.

Theology is the science of religion. It is the result of an attempt made by men to state in an orderly and systematic manner the facts respecting the life of God in the soul of man. It involves intellectual definition of the various forms of consciousness which constitute the religious life. Its relation to religion is the relation of other

sciences to the vital phenomena which they endeavor to explain. With the growth of the human intellect there comes a wiser study of life, a better understanding of it, a new definition of its terms, and a new classification of its phenomena. The life does not change, but man's understanding of it changes. There is a new astronomy, though the stars are old; a new botany, though vegetable life is unchanged; a new chemistry, though the constituent elements of the universe are the same. So there is a new theology, though not a new religion. God, sin, repentance, forgiveness, love, remain essentially unchanged, but the definitions of God, sin, repentance, forgiveness, and love are changed from generation to generation. There is as little danger of undermining religion by new definitions of theology as there is of blotting out the stars from the heavens by a new astronomy. But as religion is the life of God in the soul of man, definitions which give to man a clearer and a more intelligible understanding of that life will promote it, and definitions which are, or seem to be, irrational, will tend to impede or impair it. To this extent theology affects the religious life as other sciences do not affect the life with which they have to deal.

Evolution is described by John Fiske as "God's way of doing things." Theology is also an attempt to describe God's way of doing things. Thus to a certain extent science and theology have the same ultimate end. Both attempt to furnish an orderly, rational, and self-consistent account of phenomena. The supposed inconsistency between science and religion is really an inconsistency between science and theology—that is, between two sciences. The theologian and the scientist have given different and, to some extent, inconsistent accounts of God's way of doing things. It is important for us to know which account is correct. It is even religiously desirable that we should know, since our understanding of God's influence upon the human soul affects that influence.

The current theology is Roman in its origin. It assumes as an axiom a God

apart from the universe and ruling over it, as the Roman Emperor was apart from the Roman Empire and ruled over it. It conceives of his government as a series of successive interventions. He creates the world out of nothing in the space of six days, and then rests. Man sins, and lest he should become immortal and so independent of his sin, God intervenes and drives him from the garden. His sin grows greater; God intervenes again, sweeps the human race from the globe, and makes a new beginning. Man has no natural capacity to know God. God compassionately intervenes once more, and makes to man special revelations; outside the race to which these revelations are made there is no possibility of the knowledge of God—that is, no possibility of true religion. To attest this revelation which God has made of himself, interventions in the laws of nature which he has ordained are necessary. These interventions, called miracles, are essential to revelation, and revelation is essential to the knowledge of God—that is, to true religion. Thus theology assumes that God's way of doing things in the material world is the way of a mechanic operating upon a machine; his way of doing things in the spiritual world is the way of a king ruling over an empire. God is some one outside of nature and outside of men, operating upon nature and upon men.

The evolutionist's conception of God's way of doing things is radically different. "Evolution," says Le Conte, "is (1) continuous, progressive change, (2) according to certain laws, (3) and by means of resident forces." Evolution, therefore, the reader will perceive, disbelieves in interventions, while theology believes in a series of interventions as the necessary condition of life. It should be distinctly understood that evolution makes no attempt to explain the cause of that continuous, progressive change which constitutes the essential manifestation of what we call life. Evolution is simply a history of the process by and through which that cause, whatever it is, produces results. It is the history of the way in which the world has come to be what it is.¹ Thus evolution differs from theology in two respects. Theology attempts to account for the cause of life. That cause, according to theology, is the

personal will of a personal Creator. Evolution makes no attempt to account for the cause. It may be either theistic or agnostic; that is, it may assume that God is the one infinite and eternal energy which produces all phenomena, or it may assume that we can know nothing respecting that energy except that it exists. Again, theology believes that there are two elements, distinguishable from one another, in the process of life—the natural and the supernatural, or the process of nature and the interventions in that process by special acts of the Creator. Evolution involves the belief that there is but one process, which is continuous, progressive, orderly, according to invariable laws, and due to resident force or forces.

All forms of science and of philosophy, except theology, accept evolution as above defined. "The words evolutionism and evolutionist," says Le Conte, "can not any longer be used, any more than gravitationism and gravitationist, for the law of evolution is as certain as the law of gravitation." Evolution is not only accepted in the natural sciences, it is the basis of all academic teaching in all departments of knowledge. Not only biology, zoölogy, physiology, astronomy, and the natural sciences are taught as accounts of processes of development from a lower to a higher, from a simpler to a more complex order; but sociology, political economy, history, literature, and philosophy are all taught in the same way. It is theology alone which still holds to the theory of special interventions; to the notion that there are gaps in the process of life to be filled up with God. "As if," says Professor Drummond, "God lived in gaps;" or, again: "If God is only to be left to the gaps in our knowledge, where shall we be when these gaps are filled up?"

I acknowledge myself to be a radical evolutionist—it is hardly necessary to say a theistic evolutionist. I reverently and heartily accept the axiom of theology that a personal God is the foundation of all life; but I heartily and confidently believe that God has but one way of doing things; that his way may be described in one word as the way of growth, or development, or evolution, terms which are substantially synonymous; that he resides in the world of nature and in the world of men; that there are no laws of nature which are not the laws of God's own being; that there

¹ Professor Huxley on Evolution, *Encyclopædia Britannica*; Professor Drummond, "Ascent of Man," Introduction.

are no forces of nature except the one divine, infinite force, the will of God; that there are not occasional or exceptional theophanies, but that all nature and all life is one great theophany; that there are not occasional interventions in the order of life which bear witness to the presence of God, but that life is itself a perpetual witness to His presence; that He transcends all phenomena, and yet is the creative, controlling, directing force in all phenomena. In so far as the theologian and the evolutionist differ in their interpretation of the history of life—that is, upon the question whether God's way of doing things is a way of successive interventions or a con-

tinuous and unbroken progress—I agree with the evolutionist, not with the theologian. My object in this series of articles is to show that religion—that is, the life of God in the soul of man—is better comprehended, and will better be promoted, by the philosophy which regards all life as divine, and God's way of doing things as the way of a continuous, progressive change, according to certain laws and by means of one resident force, than by the philosophy which supposes that some things are done by natural forces and according to natural laws, and others by special interventions of a divine will, acting from without, for the purpose of correcting errors or filling gaps.

Some Literary Worthies

I.—Lucian

By Hamilton W. Mabie

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps somewhere speaks of Matthew Arnold as a "larky" writer, a phrase which it is well to bear in mind in meditating on certain delightful passages in the essays which we are tempted to take too seriously. Arnold would have been untrue to his name if he had not been deeply serious at heart; but he had also a happy faculty of entertaining himself with his times and amusing himself with his readers. This resource was also Lucian's; indeed, the play of his incisive wit upon many of the traditions and authorities of his age was so spirited and vivacious that some critics have denied him any aim higher than that of entertainment. That he was "born for his own entertainment and our great advantage," as Miss Emily James Smith says in her admirable introduction to a volume of delightful translations of his dialogues and romances, is obvious enough to the most casual reader of these dialogues and tales; but there is good ground for believing that he was born for serious work as well, and that he did that work according to his light and temper of mind, not only with great relish, but also with great effectiveness.

To most readers, even among those who know their Greek and Latin classics widely, Lucian is strangely modern. His mind was essentially skeptical, not in a hard, unimaginative way, but as the result of a very clear vision of things, a keen sense of irony, and an intellectual and political environment full of shams, delusions, and decaying

beliefs. He came when the old order was visibly declining and the old faith visibly ebbing. The Greek religion had inspired the arts and created a world of beauty which was to witness forever to its power over the imagination; but intelligent men had already discovered that Olympus was deserted. There was a great fraternizing of peoples going on under the rule of Rome, but in the very process of fraternization the old race ties were loosened and the old moral stays shaken. Order reigned throughout the civilized world, but it was only a momentary calm before the deluge. The rule of the Antonines has well been called the Indian summer of the Roman state—a brief and delusive tranquillity.

To a mind so free from illusions and so penetrating as Lucian's, with such a temperament as his, the skeptical mood found itself confirmed in the general condition, and irony and satire were the fit weapons for the hand of one so constituted. If his nature had been deeper, he would have struck the tragic note; if his insight had been more spiritual, he might have discovered the advent of a new order in the despised Jewish sect which he studied but which he did not understand. He was a born satirist and wit, not a creative artist; and for this very reason he seems, among all the classical writers, the most modern. He reminds us of Erasmus, whose mood was somewhat more strenuous, but who was content to put his protest against the religious shams of his time into the form

of satire and criticism, but had no leanings towards the stake.

Born at Samosata, on the banks of the Euphrates, about the year 120 of our era, Lucian had the opportunity of using the Greek language and living under the world-wide order which Rome had established. The Asiatic provinces of the Empire had become, in a way, as important as the capital itself. They were full of able men; they were stirred by the antagonisms of vanishing and oncoming ideas; they were the field of the first Christian communities in the Gentile world; and they were the seed-ground from which sprang the first heresies. Lucian came of "poor but honest parents," whose lack of means put a liberal education out of question. As the result of a family council, the boy was handed over to an uncle to be trained as a stone-cutter and statuary, having already shown some youthful skill in making wax figures of oxen, horses, and men. But his career was marred at the start by an unlucky accident. He was told to work lightly on a slab of marble in his uncle's shop, but, with the zeal of ignorance, he bore too heavily upon it, the slab broke, his uncle beat him, and he ran home weeping and indignant; and so ended his first effort to find his vocation. All this, and much more that is undoubtedly autobiographic, is to be found in a little piece called "The Dream," which is believed to have served later as a kind of personal prologue to his public readings of his works; for authors' readings are of very ancient origin.

The profession of the rhetorician was then both popular and profitable; there was, if possible, more talk than there is to-day, and men were trained to talk, which was perhaps an improvement on the modern habit of self-developed talking. When Lucian became sufficiently expert to practice and teach the art of speech, he traveled, after the manner of his profession; coming in contact with the new religion at Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians, and with the restless and keen-witted Greeks in the cities of Ionia. Like the lecturer of our own time, his voice was lifted up in many cities; in Syria, Greece, Italy, and Gaul. The quick and fresh life of the last-named province made it a very congenial field, and for ten years Lucian educated his auditors and himself by discussion of the themes which

were of interest to his contemporaries. In one of his dialogues he puts into the mouth of Rhetoric the statement that, although she had led him a very unquiet life, she had brought him both fame and wealth.

At the age of forty he abandoned the profession which had served him so well, removed to Greece, and gave himself to the study of philosophy and to writing. He lived well at Athens, got rid of the last traces of his "barbarous Syrian speech," and so completely possessed himself of the Attic diction that his style became a marvel of precision, ease, and elegance. Here he wrote a group of dialogues which are touched with Aristophanic freedom and brightness, although devoid of the lyric splendor of which the great comedian alone possessed the secret. Of these dialogues the best-known and most popular deal with the Olympian deities in a fashion which seemed to the pious of the time irreverent, but to modern readers are not only sparkling with wit, but full also of a contagious quality of fun. Lucian had entirely gotten through with the pagan religions, and they had become so thoroughly identified with shams, delusions, and impositions of every sort upon credulity and ignorance that he was quite justified in waging war against them with any weapons which came to his hand. The fine quality of his mind and his keen sense of literary form made it impossible for him to use any save the most polished weapons.

His effectiveness lay in the ease and gayety with which he treated the Olympian world. Its history in the poets and dramatists was at his fingers' ends; he knew all its vices, inconsistencies, and absurdities; he did not argue against it; he mercilessly "chaffed" it. And "chaffing" was fatal to the Olympian world in the decrepitude into which it had already fallen. "Zeus the Tragedian" might have been written yesterday, so modern is its note. Nothing so "larky," so audacious, and so entertaining is to be found in ancient literature as this delicious comedy, in which the gods make each other ridiculous with captivating unconsciousness that they are bringing the whole Olympian structure tumbling down about their heads. In this dialogue Lucian pictures the consternation of the deities over the possible result of a disputation between Timokles the Stoic and Damis the Epicurean, Damis affirming that the gods have no existence and no

hand in the affairs of the world. Zeus calls a council of the deities, who are seated in the order of their taxable value, the golden images of the barbarians crowding the beautiful marble figures of the Greeks to the rear. Apollo fares especially ill, because his golden crown and the golden pegs of his lyre have been stolen. In the debate which follows, the keenest satire is concealed under the frank and easy talk of the deities, which becomes a general confession of their own uselessness and futility.

Various courses of bringing the debate to a favorable termination are suggested and abandoned. When Poseidon proposes that Damis be summarily dealt with by a stroke of lightning, Zeus reminds him that the gods have nothing to do with such matters, but that the Fates determine the time and manner of each man's death; that his own trident has been recently stolen by fishermen, and that two locks of the Thunderer's hair, weighing six pounds apiece, have been carried off by temple-robbers from Pisa. And when Apollo, his eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, attempts to foretell the results of the discussion, he delivers himself of an oracle of orthodox ambiguity and absurdity. The dialogue is a masterly piece of satire; subtle, cutting, and merciless, brimming with wit, and put in charming literary form. Lightness of touch was quite as much at Lucian's command as that of any recent master of style.

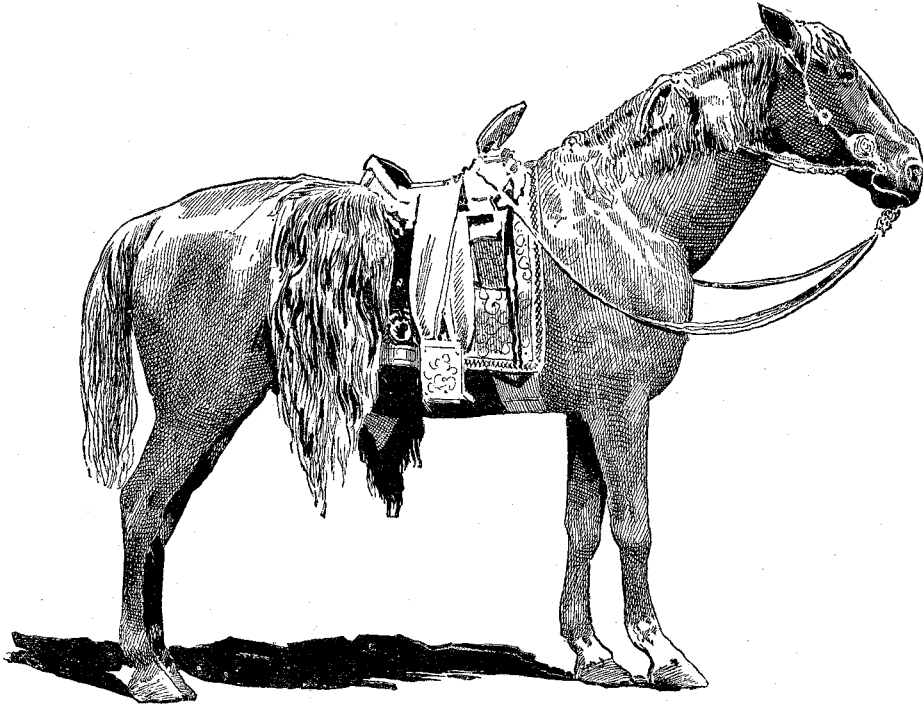
The philosophy of the day furnished this acute satirist with material which he used with equal destructive skill. In a dialogue between Charon and his passengers, the ferryman of the Styx is represented as stripping those who come for passage of all their encumbrances. The patrician lays aside his birth, honors, and statues, and the successful general his victories and trophies. When the philosopher's turn comes, he is addressed in these words: "Take your habit off, to begin with, if you please—and now all that you have there—great Jupiter! what a lot of humbug he was bringing with him, and ignorance, and disputatiousness, and vainglory, and useless questions, and prickly arguments, and involved statements—ay, and wasted ingenuity, and solemn trifling, and quips and quirks of all kinds! Yes, by Jove! and there are gold pieces there, and impudence, and luxury, and debauchery—oh! I see them all, though you are trying to hide

them! And your lies, and pomposity, and thinking yourself better than anybody else—away with all that, I say! Why, if you bring all that aboard, a fifty-oared galley wouldn't hold you!" And the shams, pretensions, and vices of society fare no better; they are all transfixed by the keen shafts of this merciless wit.

Lucian studied Christianity without bitterness, but in the same skeptical temper; regarding it, doubtless, as another phase of the prevalent superstition and hunger for novelty. Incidentally he says some very interesting things about the Christian communities of his time. There seems to be slight foundation for the charges of malicious misrepresentation of the new faith brought against him by some writers; on the other hand, it is clear that he utterly failed to discover the tremendous significance of the religion which was fast making its way through the Roman world.

Two short romances not only illustrate the versatility of Lucian, but foreshadow the modern novel, and make it clear that if the time had been ripe he would have grasped the honors of the novelist as easily as those of the satirist.

The most dramatic incident in his career was his visit to that marvelous impostor, Alexander of Abonotichas, of which Mr. Froude has given an account in one of his characteristic essays. In his later years Lucian was overtaken by reverses of fortune, and was appointed by Marcus Aurelius or by Commodus to a judicial position at Alexandria. This imperial kindness enabled him to carry on his literary activities, and the fruit of his long life is a great mass of work full of vivacity, intelligence, and charm. It was characteristic of his invincible wit that when, at a great age, gout laid its hand upon him, he promptly gave it satiric treatment; declaring that Philoctetes must have suffered from its ravages rather than from the poison of an arrow, as the old tradition ran, for in no other way could his vociferous howls and lamentations be accounted for! Among the classical writers Lucian stands almost alone as a purveyor of light reading, and it is surprising that an age which searches for light reading with a candle which never burns low has not yet discovered him. The explanation of this singular oversight may lie in the fact that, while Lucian's dialogues and tales are very easy reading, they are also very genuine literature.



GENERAL SHERIDAN'S "WINCHESTER"

As he appeared at New Orleans in 1865

Famous American War-Horses

By General James Grant Wilson, D.C.L.

How he strode his brown steed! How we saw his blade
brighten
In the one hand still left—and the reins in his teeth!
He laughed like a boy when the holidays heighten,
But a soldier's glance shot from his visor beneath.
Up came the reserves to the mellay infernal,
Asking where to go in—through the clearing or pine?
Oh, anywhere! Forward! 'Tis all the same, Colonel—
You'll find lovely fighting along the whole line!
—From "Kearny at Seven Pines," by Edmund Clarence Sledman.

THE Duke of Wellington possessed three valuable estates in Great Britain, Belgium, and Spain, presented to him by the Governments of those countries for services rendered during the Napoleonic wars. When the writer first visited the Duke's English estate of Strathfield Saye, he saw hanging in his sleeping-room a colored lithograph of General Zachary Taylor mounted on a white charger, well known in the army and throughout the country as Old Whitey. He is represented wearing a broad-brimmed straw hat, and with his right leg thrown over the pommel of the saddle—a favorite position of the old soldier. This counterfeit presentment of

Taylor and his war-horse, or some other picture of the hero of Buena Vista and his white steed, was a household ornament in this country half a century ago. The writer learned that the picture was sent to the "Iron Duke" by an anonymous admirer during the Mexican War, and that he was so much amused with the representation of the successful American commander that he directed the lithograph to be framed and hung in one of the apartments, known as the Coronation Chamber, where it remains to this day. Old Whitey was the most famous war-horse of that period. General William B. Franklin writes: "Old Whitey was Taylor's favorite horse, and was as well known to his army as was the General himself. He was snow-white, and the General always rode him, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his staff officers, who were apprehensive that his color would make him too prominent a mark in action. He resembled an English cob in figure, was a fine animal, and



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, OF VIRGINIA, AND HIS FAMOUS WAR-HORSE "TRAVELLER"

all who were near the General became very fond of the horse." General Longstreet says: "I remember clearly General Taylor and his war-horse Old Whitey. His usual position, when his horse was standing, was one leg over the pommel of the saddle. Stonewall Jackson's horse, Sorrel, was much of the style of Old Whitey, but was not white." The last survivor of General Taylor's family writes: "You ask about Old Whitey; he was a great pet with us all, and was never ridden after my father's return from Mexico, and when he went to Washington the horse was sent to his plantation. During his term as President there was so much interest and curiosity expressed to see the old charger that he had him brought to Washington, and after my father's death he was sent back to the plantation, then the home of my brother Richard, where Whitey lived to a good old age. He was pretty well denuded of both mane and tail by sightseers." An army comrade, who saw Taylor's charger as he passed through Cumberland, Md., twoscore and seven years ago, corroborates the statement as to Whitey's almost

hairless tail, adding that he was a well-formed, medium-sized saddle-horse, who created almost as much interest and curiosity in Cumberland as the advent of the General himself would have aroused.

Only less celebrated than old Rough and Ready's favorite charger was Colonel Charles May's Black Tom, a magnificent and powerful coal-black gelding, such a peerless ebony steed as Theodore Winthrop introduces in his finest story under the name of Don Fulano, or the Forest King in Ouida's novel of "Under Two Flags." May mounted on Tom was the *beau sabreur* of Taylor's army in Mexico, enjoying the same reputation for dash that Custer won in the Army of the Potomac nearly two decades later. At the head of his squadron of the Second United States Dragoons, Captain May led a gallant charge against a Mexican battery in the battle of Resaca de la Palma, May 9, 1846, and, leaping Tom over one of the guns, captured General La Vega and the whole battery. May had an unsurpassed military record for leaping with Tom, and, it is possible, one that has never been equaled in



GRANT AND "CINCINNATI" AT COLD HARBOR

While at Cold Harbor in June, 1864, the Government photographer pointed the camera at the General just as he was about to mount his famous charger. The noble animal heard the sound of the bugle in the campus near by, and his head is turned in that direction, his ears erect and nostrils distended, as though eager for Grant to mount and rush to the scene of action.

the hunting-field or even on the race-course. The Hon. Francis Lawley, the highest English authority on the subject, gives thirty-four feet as the greatest distance ever covered by an English horse in a steeplechase or elsewhere. Black Tom jumped thirty-five feet on a wager during the war, and, later, May made another bet that he would, with a flying start of fifty yards, leap Tom across a canal thirty-six feet wide. They came thundering along, the jet-black steed nearly seventeen hands high, and May over six feet, sitting like a centaur; Tom gave a mighty jump, but fell short, and of course man and horse had a very sudden and an exceedingly cold bath, for the attempt was made in midwinter, soon after the close of the war. For a Charlie O'Malley leap over a cart loaded with a cord of wood, standing in front of the City Hall, May was fined in a Baltimore court. On another occasion the dashing cavalryman rode Tom up the steps of the leading hotel of that city, cavorted around and through several of the principal apart-

ments, and then calmly rode out again. Thoroughbred Tom was a spirited and rather difficult horse for any one but his master to ride or control. A Maryland friend, wishing to make a fine appearance before a Baltimore belle, borrowed May's horse, but, bearing too hard on the bit, when in front of the lady's residence in Cathedral Street, Tom began backing, finally tossing his rider off into the street, and galloping back to his stable. One who well remembers them assures the writer that it was a beautiful sight to see Captain May prancing along the streets of Baltimore mounted on his magnificent Kentucky steed. Tom passed many tranquil years on a Maryland farm, where he was buried. Before this was done, his four hoofs were cut off, with a view to making drinking-cups as memorials of one of the most famous American horses of the Mexican War. In some way the project was delayed; the Colonel passed away without its being carried out; but it will yet be done by his widow, who carefully

preserves these mementos of the famous charger.

In the Mexican War, General Winfield Scott had two favorite steeds, both over

The most celebrated battle-steeds of the Civil War were Cincinnati, Traveller, and Winchester, the favorite chargers of Grant, Lee, and Sheridan. When the hero of



"COMANCHE"

This horse was the only survivor of the Custer massacre at Little Big Horn, in which Sitting Bull was the leader (November, 1891)

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seventeen hands, for he was so large and heavy that no ordinary horse could carry him. Rolla was a beautiful bay, stylish and spirited, and the other charger was a bright sorrel named Washington. The battle-horse owned by Scott during the Civil War was, like Rolla, a bay, but nearly eighteen hands high. He was probably the largest and most powerful steed ever ridden by a soldier. The old General was greatly attached to Napoleon, as he named him, and when, owing to the infirmities of age, he could no longer use the saddle, he was driven in harness to Scott's coupé. The day before the old hero of two widely separated wars died at West Point in 1867, he called his groom to his bedside and said: "Peter, take good care of my horse." At the military funeral, the leviathan Napoleon, properly caparisoned, followed the remains of his master in the procession to the cemetery, a procession which included Grant, seven corps commanders, and some two hundred general and field officers. Napoleon, the largest of American war-horses, survived Scott, who was the largest of American generals, for several years, dying during the summer of 1870 at the age of thirty.

Vicksburg visited Cincinnati a few months after the close of that brilliant campaign, he was requested to visit a dying man who was exceedingly desirous of seeing him. When they met, the invalid said: "General Grant, I wish to give you a noble horse, who has no superior on the continent, as a testimony of my admiration for your character and past services to our country. There is a condition attached

to the gift: that you will always treat him kindly." Grant accepted the magnificent bay, of course faithfully keeping his promise, and named him Cincinnati. He was a son of Lexington, with a single exception the fastest four-mile thoroughbred that ever ran on an American course. The General was offered ten thousand dollars for the horse, as he had a record of speed almost equal to that of his famous half-brother, Kentucky. Cincinnati was a superb and spirited steed of great endurance, Grant riding him almost constantly during the Wilderness campaign, and passing from end to end of our long lines. The noble horse was retired soon after the close of the war, enjoying "an old age of dignified leisure" on a Maryland estate, where his master frequently saw him, and where he died and received honorable burial in September, 1874.

Lee's favorite war-horse, Traveller, described to the writer by Sheridan, who saw him on the day of the surrender at Appomattox, as a "chunky gray horse," was purchased by the great Virginian in 1861. He was over sixteen hands high, a little above half-bred, of great courage and kind-

ness, not possessing speed, and carrying his head well up. Traveller liked the excitement of battle, and at such times was a superb and typical war-steed. After the war Lee became President of Washington and Lee University, and for five years he daily rode or saw his favorite. At the General's funeral, Traveller, fully equipped, was placed close to the hearse. When the flower-covered coffin was carried out from the church, the faithful horse put his nose on it and whinnied! He survived his attached master two years, and was buried near him in Lexington. The accompanying illustration is copied from a photograph taken after the war. General Custis Lee writes: "You will notice that my father's position in the picture is that of 'to gather the horse,' in order to keep him quiet. His legs are crossed behind the girths, and the hand slightly raised. Traveller injured both of my father's hands at the second battle of Manassas, and General Lee could not thereafter hold the reins in the regulation manner."

In January, 1876, General Sheridan sent the following letter to a friend: "In regard to 'Winchester,' I am glad to state that he is still living, and in my stable. He has been a pensioner for the last eight years, never being used save in the way of necessary exercise. He is of Black Hawk stock, was foaled at Grand Rapids, Mich., and was brought into the army by one of the officers of the Second Michigan Cavalry, of which regiment I became Colonel in 1862. Early in the spring of that year, while the regiment was stationed at Rienzi, Miss., this horse was presented to me by the officers of the regiment, and at that time was rising three years old. Consequently he must be nearly nineteen now. He is over seventeen hands in height, powerfully built, with a deep chest, strong shoulders, has a broad forehead, a clear eye, and is an animal of great intelligence. In his prime he was one of the strongest horses I have ever known, very active, and the fastest walker in the army, so far as my experience goes. [General Sherman's Sam, a terror to staff officers, the writer thinks could have beaten Winchester, for he frequently walked five and a half miles an hour.] I rode him constantly from 1862 to the close of the war, in all the actions and in all the raids, as well as campaigns,

in which I took part. He was never ill, and his staying powers were superb. At present he is a little rheumatic, fat, and lazy; and so long as I live he will be well taken care of." After Winchester's death in 1878 he was skillfully mounted by a taxidermist, and is to be seen among the many relics of the Mexican and Civil Wars included in the most interesting collections of the museum of the Military Service Institution on Governor's Island. On every returning Memorial Day many survivors of Sheridan's Shenandoah



GENERAL KILPATRICK'S FAVORITE ARABIAN
WAR-HORSE "SPOT"

troopers, who still remember the services of his

Steed as black as the steeds of night,

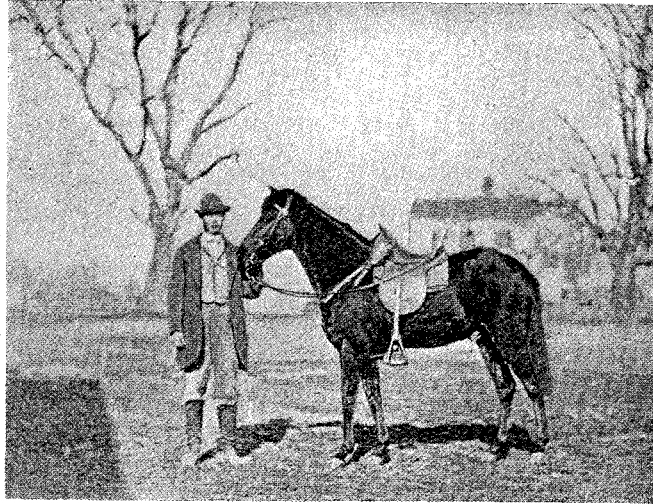
cross over to Governor's Island Museum and place floral memorials on the glass case that contains all that remains of the celebrated war-horse Winchester.

Philip Kearny, of whom General Scott said that he was "the bravest man I ever knew, and the most perfect soldier," was the owner of several famous battle-steeds. During the early days of the Mexican War Captain Kearny was in command of a troop of the First Regiment, United States Dragoons. Receiving permission to sell the horses belonging to the Government, and to replace them with others of a uniform color, Kearny proceeded to Illinois, and, with the aid of Abraham Lincoln, he

purchased a hundred grays, the captain paying the difference (about three thousand dollars) out of his own pocket. Connected with this transaction some amusing circumstances could be related, did our space permit. When mounted on

the finest gray in the troop, known as Monmouth, Kearny was so severely wounded that it became necessary to amputate his left arm. In the Civil War his most celebrated steed was Moscow, sometimes called by the soldiers Whitey. He was a handsome and spirited white horse. General Kearny was a superb rider, and the two never failed to attract attention, particularly when, wishing to draw his sword in giving command on the battlefield, Kearny would take the bridle between his teeth. His staff frequently expostulated against his riding so conspicuous an animal as Moscow, but he paid no attention to their protests, although he possessed many other good horses. Among these was a light bay called Decatur, that was shot through the neck in the battle of Fair Oaks, and a brown, known as Bayard, celebrated by Stedman in his spirited poem entitled "Kearny at Seven Pines." He was riding this horse at Chantilly, and, having advanced alone near the close of the battle, came suddenly upon a Confederate regiment. Instantly turning his horse and lying flat upon him, he escaped many bullets, when one struck him at the base of the spine, and, ranging upward, killed him almost instantly.

General Judson Kilpatrick owned two famous horses. Beppo was a dark sorrel and a superb jumper. His master often mentioned him with admiration, and would put his arms around the charger's neck and caress him. He said: "Sometimes Beppo hesitates when he sees danger ahead, but



GRANT'S HORSE "JEFF DAVIS"
Captured on Davis's plantation in Mississippi

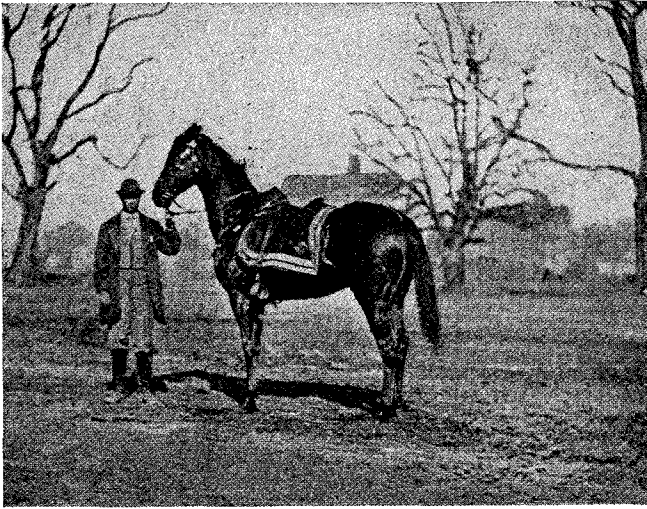
when I say 'All right, Beppo,' and press against his sides, he will go forward no matter what is before him. I verily believe, if I ran him straight at a barn, and said, 'All right, Beppo,' he would obey and butt his brains out."

Kilpatrick rode the sor-

rel at the battle of Aldie, and the noble animal fell dead, shot through the heart. His other war-horse was an Arabian of many colors, called "Old Spot," who was captured from a Confederate colonel during the second year of the war. He was probably better known than any other cavalry charger in the Northern armies, with the single exception of Sheridan's Winchester. The General was greatly attached to the Arabian, and rode him in scores of battles and skirmishes. Sherman once alluded to Old Spot in conversation with the writer, speaking of him as "Kilpatrick's celebrated calico horse." He survived his master for several years, and also, it is believed, every general officer's horse who was in active service in our Civil War. Spot died of old age, and was buried on the Kilpatrick homestead farm at Deckertown, N. J., in 1887. He was probably not less than twoscore years of age. Several attempts were made to purchase the charger with a view to exhibiting him, but the General's family declined to part with the faithful old steed.

The favorite war-horse of General Joseph E. Johnston was named Fannie. She was a handsome thoroughbred of a rich bay color, beautifully formed, and a good vindication of his judgment as a horseman. She was ridden by the General in many battles without being wounded, and after the war was retired to a farm, where for many years she lived a life of leisure. General James Longstreet writes: "My favorite horse, christened Haro (Hero) by

the Irish groom, was a blood bay, sixteen hands, sired by the somewhat famous racer Red Eye, that won the celebrated sixteen-mile race many years before the war. He was exceedingly sagacious, and came to understand and enjoy the



GRANT'S HORSE "EGYPT"
A thoroughbred from Southern Illinois

battle as much as our best soldiers, especially when the field was so open as to give a clear view of the movements of artillery and infantry. He was so proud of the affair of second Manassas that he threw his tail up, laid it on his back, and trotted about the field in grand style." The General was on Hero when he was wounded in the Wilderness. General J. E. B. Stuart's finest war-horse was a thoroughbred named Virginia. He rode her almost constantly during the Gettysburg campaign, and wore her out. At the time of his death he possessed but two chargers—one a gray, which he rode in his last battle, when he was mortally wounded; the other a beautiful bay called Bullet. On his death-bed he gave the gray horse to Major A. R. Venable, and the bay to Major H. B. McClellan, both members of his staff, and the latter Stuart's biographer. General Wade Hampton was the owner of many thoroughbred horses in the Civil War, several of which were killed. His favorite charger Beauregard was a magnificent animal of great boldness and spirit, sixteen and a half hands, and perhaps the finest horse in the Southern armies. The General writes: "He was wounded at Gettysburg, mortally, at the same time that I was; when I was taken to the hospital, Beauregard, after being unsaddled and unbridled, followed me there, lay down outside, and died." General Fitzhugh Lee rode a famous high-bred animal during the war. She was a beautiful dapple-gray, with white mane and tail, very active and stylish, and about as well known in the

army as her owner. She was selected by General Robert E. Lee from among all the fine horses in the army for the Confederate President to ride at the time he contemplated reviewing the Army of Northern Virginia. Her name was Nellie

Gray, and she was killed in the battle of Winchester.

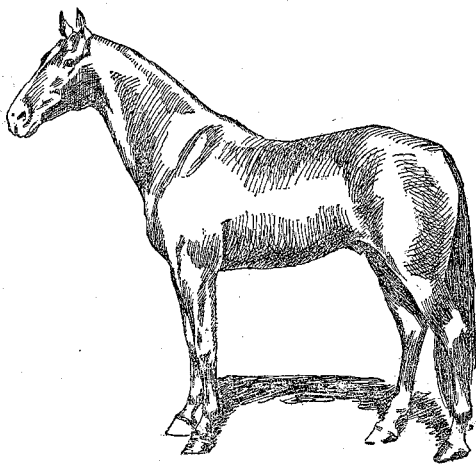
General Nathaniel P. Banks, who was a perfect rider, was the owner of two beautiful bay chargers while in command of the Department of the Gulf. When, in September, 1863, General Grant visited New Orleans, a review of the Thirteenth Corps, which had recently arrived from Vicksburg, was held in his honor. Banks rode his greatest favorite, Shenandoah, purchased in Virginia, and Grant mounted his other war-horse, Charlie, who had been wounded in the battle of Cedar Mountain. After the review the above officers, with their staffs, and many others, including Lorenzo Thomas, the Adjutant-General of the United States Army, then organizing colored regiments in Louisiana, were invited by a wealthy planter to a lunch-party. Before the entertainment was concluded a trial of speed on the shell road was arranged by General Thomas between Grant, mounted on Charlie, and a young cavalry officer, who was the owner of a Kentucky thoroughbred bay named Donna. As they sped along, neck and neck, on the Carrollton road, the riders, in turning a sharp bend in the road, came suddenly on an approaching train, which, together with the shriek of the locomotive, caused the spirited Charlie to swerve from his course and to throw the General straight over his head. This unfortunate accident confined Grant to his bed for several weeks, and possibly was responsible for the defeat of the Northern army at Chickamauga, when

otherwise he would have arrived in season to avert the disaster that overtook the Union forces. As soon as the General was able to move about on crutches he proceeded to Chattanooga, and soon relieved that beleaguered city. For two months after his fall he could not walk without the aid of a cane and crutch. Charlie was brought to the North at the close of the war, and for many years was kindly cared for at the Massachusetts home of General Banks in Waltham, where he died and was buried. The beautiful Virginia bay enjoys the unique distinction of being the only horse that ever unseated the illustrious soldier Grant, who was noted for his skillful riding from early boyhood, and as a West Point cadet.

General Benjamin F. Butler, when in command of the Army of the James, was the owner of two powerful horses, both above sixteen hands. One of these was a superb stallion called Ebony, the other a spirited sorrel named Warren. In March, 1864, Butler's command was to be reviewed by the President, who rode Ebony, while the General was mounted on his other favorite war-steed, Warren. Whether Lincoln's horse was excited by the artillery, the inspiring notes of the military bands, or the enthusiastic cheers of the crowds of spectators, he bolted, and not even the great strength of the President could control the maddened charger, as faster and faster he dashed along the front of the army, Butler and the staff vainly attempting to overtake and stop the black steed in his wild course. At length an orderly, a private soldier, who was in the rear, discovering Lincoln's danger, and being mounted on an old race-horse with a record, put spurs to him, and, lying almost flat upon the racer's neck, speedily came to the front. He soon distanced General Butler and the other officers who were in pursuit, and, amid the wildest cheering from the thousands present, quickly came up with the runaway, seized the bit, and the

President was saved from a fate that might have been even more serious than that which befell Grant at New Orleans in the previous September. Lincoln's lost hat, trampled under foot by the horses of the pursuing cavalcade of generals with their staffs, was replaced by an army cap, and the review completed without further incident.

Perhaps there was no more picturesque cavalry commander engaged in the Civil War than General Custer, and certainly no more accomplished rider. In his four years' service he had seven horses killed under him—a greater number, it is believed, than was lost by any other leader of Northern troops engaged in the late war. Among the many chargers owned by Custer, his favorites were Don Juan and Jack Rucker. The former was a thoroughbred stallion of great speed and spirit, on which the dashing young *sabreur* appeared at the head of his famous Third Cavalry Division in the Grand Review at Washington. When approaching the re-



COLONEL CHARLES MAY'S "BLACK TOM"

viewing-stand on which were assembled the President and his Cabinet, Grant, Sherman, and many other Generals, Don became excited and frightened at the floral wreaths and bouquets showered upon him and his rider, and the wild tempest of cheers which greeted them, and ran away, in spite of the efforts of one of the best horsemen in the army to control him. Custer at length stopped the stallion in his wild course, and rejoined his command in time to appear with it as the division passed the grand stand. Jack Rucker was a beautiful bay, with a record for speed. The General acquired him while in command of the Michigan Brigade, and rode him in more than a score of battles. While not a thoroughbred, he was a horse of good blood, great spirit and sense, highly esteemed by his young master, who mounted him at Five Forks, and was on him when he demanded of General Longstreet the surrender of the Southern army.

The battle-steed that the *beau sabreur* loved perhaps better than any other of the many that he owned was Dandy, ridden by him on most of his Indian campaigns. He was purchased in Kansas after the war, and his story has been well told by Mrs. Custer in "Following the Guidon." The charger on which Custer appeared at the head of one-half of the Seventh United States Cavalry in his last battle at Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876, was a Kentucky thoroughbred sorrel called "Vic."

Comanche, a powerful gray horse, nearly sixteen hands, the only living thing that escaped the massacre in the Little Big Horn when Custer and his command were annihilated by the Sioux, died at Fort Riley, Kansas, November 9, 1891. He was more than thirty years old, and for nearly two-thirds of that period he was on the retired list of the United States Army, drawing a pension. Comanche was the charger of Captain M. W. Keogh, who was killed by the side of his gallant commander in the "Last Rally." When found, Comanche was many miles distant from the battlefield and nearly dead from loss of blood, flowing from seven wounds. Major Reno's command cared for him as if he had been human, and after his recovery he accompanied the survivors of the Seventh Cavalry to various posts, being finally transferred to Fort Riley, Kansas, where he died of old age. Comanche was daily saddled and bridled and led out for inspection, but he never suffered the indignity of serving in the ranks.¹ Captain Keogh,

¹ Headquarters Seventh U. S. Cavalry,
Fort A. Lincoln, D. T., April 10, 1879.

General Orders, {
No. 7. }

I.—The horse known as "Comanche," being the only survivor or living representative of the bloody tragedy of the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876, his kind treatment and comfort should be a matter of pride and solicitude on the part of every member of the Seventh Cavalry, to the end that his life may be prolonged to the utmost limit. Wounded and scarred as he is, his very existence speaks, in terms more eloquent than words, of the desperate struggle against overwhelming numbers, of the hopeless conflict, and of the heroic manner in which all went down on that fatal day.

II.—The commanding officer of Company I will see that a special and comfortable stall is fitted up for him, and he will not be ridden by any person whatever, under any circumstances, nor will he be put to any kind of work.

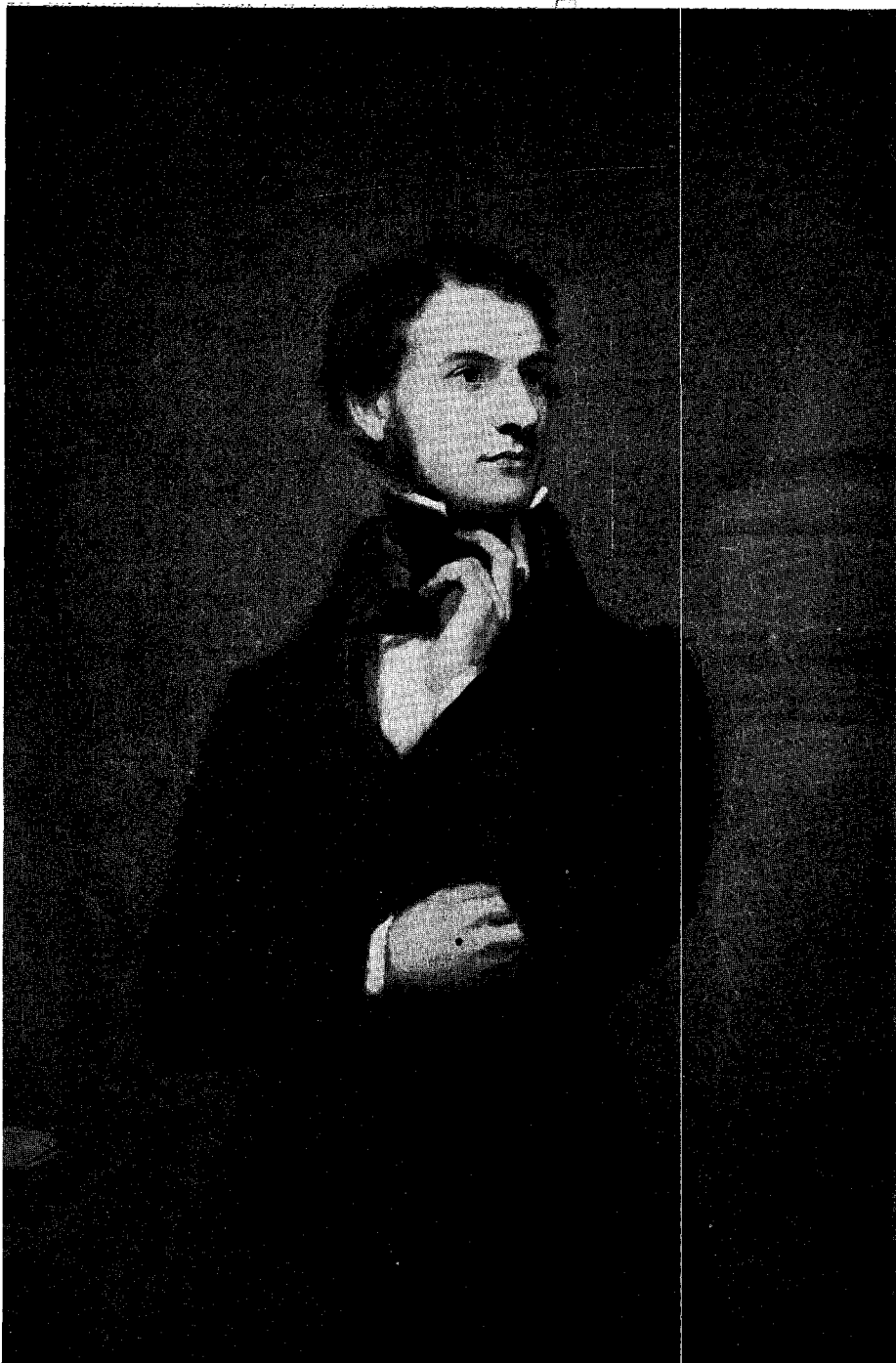
III.—Hereafter, upon all occasions of ceremony (of mounted regimental formation), "Comanche," saddled, bridled, draped in mourning, and led by a mounted trooper of Company I, will be paraded with the regiment.

By command of Brevet Major-General S. D. STURGIS,
ERNEST A. GARLINGTON,
1st Lieut. and Adjutant Seventh Cavalry.

commanding Troop I, was the last man that ever mounted the interesting and historic old war-horse. Comanche, living and dead, was much sought after by enterprising showmen, but, to the credit of our Government be it said, unsuccessfully. He was skillfully mounted by the orders of the War Department, and was among the most interesting exhibits at the Chicago Columbian Exposition of 1893. Several thousand Sioux Indians celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the massacre of which Comanche was the sole survivor by various fantastic dances and ceremonies incident to their ancient traditions.

General Longstreet, alluding to the exaggerated number of horses said to have been killed under several of the most celebrated cavalry commanders engaged in the American Civil War, in a letter to the author of this article, dated September 22, writes: "Referring to seventeen horses killed in battle under one rider reminds me of Mr. Greeley's visit to Texas just before he became a candidate for President of the United States in 1872. While passing through New Orleans I called to pay my respects. After leaving, on my return to my office, I met Major Thomas P. Ochiltree, who inquired if I was acquainted with Mr. Greeley, and upon learning that I was and had just seen him, requested me to return and introduce him. During the interview the Major was asked how many bushels of corn to the acre were grown in Texas, to which he promptly replied, 'Five hundred!' When we left, I said to Ochiltree: 'I am so much obliged by your reply to Mr. Greeley about the corn product of Texas. I was apprehensive, when the question was asked, that you might answer a thousand bushels!' The seventeen horses killed in battle can perhaps be accounted for when we reflect that the commander knew little of the power or importance of organization, and that in going into the cavalry fights his unorganized forces may have shot his horses instead of the enemy. If Major Ochiltree were writing for the cavalry chief (Forrest), I doubt if he would ask credit for seventeen horses killed."





WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-EIGHT

From the Painting by W. Bradley at Hawarden Castle. Reproduced for The Outlook by special permission of Mr. Gladstone. Photographed directly from the original by Mr. Watmough Webster, of Chester.

The Story of Gladstone's Life¹

By Justin McCarthy

Author of "A History of Our Own Times," "The Four Georges," etc.



THE GLADSTONE ARMS
From Mr. Gladstone's First Book-plate

CHAPTER I.—"THE GLEDSTANES"

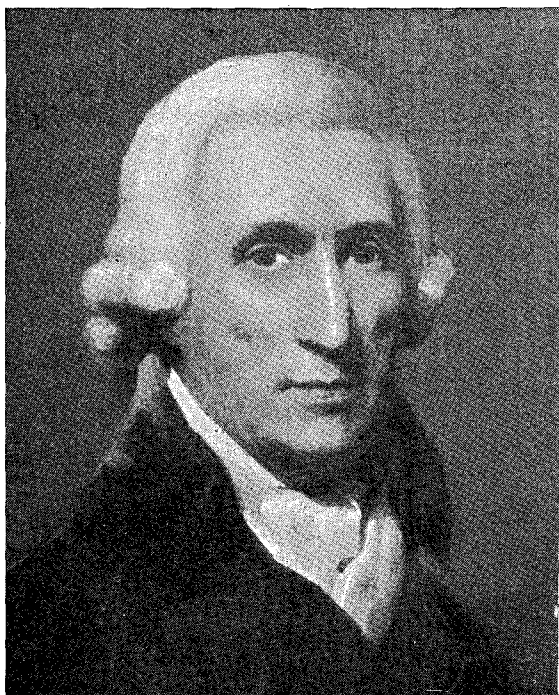
I think I may take it for granted that Mr. Gladstone is the greatest English statesman who has appeared during the reign of Queen Victoria. This, indeed, seems

to me a statement of fact and not a subject for criticism. We may all have our different opinions as to the policy involved at this time or that in the statesmanship of Mr. Gladstone. Some of us may admire him more in his earlier days, some of us in his later, or even his latest. He may be charged with inconsistency—a charge which has naturally to be made against any great statesman, for the essence of statesmanship consists in the recognition of imminent tendencies and actual facts. Nobody can possibly be called a statesman who starts in life with a pack of political nostrums which he proposes to apply inveterately to the cure of every constitutional malady in the State. A mind like that of Mr. Gladstone is inexorably compelled to go on studying the changing conditions of things, and is absolutely prohibited from applying remorselessly the remedies of the day before yesterday to the troubles of to-day. Many years ago John Bright said to me that Gladstone was "always struggling towards the light." Such might indeed be the statement of Gladstone's whole career. He has been "ever a fighter," like Robert Browning's hero—ever struggling towards the light. I propose to tell, as best I can, the story of his rich and noble life. Of course I can tell it only from the outsider's point of view; but I may perhaps say in excuse of my enterprise that I have followed and studied with the deepest interest, since I came to know anything of public affairs, the career of Mr. Gladstone—that I sat in the House of Commons with him for many years, and that I was fortunate enough to have much

interchange of ideas with him—and I may perhaps say I was admitted to his friendship.

William Ewart Gladstone is an Englishman only by birth. He was born on the 29th of December, 1809, in Rodney Street, Liverpool, one of the chief residential streets of the city—a street which was, and still is, much occupied by leading merchants, barristers, and physicians. But Mr. Gladstone's family came from Scotland. Many generations ago the family bore the name of Gledstane. My friend Mr. George W. E. Russell, in his monograph on Gladstone, which belongs to the series called "The Prime Ministers of Queen Victoria," a very delightful little book, explains the meaning of the name. The family had had their abode from very early times in Lanarkshire. "The derivation of the name," says Mr. Russell, "is obvious enough to any one who has seen the spot. *Gled* is a hawk, and that fierce and beautiful bird would have found its natural home among the *stanes*, or rocks, of the craggy moorlands which surround the fortalice of Gledstanes." "As far back as 1296," Mr. Russell tells us, "Herbert De Gledestane figures in the Ragman Roll as one of the lairds who swore fealty to Edward I." By degrees the family estates became less and less, and at last became practically nothing at all. The latest surviving son of the family removed into a neighboring town and set up in business as a maltster. By the time this man's grandson had been born the family name had been changed into Gladstones. Yet a little later and it became that which we all know as one of the most illustrious names in English history—Gladstone. By something like an accident, John Gladstone, then the eldest son of the house, having been sent to Liverpool on business, attracted the attention of a leading corn merchant of the town, and by his advice settled there for good. He became one of the great merchant princes of Liverpool, a member of Parliament, and a baronet. He was a pure Lowland Scotchman, and he married a Highland Scotch woman. The pair had six children, and the third son was William

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THOMAS GLADSTONE
Mr. Gladstone's Grandfather

Ewart Gladstone. John Gladstone was a man of great ability and energy—a man to make his way through any difficulties and to win the honor and respect of any community. In the public and political sense he stood in somewhat the same relationship towards his son William Ewart Gladstone that the first Sir Robert Peel occupied with regard to his son, the great Sir Robert Peel. One of William Gladstone's elder brothers I remember well in Liverpool, where as a very young man I spent several years. This brother, Mr. Robertson Gladstone, was a man of singular energy and force of character, of genuine ability both in politics and finance, a powerful and impressive speaker, a sort of rough-hewn model for his younger and much greater brother. He was a man of somewhat uncouth appearance and eccentric ways. He was about six feet seven inches in stature, and people turned their heads to look after him in the streets of London, although, of course, in his native Liverpool he was too well known to be stared at. He had, as I have said, eccentric ways, but he had no ways that were ignoble or unmanly. He was as straightforward a politician as ever lived. He had begun life as a Tory, but he gradually became a Liberal, and, indeed, an

advanced Radical. If he were living in our time, he would be a powerful and uncompromising opponent of Jingoism. It was the common belief in Liverpool, and probably is the common belief there still, that Robertson Gladstone assisted his brother William in the preparation of his budgets when William was again and again Chancellor of the Exchequer. He was eloquent in a strong, unshapely sort of way, with a half-poetic gleam of feeling glancing every now and then through his speeches. The eldest brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, passed through life without advancing from his old-world politics, and made no particular mark upon his time. I have often thought that nature resolved to make a decided advance in the family history by the creation of Robertson Gladstone, and that, not yet quite satisfied with her work, she tried again and gave William Ewart Gladstone to the world.

Sir John Gladstone, the father, was one of those men who, like his illustrious son, seem destined never to grow old. There is an interesting description given of his ways with his children which may perhaps help to account for the extraordinary aptitude for debate of William Ewart Gladstone. One of his friends has told us that nothing was ever taken for granted between Sir John Gladstone and his sons. He started and kept alive a constant succession of arguments on small topics and on large. His family circle appears to have been what the King of Navarre in Shakespeare's play says his court shall be—"a little Academe." Every lad was put on his mettle to defend his own case or to damage the case of another. It was all done in the most perfect good humor and with the full and unflagging enjoyment of those who took part in it. It must have been capital preparation for the Oxford Union and for the debates in the House of Commons. Sir John Gladstone was a great friend and admirer of George Canning. Young William Gladstone was sent to begin his education at the vicarage of Seaforth, a place in the neighborhood of Liverpool. Here he had as one of his fellow-pupils the late Dean Stanley, of Westminster, a man who was well known to Americans, and whose

memory is highly honored in America. The friendship between these two lasted to the end of Dean Stanley's useful, refined, and gracious life. Gladstone did not remain long at Seaforth. At the age of eleven he was sent to Eton.

CHAPTER II.—ETON AND OXFORD

It would not, perhaps, be easy to convey to any untraveled American an idea of the glamour and the fascination which Eton exercises over the mind of a school-boy who has any feeling for the picturesque, the venerable, and the poetic. Eton College stands within the very shadow of Windsor Castle. England has nothing to show more beautiful than the landscape which spreads around on every side. There is witchery in the river, in the woods, in the old historic Castle. One might almost say that the whole current of English history streams on with that noble river. I am not certain, so far as my travel goes, whether anything quite like those Windsor landscapes, including with them the historical memories and associations, can be found anywhere outside England. So far as one can judge, the whole effect impressed itself deeply on the mind of the school-boy William Gladstone. All through his life he could become fired with enthusiasm at the mere mention of Eton and its studies and its memories. He seems to have worked hard as a student, and, indeed, earned a certain amount of unpopularity by his persistence in regarding serious study as part of his business and his duty. He was untiring at Greek and Latin, and occupied his holiday time in studying mathematics. He never, I believe, became a great classical scholar in the narrow and pedantic sense. Probably no one whose scholarship took that limited and practical form ever really appreciated the beauty of the great authors whom he studied. You cannot appreciate Shakespeare if you are always occupied in trying to parse him. Young Gladstone soon came to have the most magnificent appreciation of the soul and spirit and form and phrase of the great Greek and Latin authors

whom he loved. He persisted while at Eton in being an unostentatiously pious and religious student. He would not join in or countenance any mockery or levity about things which he had been taught to regard as sacred. Yet there was nothing whatever of the "prig" about him, and his force of character even then was such that he compelled the most light-minded to respect him and his ways. Nor would he stand any frolicsome cruelty to dumb animals. "He stood forth," says Mr. Russell, "as the champion of some wretched pigs which it was the custom to torture at Eton Fair on Ash Wednesday, and, when bantered by his schoolfellows for his humanity, offered to write his reply in good round hand upon their faces." This is the sort



LADY GLADSTONE
Mr. Gladstone's Mother

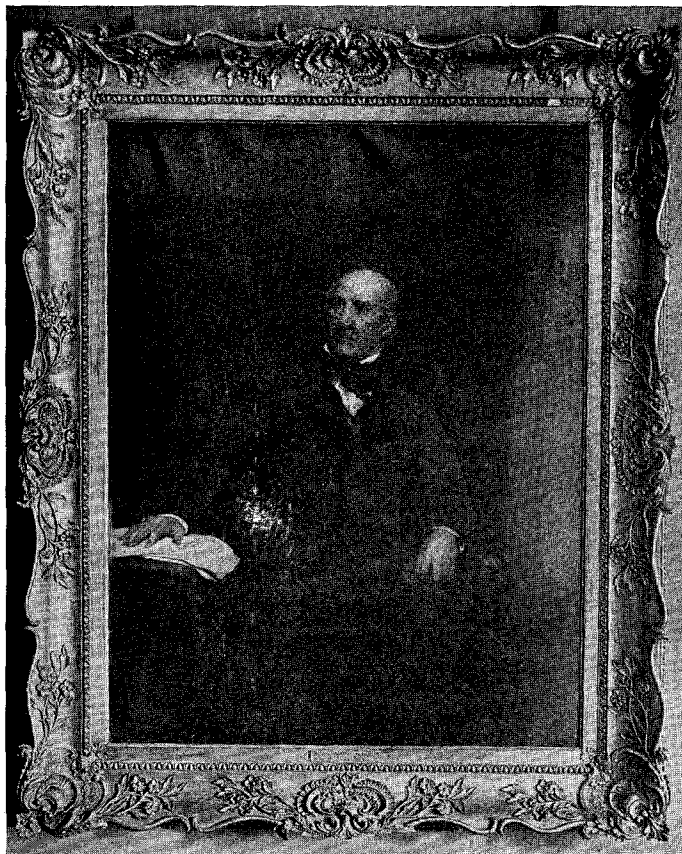
of a boy whom even school-boys must admire.

The merits of the system of education and of discipline adopted at Eton have been the subject of much criticism and complaint. The education given there is said by some commentators to consist of nothing but Latin and Greek, and of these superficially taught, and without any attempt to instruct the learners in mathematics, physics, or metaphysics. I shall

could do something else well." Such a school would probably suit the peculiar mind and tastes and aptitudes of a boy like young William Gladstone. He would soon find out for himself what studies suited him best, and he was free to apply himself to these with all his might. On the other hand, a school with different modes of training might merely force a pupil along some broad and common way without giving any opportunity to his natural pecu-

liarities to assert themselves. Certainly Mr. Gladstone's predilection all through his life was rather for what may be termed literary studies than for mathematics or physics or metaphysics. One thing to be said in favor of Eton is that all its best and most distinguished students have looked back upon it with love and affection during the whole course of their lives in the outer world. "Floreat Etona" may be called the motto of the school. It is the pious wish of every student of Eton whom I have ever met. Such a fact in itself speaks for the school "with most miraculous organ," whatever its past or present defects of training or of discipline. It was probably just the place from which young Gladstone would draw all the best it could give.

Sir Roderick Murchison, the famous naturalist, has left it on record



SIR JOHN GLADSTONE
Mr. Gladstone's Father

not attempt to go into the subject further than to accept it as highly probable that Eton is, or was in Mr. Gladstone's school-days, a place where a boy who loved learning could acquire as much knowledge as he wanted, but where a boy disinclined for severe studies was left free enough to indulge his indolent inclinations. A man of eminent authority was once asked whether a boy would be looked down upon at Eton for being industrious in his studies. The answer was significant: "Not if he

that Gladstone was "the prettiest little boy that ever went to Eton." Most of us can testify from our own knowledge that Mr. Gladstone lately is the handsomest old man who ever went to Eton or anywhere else. Visitors to Eton are shown, of course, the name of Gladstone carved into a wall or a woodwork here and there. But, naturally, no one ever goes to any place where a famous man once lived without being shown his name carved, as it is confidently affirmed, by his own hand. At Eton Glad-

stone's closest friend was that Arthur Hallam to whose gifts and virtues the late Lord Tennyson has inscribed one of his greatest poems, the "In Memoriam." Among his other mates were some whose names will still be remembered in America — Frederick Tennyson, for example, brother of the poet and himself a poet; Alexander Kinglake, the author of "Eothen," and the historian of the Crimean War; James Bruce, afterwards the famous Earl of Elgin; Charles Canning, afterwards Earl Canning and Viceroy of India, the "Clemency Canning" of the Indian Mutiny—a nickname then given to him in scorn by the panic-stricken votaries of a policy of slaughter, but now remembered to his honor and to his glory. William Gladstone was not much of an athlete, as the term was then understood. He did not care much about school-boy games of any kind. He was very fond of sculling, and kept a boat for his own use, and he was then, as ever since, a tremendous walker. He walked very fast, and he walked great distances. His delight was to wander about through all the lovely places surrounding Windsor, in company with a few boys of his own age and of his own tastes. Outside this inner circle of his intimates Gladstone was not well known at Eton. He seems to have been neither popular nor unpopular—a somewhat curious beginning in life for one whose strength and energy of character made it in his after years impossible for any one to avoid forming a very distinct opinion for or against him. He distinguished himself decidedly in the debates of the "Eton Society" and in the editorship of the "Eton Miscellany." Mr. Russell tells us that the Eton Society in Gladstone's day was "a remarkable group of brilliant boys." "Its tone was intensely Tory. Current politics were forbidden subjects, but political opinion disclosed itself through the thin disguise of historical or academical questions. The execution of Strafford and Charles the First, the characters of Oliver Cromwell



ANNE GLADSTONE
Mr. Gladstone's Sister

From a miniature at Hawarden. The only picture of Anne in existence.

and Milton, the 'Contrat Social' of Rousseau, and the events of the French Revolution, laid bare the speakers political tendencies as effectually as if the conduct of Queen Caroline, the foreign policy of Lord Castlereagh, or the Repeal of the Test and Corporation Act, had been the subject of debate." We all know the tremendous earnestness which school-boys throw into the discussions of their debating societies. Probably Mr. Gladstone was never more thoroughly in earnest at the very zenith of his states-

manship, and when a speech from him might decide the fate of a ministry or a policy, than he was when he addressed the Eton Society on the subject of popular education. He was the means of introducing Mr. Kinglake to this Eton Society. He took a prominent part in the starting of the "Eton Miscellany." He became its editor and its most prolific contributor.



ROBERTSON GLADSTONE
Mr. Gladstone's Brother

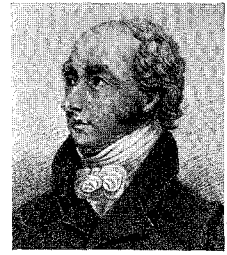
He was actually the author of a humorous ode to the shade of Wat Tyler!

Shade of him whose valiant tongue
On high the song of freedom sung!
Shade of him whose mighty soul
Would pay no taxes on his poll!

—and much more, in the same elaborate strain of the mock-heroic. Only the other day, it may be said, this humorous versical freak of a school-boy was rescued from oblivion by a serious Tory critic, who brought it up as conclusive evidence that Mr. Gladstone had been from his earliest years the consistent advocate of anarchy and rapine. Such a critic may well remind us of that contemporary of Swift who took the trouble to point out that there could be no such places and people in the world as those which Lemuel Gulliver professed to have visited in his travels.

Gladstone remained at Eton until the end of 1827. He then studied for a few months with private tutors, and he became fond of gymnastics, of turning, and of wood-carving. He still delighted in his rambles through fields and woods, in his long, rapid walks, and in his chosen companionships. In October, 1828, he went up to Christchurch, Oxford. There were many young men then at Christchurch who afterwards made distinguished careers for themselves in the Church and in law and in political life. Among the undergraduates at other

colleges in Oxford were Henry Edward Manning, the late Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster; Sidney Herbert, afterwards one of Gladstone's closest friends and colleagues in Parliamentary life; Robert Lowe, afterwards Lord Sherbrooke; and Sir George Cornwall Lewis,



GEORGE CANNING
The great Statesman. The friend of Sir John Gladstone.

a man of wonderful gifts and acquirements, curiously forgotten by the Englishmen of to-day—a man who, but for his unhappy defects of voice and articulation, might have been one of the greatest speakers in the House of Commons. There was some doubt in Gladstone's family as to whether he ought to be sent to Oxford or to Cambridge. Now, it would seem to most of us that there was an absolute necessity, for the sake of historical fitness, that he should have been sent, as he was sent, to Oxford. The whole atmosphere of the place, steeped in its peculiar traditions and its mediævalism, seemed exactly suited to the peculiar temperament and genius of the youthful Gladstone. Members of the two universities are constantly arguing as to which of the rivals can show the more splendid beauroll of great students. Into this controversy I have no inclination to enter. Each can produce a magnificent record; but I should think an unbiased observer might be inclined one way or the other, according as his taste and temperament led him to the scientific, or to what I may call the literary and historical, field of study.

Certainly Mr. Gladstone seems to me absolutely in his place as a student in Oxford. He was a hard student during his career as an undergraduate, and he led a very temperate life. He did not object to a supper or a wine party, but he was distinctly abstemious in the use of wine, and his example in this way produced a good effect, not only on those who worked with him, but also on some of those who came after him. Naturally, he took a leading part in the proceedings of the Union Debating Society, of which he first became Secretary and afterwards President. In the days of Arthur Pen-dennis self-conceited members of the Union Debating Society lived in the firm



MR. GLADSTONE'S BIRTHPLACE
62 Rodney Street, Liverpool

belief that the Prime Minister of the time watched with keen attention the doings of the youths in the Union, with the object of picking out fit persons to become Cabinet Ministers. The Premier at the time when Gladstone delivered his maiden speech in the Oxford Union might, with great judgment, have turned his attention in that direction. Predictions after the event are, as we all know, of little account; but Bishop Charles Wordsworth, as he afterwards was, who heard the speech, said that "it made me, and I doubt not others also, feel no less sure than of my own existence that Gladstone, our then Christchurch undergraduate, would one day rise to be Prime Minister of England."

The University of Oxford is a world in itself, and might in Gladstone's early days be described as a world all to itself. Its general principles were those of devotion to the State Church and to Toryism—a Toryism which, as Mr. George Russell says, was of a romantic and old-fashioned type, as far as possible removed from the utilitarian Conservatism of a later day. "The claims of rank and birth," says Mr. Russell, "were admitted with a childlike cheerfulness. The high function of government was the birthright of the few. The people had nothing to do with the laws except to obey them." Mr. Gladstone himself, a great many years after, when speaking at the opening of a Liberal club in Oxford in the December of 1878, said: "I trace in the education of Oxford of my own time one great difference. Perhaps it was my own fault, but I must admit that I did not learn when at Oxford that which I have learned since, to set a due value on the imperishable and the inestimable principles of human liberty. The temper which I think too much prevailed was that liberty

was regarded with jealousy, and fear could not be wholly dispensed with." Still, as will be easily understood, there were as many different phases of Toryism at Oxford even then as there were minds and temperaments. In a great center of education there cannot possibly be that stolid monotony of opinion and of conviction which may be found sometimes among the churchgoers and the Tories of some country village. Then, again, each of the colleges in Oxford, as in Cambridge, had its own peculiarities, its own traditions, its own class, and its own aspirations. Christchurch College in Oxford was, perhaps, the most aristocratic in its members and in its tastes.

It seems to have become, for some unknown reason, a training-school for Prime Ministers. Its history would well have justified the ideas of Arthur Pen-dennis and his friends. Christchurch College gave during the century seven Prime Ministers, not including Mr.



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE AND HIS SISTER

From a Picture at Hawarden Castle

Gladstone himself, to English government. Among these were Lord Liverpool, George Canning, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Derby, Lord Salisbury, and Lord Rosebery, Gladstone's own successor in the office of Prime Minister.

In his second term Mr. Gladstone was elected a member of the Oxford Union Debating Society, in which he made the speech so glowingly commended by Bishop Wordsworth in the words we have already quoted. He defended Catholic emancipation in the debates of the Union, but he opposed the removal of Jewish disabilities, and he argued against the immediate abolition of slavery, although he urged that every preparation ought to be made for its gradual extinction by the teaching and training of the slaves so as to fit them for self-mastery and for citizenship. These

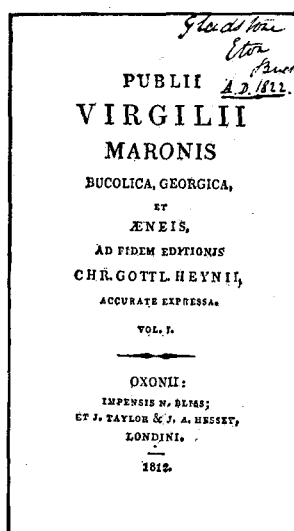
views, as we shall see, he afterwards expressed in Parliament when he came to be a member of the House of Commons. In the debates of the Union he again and again opposed the very moderate movements towards political reform which at that time were held by many people to be well-nigh revolutionary. Yet even in young Gladstone's strongest speeches against the reform movement he seems to have taken good care not to commit himself to any unqualified objection to reform as a principle. His mind, indeed, would appear to have been a sort of mirror of the general mind of Oxford—a veneration for the past, a love of tradition, a romantic sentiment of reverence for the ancient institutions of the country, and yet a mind open to see the inevitable tendencies of the future. Gladstone worked very hard for the Oxford Union, of which he became first the Secretary and afterwards the President. He was studying hard for classical honors and for divinity. He studied Hebrew as well. He worked for four hours in the early day and then went out for exercise, chiefly walking and boating, and also a certain amount of what we now call athleticism—more, at least, than he had done in his Eton days. Then he attended classes and lectures and resumed his solitary readings for many later hours. Not content with his studies and the work of the Union Debating Society, he founded and organized a debating society all of his own device and construction, which he named the Oxford Essay Club, but which became after a while colloquially named the "Weg," a title taken, as will readily be seen, from Gladstone's own initials. Frederick Denison Maurice, afterwards famous in English Church history, mentioned in 1870 that "the circumstance of belonging to a small society at Cambridge brought me into a similar one at Oxford, founded by Mr. Gladstone, to which otherwise I never should have been admitted." "The members of the Weg," says Mr. Alfred F. Robbins in his "Early Public Life of Mr. Gladstone," "assembled in each other's rooms in turn to hear an

essay from its occupant, and it is owing to this circumstance that so excellent an idea has been preserved of what Mr. Gladstone was like when at the University." Gladstone also studied hard in mathematics, but these studies seem to have left less impression on his style of thought than any other of his readings and his trainings. Of the original members of the Weg, I believe Mr. Gladstone himself and his friend, Sir Thomas Acland, are the only survivors. At one of the meetings of this society Gladstone read an essay which endeavored to explain and define the belief of Socrates in immortality. He always read for two or three hours before bedtime. Nothing whatever was allowed to interfere with the course of his reading and his studies.

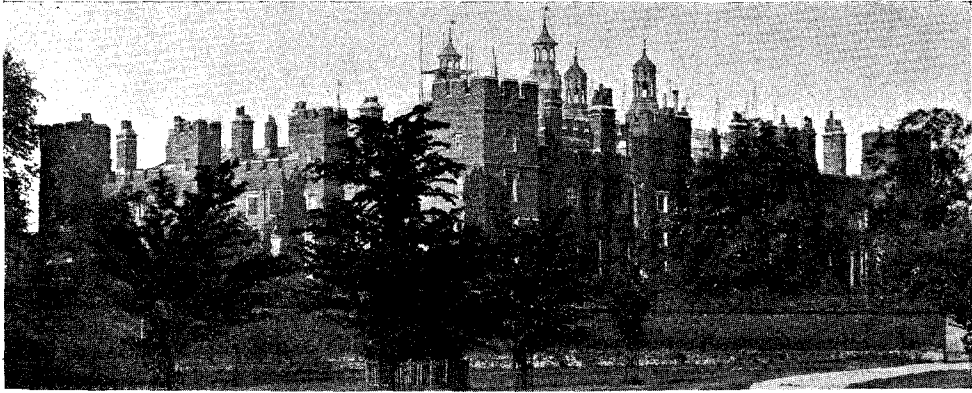
I have heard quite lately that Mr. Gladstone himself was rather disposed to under-rate the amount of interest which he took, while at Oxford, in out-of-door pursuits. One or two of his few surviving contemporaries may have been heard to declare that Gladstone held as good a place among the Oxford athletes of his time as he did among the hard-working students. It is possible enough that in later days the mind of the great statesman and the great student may have lost its memory of the physical exercises which

were less a passion of his temperament and his nature than the working of the intellect and the development of the brain. One can only say that it is hard to believe in Mr. Gladstone turning his attention to anything physical or intellectual without becoming more or less successful in the attempt.

It is a curious fact that when his office of President of the Oxford Union came to an end he was succeeded by his friend, afterwards Cardinal Manning. It is a curious fact, too, not unworthy of record, that among the friendships which he made at Oxford was that of Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper. The general public now has lost all memory of Mr. Tupper. Tupper was, however, a man well known in his day. He was the author of a book called "Prover-



TITLE-PAGE OF MR. GLADSTONE'S "VIRGIL"
Signed at the age of thirteen



ETON FROM THE PLAYING-FIELDS

bial Philosophy," a book which probably had at one time a larger circulation than any of the novels of Dickens and Thackeray, or the writings of Carlyle, or even the essays of Lord Macaulay. It was a book composed altogether of gentle platitudes, each platitude carrying with it a well-meaning moral purpose. The genial platitudes ceased to interest after a time, and Tupper faded out of the minds of even the dullest among us. I remember a friend telling me, many years ago, that he had just come from a literary party where he had been sitting between the two extremes of poetry: between Alfred Tennyson on the one hand and Martin Tupper on the other. Tupper

first adored Gladstone and wrote poems to him, then for a while he turned against him, and afterward went back to his first love. Gladstone was always kind to Tupper, invited him to his house, always read and answered his letters (which must have been terribly boring work), and proved that he had never forgotten his old associates at the University.

In December, 1831, Gladstone took his double first class.

CHAPTER III.—GLADSTONE'S INTRODUCTION TO PUBLIC LIFE

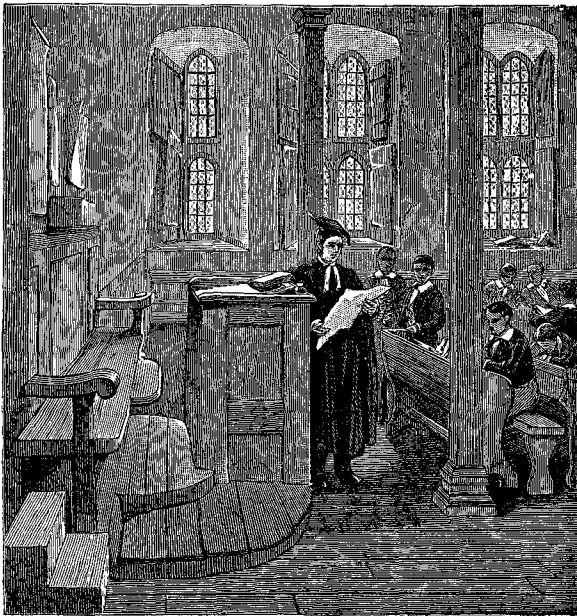
Gladstone was an immense student of the Bible and of patristic literature in those



ETON FROM THE THAMES

boyish days, as he continued to be down to his latest years. He left Oxford before the full influence of the movement led by the late Cardinal Newman had begun to assert itself in the place. His strong inclination then was to enter the Church, and he pressed his father hard to allow him to become a clergyman. But Sir John Gladstone, shrewd and keen-eyed man of the world as he was, saw, no doubt, in the genius of his son something different from that which could find its best course in the career of an ecclesiastic. In Mr. Gladstone's time strict obedience to the wish of a father was an essential part of a son's duty. Gladstone gave up his desire to

enter the later years of his public life must know, of course, through what changes of opinion he struggled on to be a great political reformer. But there may be many to whom it would be a surprise to hear that the invitation which Mr. Gladstone first received was given because it was understood that he was one of the rising influences that made against reform; that he was determined to keep back if he could the onward movement of the popular cause, and that he was, as Macaulay afterwards described him, the hope of the stern and unbending Tories of that day. The very manner of his invitation to enter Parliament would be an anachronism and an impossibility in our time.



ETON. THE LOWER SCHOOL

enter the Church, but, as every one knows, he has taken during all his life a deep interest in Church history and in subjects of theological controversy. Early in 1832 he left Oxford and went to Italy for the first time—to that Italy which in after years he loved so much and served so well. It seems in the fitness of things, too, that young Gladstone should have passed directly from Oxford to Italy. After a few months of Italian wandering he was called back from Italy, as Milton had been, by a sudden appeal to him to enter on a political and a Parliamentary career. His time had come, and it found him out. Those who have watched with ever-increasing in-

terest the later years of his public life must know, of course, through what changes of opinion he struggled on to be a great political reformer. But there may be many to whom it would be a surprise to hear that the invitation which Mr. Gladstone first received was given because it was understood that he was one of the rising influences that made against reform; that he was determined to keep back if he could the onward movement of the popular cause, and that he was, as Macaulay afterwards described him, the hope of the stern and unbending Tories of that day. The very manner of his invitation to enter Parliament would be an anachronism and an impossibility in our time.

The invitation came from the then Duke of Newcastle. The Duke represented the old-fashioned principle which set up the landlord's absolute right over the votes of a constituency in which he possessed the most of the land. The passing of the Reform Bill had shaken the strength of the old feudal principle. According to that principle, the great landlord of any region where there was a Parliamentary constituency claimed the right to return to Parliament anybody whom he thought fit to select for the representative position. This Duke of Newcastle, about whom I am now speaking, had asserted his claim in the most frank and simple fashion. He will be remembered in English history chiefly by the manner of this assertion. "Have I not," he asked, "a right to do what I like with my own?"—"my own" being in this case the constituency of Newark, one of the boroughs which fell within his territorial sway. The Duke was a good-natured, honest, somewhat thick-headed sort of man, and he could see nothing absurd whatever in a ducal landlord setting up such a claim. The Duke was naturally greatly alarmed by the movements of the epoch. The Reform Bill of 1832 introduced for the first time the great middle classes and the great middle-class cities and towns of England to the right of representation in Parliament and the right of the suffrage. It abolished many of the old "rotten boroughs," as they were called, and the "pocket boroughs," and therefore

Thursday Nov. 11 1830.(The President in the Chair)

The Secretary moved "that the administration of the Duke of Wellington is deserving of the confidence of the country."

SpeakersFor the motion

The Secretary

Mr Doyle Esq

The President

Mr Knatchbull Esq

Mr Lyall. Esq

Earl of Lincoln, Esq

Against it

Hon S Herbert Esq

Marquess of Abercorn, Esq

The Secretary replied

The House then decided, when the President announced that the motion was carried by a majority of one (Tremendous Cheering)

The President then stated that the numbers were

struck sharply at the privileges of the territorial magnates. The Reform Bill, although the Duke of Wellington described it as "a revolution by due course of law," set up in fact but a very limited suffrage, and left the vast mass of the working population entirely outside the pale of constitutional representation. But it seemed at that time to all Tory minds like a measure of portentous revolution. On the other hand, ardent Liberals wrote and spoke as if the Reform Act were destined to bring about a millennium.

{ For the motion . 57
Against it 56 (Repeated Cheers)

Adjourned at a quarter past elevenW E Gladstone.SecretaryMINUTES OF THE ETON
DEBATING SOCIETY

A. W. KINGLAKE

From one of the Historian's latest Portraits.
A contemporary of Mr. Gladstone at Eton.

The Duke of Newcastle looked around everywhere for some rising man capable of representing Tory interests in the borough of Newark. His son, Lord Lincoln, had been a school and college friend of young William Gladstone, and had heard him deliver his speech against reform, to which I have already referred. Lord Lincoln recommended Mr. Gladstone to the Duke. The Duke eagerly accepted his suggestion. Mr. Gladstone was summoned home from Italy, and thus the greatest English reformer of our time came into practical politics as the advocate of the party which set itself against any and every manner of reform. Even under these conditions Mr. Gladstone could not bring himself quite down to the level of the Duke of Newcastle. In his address to the electors of Newark he declared that he was bound by the opinions of no man and no party, but said that he felt it his duty to watch and resist that growing desire for change which threatened to produce, "along with

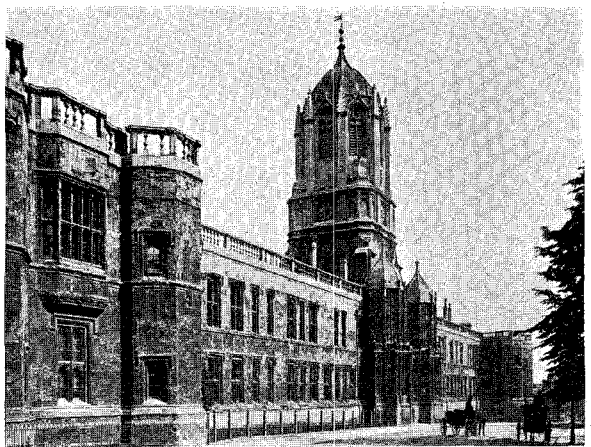


OXFORD. CHRISTCHURCH COLLEGE.
The famous Fan-Vaulted Entrance to the Hall

partial good, a melancholy preponderance of "mischief." The Duke of Newcastle probably would not have admitted that there was any good, even partial, to qualify the melancholy mischief. Mr. Gladstone declared in his address that if Englishmen were to look for national salvation they must make it their first principle that the duties of governors are strictly and peculiarly religious, and that legislatures, like individuals, are bound to carry throughout their acts the spirit of the high truths they have acknowledged. Mr. Gladstone said a good deal about the condition of the poor and the remuneration of labor. From the opening to the close of his career he was always inspired by a sincere and active compassion for the condi-

tion of the hardly worked and very poor. It seems somewhat strange to us now to learn that part of the address touched upon the question of slavery. It has to be remembered that slavery still existed, a tolerated principle and practice, in certain of the English colonies. Its abolition was one of the results of that Reform Act which the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Gladstone so much condemned. The Gladstones had large properties in the West Indies, including, of course, a considerable slave population, and when England emancipated her slaves by paying off the planters, the Gladstone family naturally, and quite rightly, came in for a considerable share of the national purchase-money.

Liverpool was a town which had a good deal to do with the slave system in the colonies, and in my early days I remember hearing from old playgoers of a declaration flung by Cooke, the great tragedian, in the face of an indignant theater in Liverpool which had ventured to hiss him for some oddity in his behavior, that "there was not a stone in the walls of the town which was not cemented by the blood of African slaves." Mr. Gladstone, however, did not present himself in his address as an advocate of slavery. He contended that the system was sanctioned by the Scriptures, but he insisted that the slaves were to be educated and prepared for gradual emancipation. That was as far as any Englishman, not a member of an abolitionist organization, would have gone at the time. The Newark contest was fought out with much stubbornness and a good deal of passion, and the two Tory candi-

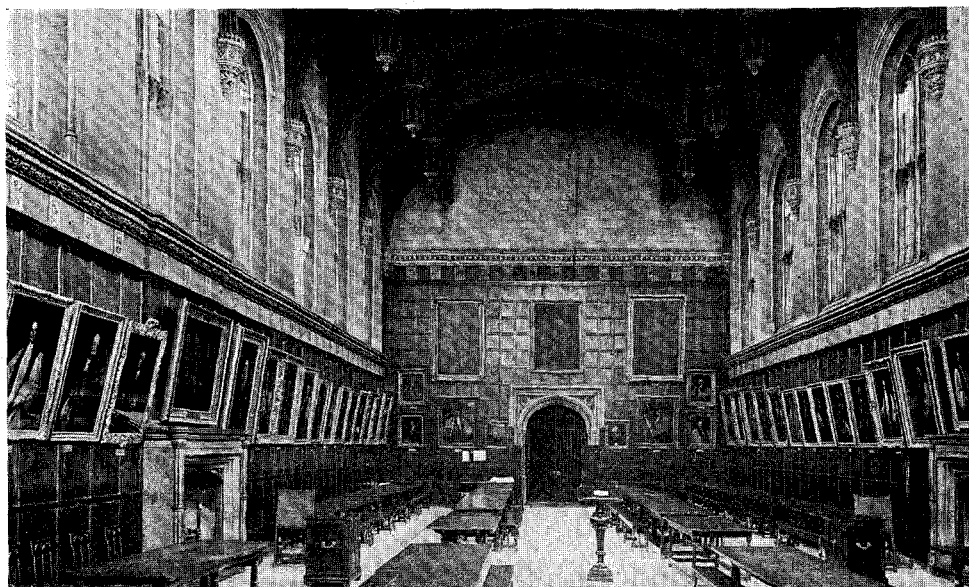


OXFORD. CHRISTCHURCH COLLEGE
St. Aldate's Front, showing the "Tom Gate" begun by Cardinal Wolsey

dates were elected, Mr. Gladstone's name being at the head of the poll. This, it should be remembered, took place at a general election—the first general election since the passing of the Reform Act, the general election which was to create the first Reformed Parliament. The Reformed Parliament met on January 20, 1833, and Mr. Gladstone took his seat in the chamber over which he was destined to maintain for so long an almost absolute ascendancy. He was then twenty-two years of age; he had a splendid physical constitution, a

human face than that of Mr. Gladstone after he had grown old. Of course the eyes were always superb. Many a stranger, looking at Gladstone for the first time, saw the eyes, and only the eyes, and could think for the moment of nothing else. Age never dimmed the fire of those eyes.

We have now Mr. Gladstone at the very outset of his Parliamentary career—a young man endowed with the rarest gifts, having the sure prospect of ample fortune, with friends among the highest families of the day, and with a brilliant reputation earned at



OXFORD. CHRISTCHURCH COLLEGE. THE HALL

striking and handsome face, with a mass of dark hair and splendid radiant eyes. His face was pallid, almost bloodless, and a passing observer might have fancied that the young man was wanting in health. The fancy, however, would have had no foundation, for then, as through all his career, Mr. Gladstone's intellectual faculties were sustained by an indomitable physical constitution. I am myself strongly of opinion that Mr. Gladstone distinctly improved in appearance as his life went on deepening into years. I cannot, of course, remember him as he was in 1833. I think I saw him for the first time some twenty years later. But although he was a decidedly handsome man at that time, I do not think his appearance was nearly so striking or so commanding as it became in the closing years of his career. I do not believe I ever saw a more magnificent

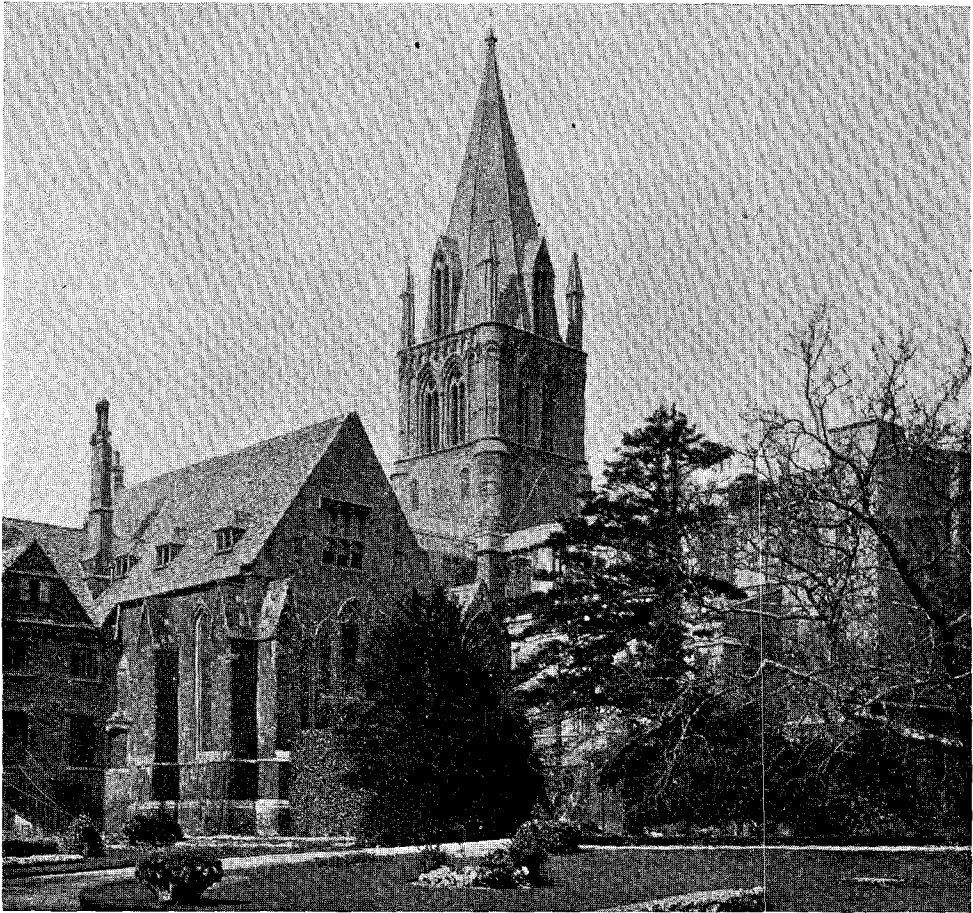
school and college. He seemed destined, as indeed he was destined, for nothing but success. He came into the House of Commons at a peculiar crisis in its history. The old order was changing, giving place to the new; the whole situation could not but have made a profound impression on Gladstone's thoughtful and half-poetic mind. It must soon have been borne in upon him that the days of privilege were gone, and that the days of political and social equality were fast coming in. Few men could then have expected, even among the friends who admired him the most, that he was destined to play a supreme part in the expansion of the new era.

CHAPTER IV.—GLADSTONE'S FIRST PARLIAMENT

This Reformed Parliament, in which Mr. Gladstone made his first appearance, had

some very remarkable men in both its chambers. The House of Lords was, of course, entirely unaffected by the changes which had so profoundly altered the character of the Representative Chamber. Reform does not touch the House of Lords. The right of a man to be a peer

defeated by himself, and by himself only. "The meteor of conquest," as Byron says, "allured him too far," and he fell into cureless ruin. The Duke of Wellington held a place in the House of Lords and in the public mind of England which might be considered absolutely unique. He was



OXFORD. CHRISTCHURCH COLLEGE. THE CATHEDRAL
Serving also as the College Chapel. Built in the Twelfth Century.

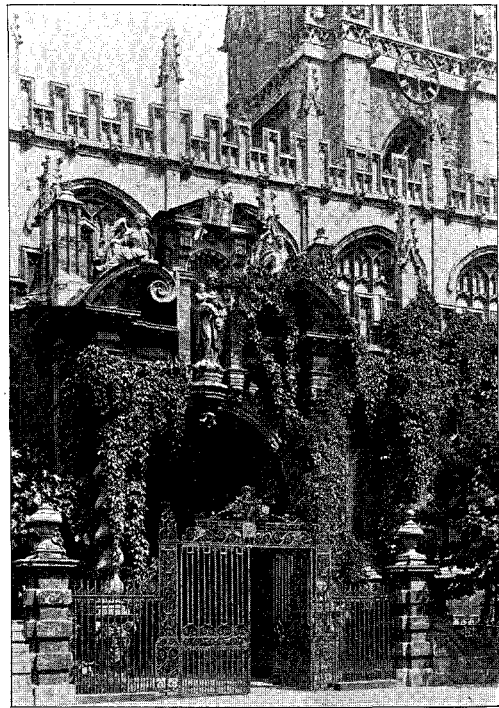
consists either in the fact that he is the eldest son of his father, who was a peer, or that he is called up to the peerage by the gracious summons of the Sovereign. The most conspicuous figure in the House of Lords at the time was that of the Duke of Wellington, the victor of Waterloo. The Duke of Wellington was a consummate soldier, although he had none of the dazzling genius of the great Napoleon. Napoleon was a man born for conquest and for aggression. The Duke of Wellington was the very symbol of cautious and hard-headed resistance. Napoleon was really

not a great statesman; he was not, indeed, a statesman at all in the true sense of the word. Apart from his gifts and instincts as a commander, he was not a man of any intellect. But he was a thoroughly honest and disinterested man. It was well known that his life was absolutely devoted to the service of his Sovereign and of his country. His bitterest enemy never imputed to him a sordid or even a selfish motive. He had good sense enough to see who were the men upon whom, from his own point of view, he could best rely for guidance. Sir Robert Peel was then and forever after one

of those men. The influence of the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords was always, of course, a Tory influence; but it belonged to a form of Toryism which was willing in the end to recognize facts and to make the best of any situation. When once it was made clear to the Duke that he could not maintain some particular Parliamentary position, he had no more hesitation in withdrawing from it than he would have had in his days of battle about retreating from some line of defense which it must soon become impossible to hold. The next most prominent figure in the House of Lords was that of Lord Brougham, the great advocate, the great popular agitator, the undoubtedly great orator—a man devoured by a perfect passion for hard work, a man of inexhaustible energy and vast resources, whose weakness consisted in an unconquerable desire to master every subject and to become first in every field. Lord Brougham is curiously forgotten by Englishmen and Americans of to-day. Yet his might truly be called a great career. He put himself at the head of every movement for political or social reform. He was an orator of a somewhat rough, unhewn, and even uncouth order, but his power over the feelings of his audience was a living fact admitting of no possible question. Another eminent man in the House of Lords, much greater as a mere lawyer than Lord Brougham, but with nothing like Brougham's political influence, was Lord Lyndhurst. Lyndhurst was on the Tory side of affairs, but he had mental enlightenment enough to inspire him sometimes to go a little in the way of genuine reform. Brougham and Lyndhurst, on different sides in politics, had become members of the House of Lords by the same sort of regulation process. Each had served his party well both as lawyer and as politician, and each, when his party came into power, had been rewarded for his services by the office of Lord Chancellor, which takes with it, although not always at the very moment, a seat in the House of Lords.

In the House of Commons which Mr. Gladstone entered for the first time the two most remarkable men were, beyond all question, Sir Robert Peel and the great Irish tribune, Daniel O'Connell. Mr. Gladstone was very soon drawn by instinct and by sympathy into a sort of devotion to Sir Robert Peel. There was a certain affinity

between the characters and the gifts of the elder and the younger man. Sir Robert Peel had begun life as a stern and unbending Tory, and naturally a rigid advocate of the system of protection. He had already been won over, by the growing force of his own conscientious convictions, to become the Parliamentary instrument of Catholic emancipation. Later on, as we shall see, he was destined to break away from his Tory party and to establish the system of free trade. Peel was undoubtedly, what Mr. Disraeli called him, a "great member of Parliament." He was a great Parliamentary orator and debater. No man in modern times, except Mr. Gladstone alone, has ever swayed the House of Commons by argument and by eloquence as Sir Robert Peel did for many years. Like Mr. Gladstone, he had a magnificent voice, a voice strong, clear, flexible, and sweet, making itself heard without strain or effort in the farthest row of the farthest gallery, and at the same time capable of expressing the most delicate tones and semi-tones of feeling and of persuasion. Mr. O'Connell had but lately made his way into Parliament, partly by his own tremendous energy and popularity in Ireland, partly because Peel's

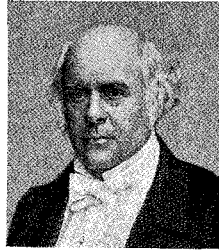


OXFORD. DOORWAY OF ST. MARY'S

The University Church, where Newman and other famous men have preached.



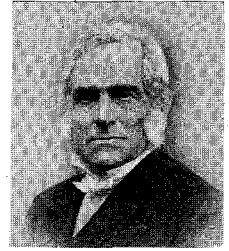
Dean Stanley
(Seaforth)



Earl of Elgin
(Eton)



Sir George Cornwall Lewis
(Oxford)



Frederick Denison Maurice
(Oxford)

SOME CONTEMPORARIES OF MR. GLADSTONE'S STUDENT DAYS

conscience had converted him, as I have said, to the principle of Catholic emancipation, and Peel had brought over the Duke of Wellington; and partly because the Duke of Wellington himself had made up his mind that further resistance to Catholic emancipation would mean civil war, and he declared that he had seen war enough in his time, and would have nothing to do with civil war, anyhow. O'Connell was a great figure in the House of Commons, as he had been a great figure at the bar and on the popular platform. He, too, possessed a voice of marvelous strength and music. Disraeli, in rendering justice to Sir Robert Peel's voice, says that nothing like it had been heard in his time, "except, indeed, the thrilling tones of O'Connell." Mr. Gladstone was early drawn towards O'Connell by a kind of sympathy, greatly as the two men differed on many political questions. Gladstone was in favor of the principle of Catholic emancipation even in his most anti-reforming days of ardent youth, and he found much that was attractive in O'Connell's genial bearing. I talked with Mr. Gladstone some years ago about his early memories of O'Connell, and he spoke with a certain modest gratefulness of O'Connell's kindness to him when a young man just entering on Parliamentary life. He told me several stories about O'Connell's earnestness and energy in trying to redress this or that individual grievance, and of the trouble which he had taken for such purposes, and of the generous warmth with which he accepted and put to proof Mr. Gladstone's offers of co-operation. I asked Mr. Gladstone about Mr. O'Connell's eloquence in the House of Commons, and he told me it was so great and so commanding that he was unwilling even to offer a criticism upon it, but that his impression was that of the three great

opportunities which O'Connell enjoyed, the bar, the platform, and the House of Commons, the House of Commons was not his greatest success. I asked Mr. Gladstone what he believed to be O'Connell's principal characteristic. He made me an answer in a magnificent phrase which does honor to the memory of O'Connell. He said: "I think O'Connell's principal characteristic was a passion of philanthropy."

Lord John Russell was undoubtedly one of the leading men of the new Parliament. He had been the principal worker in the preparation and the carrying of the Reform Bill. He was a man of great ability and of remarkable power as a keen, incisive debater. He never, perhaps, rose to the full height of genuine oratory, but I at least have not heard a man in my recollection who could get the better of him in the keen sword-play of debate. Lord Palmerston, although he had held office more than once, and just at this moment was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, had not yet made any real mark on public life. Lord Palmerston's influence was of the slowest growth, and when it came at last it came suddenly and almost as in a flash. Mr. Stanley, afterwards Lord Stanley, and later still Lord Derby, was one of the commanding figures in the House of Commons. He was a man of great energy and eloquence, possessing a rhetorical fluency which had not, perhaps, been equaled in a modern English Parliament until Mr. Gladstone came to the front. He had a power of "phrasing," if I may use such an expression, which told with immense effect on the debates of the House of Commons, where a happy expression, an epigram that "catches on," an epithet that clings to the public memory, is often much more effective than the soundest argument. Mr. Stanley had on more than one occasion stood up in direct



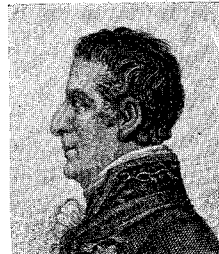
Earl Grey



Daniel O'Connell



Lord Lyndhurst



Duke of Wellington

SOME CONTEMPORARIES IN GLADSTONE'S FIRST PARLIAMENT

From Engravings made 1830-35

Parliamentary antagonism to Daniel O'Connell, and, according to the opinion of the majority, had not been worsted. He had taken a great part in the passing of the Reform Bill, although he was an aristocrat of the aristocrats. Later on he quarreled with the Liberals over their policy as regarded the Irish State Church, and he afterwards settled down into the position of an avowed Tory. Mr. Disraeli had not yet found a place in the House of Commons. But Macaulay, and Grote, the historian of Greece, and Edward Bulwer, the novelist, were there.

The Prime Minister at this time was Earl Grey, who had been, one might say, the parent of the Reform Bill. He, of course, sat in the House of Lords, and therefore had little influence over the course of events in the House of Commons. The real leader of an English Government must always be in the Representative Chamber. He is like a commander-in-chief. His directions and his commands must be ready at a moment's notice. Many a crisis occurs in the House of Commons on which the fate of a measure or of a Ministry may depend, and when there is no time to send messengers across town to hunt up the nominal Prime Minister whose House of Lords has probably dispersed hours and hours before. Down to the present day English Governments continue to have nominal Prime Ministers in the House of Lords, but such a Prime Minister, whatever his abilities and his force of character, can in the very nature of things be only a figurehead. The condition is like that of a commander-in-chief who is twenty miles away from the field of fight. Probably before long the system will be changed altogether, and it will become a matter of course that the Prime Minister shall be a member of the House of Commons and not of the House of Lords. The real Prime

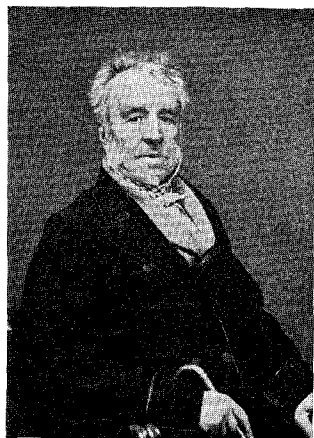
Ministers within my memory have been Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, and Mr. Gladstone. All these, of course, sat in the Representative Chamber. The leader of the House of Commons and of the Liberal party at the time when Mr. Gladstone first entered Parliament was the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Viscount Althorp. It is perhaps hardly necessary to explain to most readers that the title in Lord Althorp's case, as in so many others, was what we call a "title of courtesy," and merely indicates that the bearer of it is a son of a peer, and, not being a peer himself, is free to be elected to the House of Commons. But even very intelligent and well-informed strangers are often much puzzled by our various titles and the difficulty of understanding why this man can and this man cannot be a member of the House of Commons. I remember explaining at some length to a stranger many years ago that Lord John Russell could sit in the Representative Chamber because he was only the son of a duke and was not a duke himself, and that the Marquis of Hartington was entitled to sit as an elected representative for precisely the same reason. But, then, my friend asked me, what about Lord Palmerston? He surely cannot have a father living, and how does he come to sit here? The explanation was easy enough. Lord Palmerston's title belonged to the Irish peerage, and an Irish nobleman, if he is not chosen by his peers to represent them in the House of Lords, is quite free to be elected a member of the House of Commons.

Lord Althorp, then, at this time led the Government and the Liberal party in the Representative Chamber. He was not a man of much statesmanlike ability, but he was a good party manager, and when, later on, the death of his father compelled him to enter the House of Lords, the party suf-

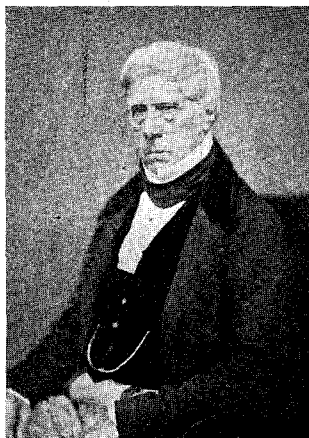
fered by his absence from the real battlefield. Lord Althorp had at this time a considerable majority of the House of Commons behind him. But, on the other hand, the Tory minority under Sir Robert Peel was all compact and of one mind, and was willing to follow a leader whose sagacity, strength, and debating power were beyond any question or cavil. A writer who describes the events of this opening Parliament says that "to one danger, indeed, Ministers were exposed, a danger, however, which they themselves had created: their performances must either fall greatly short of what they had promised, and produce disappointment, or they must throw themselves, to support their popularity, into a career of dangerous and unconstitutional change on which they did not voluntarily care to enter. The public agitation which they had created and fostered in the great mass of the people for the purpose of carrying the Reform Bill had produced extravagant expectations that the meeting of a Reformed Parliament would necessarily be followed by the redress of everything deemed a grievance and the cure of everything called an evil." This is, indeed, a very correct description of the foremost peril to which the Ministers found themselves exposed at the first meeting of that Reformed Parlia-

of its own supporters to deal with the condition of slavery in the colonies. The new Colonial Secretary, Mr. Stanley, who had just resigned the office of what I may call Irish Secretary, brought forward a series of resolutions intended to lead up to the extinction of slavery in England's colonial possessions. It was in the course of the debate that followed that Mr. Gladstone delivered his first really important speech. Yet it was not a speech on the broad and general subject, but rather a reply to a sort of attack made by Lord Howick, afterwards Earl Grey, on the management of Sir John Gladstone's plantation in Demerara. Mr. Gladstone warmly vindicated his father from any charge of countenancing hard dealing with the slaves on his plantation. Every one felt the most genial sympathy with the young man called on to defend in his first important speech the conduct of his father as an owner of property in slave labor. Two or three weeks after this Mr. Gladstone spoke again in the same debate, but dealt with the general subject. He expressed just the same views as he had already set out in his election address to the constituency of Newark. He was entirely in favor of the extinction of slavery, but he held that emancipation must come gradually and after proper steps had been

taken for the education of the slave. From all that I have read or could hear I am not inclined to believe that the speeches made anything more than a passing and a personal impression on the House of Commons. Certainly I have no reason to suppose that they gave to the House any idea of the great powers which the young orator was destined before very long to display. I remember talking years ago to some very old members of the House of Commons who told me that for some time



GROTE, THE HISTORIAN



BROUGHAM, THE ORATOR

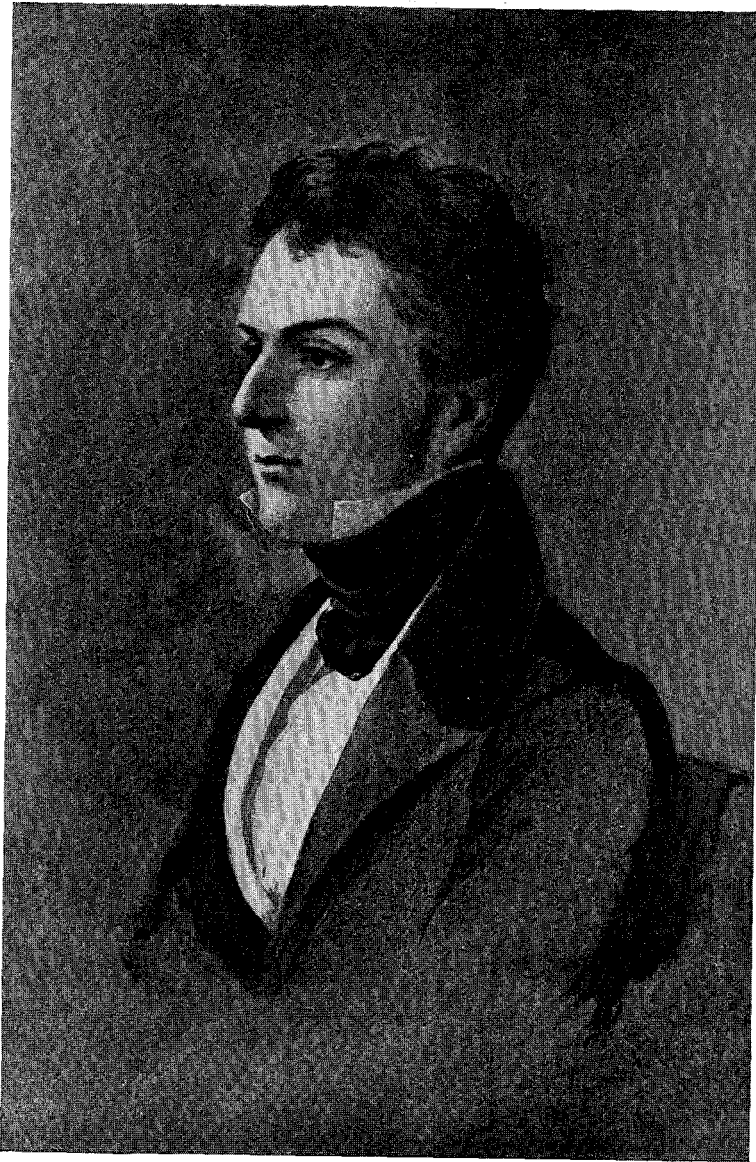
TWO OF GLADSTONE'S CONTEMPORARIES IN HIS FIRST PARLIAMENT

From old Portraits

ment from which so much was expected and so much was dreaded.

Mr. Gladstone came quietly and modestly into the debates of the session. He first spoke on what might be called a local rather than a public question. Later on the Government had been strongly pressed by some

Gladstone's speeches were listened to with only the respect which the House always pays to youth, modesty, and knowledge of the subject under discussion. In Gladstone's early days, as in subsequent days, the House detested "bumptiousness"—self-sufficiency, "cheek," ostentation, and the unwarranted



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. FROM A PAINTING BY GEORGE HAYTER.

Described by the artist as "A study from my great picture of the House of Commons in 1833"

assumption of any manner of superiority. Many experienced members of Parliament consider it rather an inauspicious omen if a young man should begin with a very successful maiden speech. The idea is that probably the young man has, to use a colloquial phrase, put all his best goods in the shop window, and that nothing is left inside. There are notable instances that way, and notable instances also the other way. The younger Pitt's maiden speech was a great success. The maiden speeches of Sheridan and Disraeli were ghastly fail-

ures. There is not much of a theory to be established either way. But I am inclined to think that Gladstone's earlier speeches did not put much of the goods in the shop window, and did not, indeed, give any idea of the wealth of deposit that was in the shop itself. It is a curious fact that Mr. Disraeli, Gladstone's lifelong rival, happening at that time to meet Gladstone in London society somewhere, and hearing people talk about him, wrote to his sister and gave her his opinion that "that young man has no future before him." It is well

to remember that Cicero thought Julius Cæsar would never make a soldier.

The truth probably is that from the very first Gladstone had an instinctive, intuitive knowledge of the conduct which best suits the House of Commons. That conduct undoubtedly is the policy of waiting until your real opportunity comes. It is almost always a mistake to try to create an opportunity—to thrust yourself into any controversy in the hope that you can make an eloquent speech. The one fact which young Gladstone soon impressed upon the House of Commons was the fact that he would not intervene in a debate unless he had something to say. Thus from the very outset he made himself sure of the ear of the House. Everybody knew that he would not get up to talk for the sake of talking, and that when he had said all that he wanted to say he would wind up with a few effective sentences and then sit down. We have to take Mr. Gladstone's speeches in this early part of his Parliamentary career very much on trust. The reports in Hansard, the semi-official records of the House of Commons debates, give only leading men in the first person, and Gladstone had not at that time advanced to the dignity of the first person. So we read only that the honorable member for Newark said that he would not at that late hour of the sitting detain the House too long with the observations he had to make—and so on. We can gather, however, even from these oblique

and colorless reports, that Gladstone's style was even then somewhat diffuse and rhetorical, that it was usually very happy in its phrasing, that it was very fluent, and that the manner of the speaker was animated without being too dramatic. Mr. Gladstone, in fact, did not take the House of Commons by storm, and did not try to do anything of the kind. His great Parliamentary rival, Mr. Disraeli, did a few years later try to take the House by storm, and made a dismal failure of the attempt, and was thrown back consequently for many sessions in his Parliamentary career. One especial gift Mr. Gladstone very soon showed the House—his wonderful skill in the arrangement of figures. He came of a great commercial family, and he might be said to have been cradled in finance. To paraphrase Pope's famous line, he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came. He had some early opportunities of showing his capacity for such work, and thus he soon recommended himself to the attention and the favor of Sir Robert Peel. Peel might be said in a certain sense to be a Gladstone without imagination. In later years Gladstone used to be called a pony Peel, so much was he thought to have borne a resemblance to the great free-trade Minister. Now it is to the praise of Peel to liken him with his pupil Gladstone. So does perspective alter even in the practical life of Parliament.

[To be continued in the Magazine Number for February]

His Religion

By W. E. Gladstone

Translation of Horace's Ode XXXIV., Book I.¹

I, rare and stingy worshiper
In silly sapience while I err,
Now face about, my steps retrace,
And paths too long forgotten pace.

For Jove, whose common use enshrouds
His lightning fire in folded clouds,
Once now his thunder-steeds hath driven
And lightning-car through cloudless heaven.

Then wayward streams, and solid ground,
Then Atlas from his farthest bound,
Shake; aye, and Styx the tale can tell,
And lowest depths of hateful hell.

God can reverse the high and low,
Can greatest lessen, darkest show,
And Fortune's hissing swoop may veer,
Departing thence, alighting here.

¹From "The Odes of Horace, translated by W. E. Gladstone" (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).



DRAWING OF CEILING OF LIBRARY OF WOMAN'S BUILDING AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

By Dora Wheeler Keith

Art Education for Women

By Candace Wheeler

IT is less than twenty years since American women began the study of art as a profession. Before that time it was a fixed idea in the general mind that it was the duty of a "lady" to live in self-denying poverty, rather than to practice any industry or occupation for profit; and yet when I look back to that period, and even before it, I seem to see that the necessity existed as certainly as it does at present. It was as difficult then as now for the father of a family to maintain the non-producing five which, according to statistics, are the average burden of the producer.

In those days the lucky or unlucky males of the family were carefully shaped and prepared for the world-grind at as early an age as possible; but the girls—no one had ever heard of a girl of good family making money. It is true that the giving of music lessons was a possible and respectable recourse in cases of what was appropriately characterized as genteel poverty; and perhaps it was an unconscious recognition of the need of help at the family oar, and a

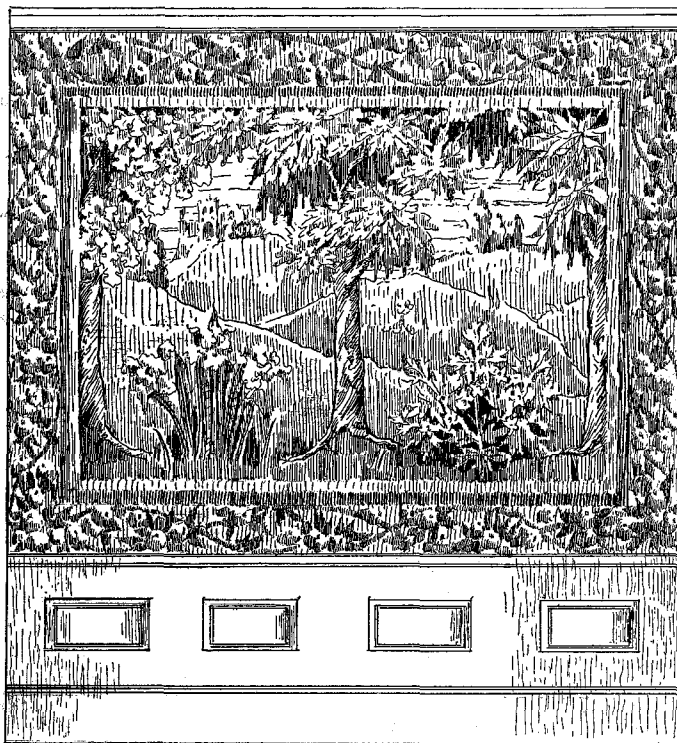
wish to give it, that made every mother's daughter, of any degree of refinement, learn the piano. It was an inevitable part of the girl's education, even when musical ability was entirely wanting.

A few, a very few, women painted in water-colors. That is, they painted flowers on cardboard, and fans, and satin screens; but these were for domestic enjoyment only, and if the family life failed at its source, and the man who was at the head of it died, nothing remained for the conservative women of the family but to hang like an incubus upon any man or men who were theirs by right of blood.

It was the universal acceptance of this interpretation of what was appropriate in woman's life that made it an invariable custom to provide a liberal education for sons only, and to equip them as completely as possible for the heavy demands which family life might make upon them. As the girls were to be maintained, instead of maintaining themselves and others, it was not considered necessary to prepare for their future otherwise than to make them

agreeable and pleasant companions; in short, to make the duty of maintaining them as pleasant, by reason of their own attractiveness, as possible.

And they were, for the most part, dear and lovely companions, and much to be desired in their own place. As useful—far more so, indeed—to their “natural protectors” as could have been expected.



EMBROIDERED TAPESTRY PANEL

They were the most exact housekeepers, the daintiest of cooks, the most exquisite of needlewomen; but to have *sold* the preserves concocted with so much skill, or to have turned their exquisite needlework to profit, would have relegated them without question to the ranks of cooks and seamstresses.

Occasionally some one of them, in spite of her educational disadvantages, developed into a woman so superior as to be a friend and counselor to the thoroughly educated, college-trained man who was her father or husband or brother. Still, whether superior and charming, or inferior and still charming, if any one of them failed of her natural vocation as wife and mother, she did and must become an inevitable burden, making life hard for some overweighted

man, and doubly hard for her repining and idle self.

Of course I am speaking of the families of professional men and merchants living in villages and towns rather than in cities. In large cities there was always a probability or possibility of the head of the family securing a fortune amply sufficient to provide a maintenance for the women of his

family, and even to float them with dignity upon the sea of life; but the unmarried daughters of professional men living in the country were so great a contrast to the same class at present that it is amusing as well as interesting to follow out the reasons of difference.

The greater part of the professional women of to-day are the daughters of professional men of narrow means, or of merchants who have not achieved fortune. They are well born and well bred, and come from homes distinguished by refinement and culture; and the multitude—for they are a multitude—has so persistently walked over and trodden down the prejudice against professions and occupations for women

that it is almost as natural to expect a girl who does not marry early to “do something” as it is to expect the sons of a family to go into business, or prepare for a special career.

Girls are being educated for much arduous and responsible work in life, and for many varieties of it; but most of all, perhaps, they are studying art. There are to-day thousands upon thousands of girl art students and women artists, where only a few years ago there was scarcely one.

I remember perfectly the woman who, forty years ago, loomed upon the feminine horizon as a painter—a painter of portraits as well as of compositions.

My first acquaintance with this lady's work was made somewhere in the fifties, at an exhibition of the Academy of Design,

which was held, I think, on Seventeenth Street, long before the present Academy, so soon to vanish from our sight, was built. The picture was a street scene—a gathering at a town pump. It was presumably a New York street pump, for they were not then, as now, in the far, far past, and could easily have been found as models in Hoboken, where the artist lived. The group of servants, waiting for the morning supply, was a picturesque and pleasing one, and I remember seeing two Academicians, Elliot, the portrait-painter—Charlie Elliot, as he was universally called—and H. Peters Gray, also a popular portrait-painter, commenting upon and praising it, with heads together, in front of the small canvas.

As far as I know, Mrs. Spencer was the only woman painter of the time—at least the only one—oh, tremendous achievement!—who painted in oils. She was alone in her little day, and there was a long gap of

time, filled only by women flower-painters, who had by that time climbed to the use of oils, until Miss Lea, who afterward became Mrs. Lea-Merritt, came upon the scene. I remember a full-length portrait of Admiral Farragut, placed in a window at Goupil's, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, which, by reason of the prominence of the subject, and the fact that the portrait was painted by a woman, excited much attention. The Admiral was standing in the shrouds of a vessel, if that is what the rope-ladder which leads upward over the deck is called, and was, I think, holding a speaking-trumpet in his free hand. I remember that Mr. McEntee—that most appreciative of painters and generous of men—spoke of it as a work any artist might be proud of. Whether in the light of present accomplishment it could be as well praised, is more than I can say. However that may be, Miss Lea soon disap-



MRS. CANDACE WHEELER

peared from our sight, to begin a long and successful career of portraiture in England.

It is worthy of note, if one takes account of environment, that not only Mrs. Lea Merritt, but two of the most prominent of our present women painters, Miss Cassatt and Cecilia Beaux, are natives of Philadelphia. But Cecilia Beaux belongs to the art history of to-day, and is elbowed by a swarm of American women painters who have already come to the front in portraiture, landscape, and even mural painting, and who manage to crowd the younger men painters in all the lines of decoration and design.

I am glad to remember that it was one of my cherished beliefs and constant prophecies, in that day of dearth, when Miss Lea was our only woman portrait-painter, and Miss Hosmer the only woman sculptor, that there was no possible reason, either in nature or circumstance, why women should not become painters and sculptors. In fact, I was inclined to believe that they would in time be among the best.

I must frankly confess that my belief has been somewhat modified by observation, for while I still think they are peculiarly fitted by temperament for the production of the more subtle and imaginative expressions of art, I seem to see that at the period of life when the powers are at the highest and the best artistic efforts are made, nature has other work which she intends shall be done, and it may be pretty safely prognosticated of the best women painters that "a little child shall lead them."

But, aside from any question of fitness, the fact remains that the woman painter and girl art student prevail so universally that it makes one feel like a Methuselah who remembers when they were *not*; and that naturally leads one to wonder how and why the change has come.

Why have women suddenly taken it upon themselves, in spite of the usage and prejudice of generations, to become not only doctors and lawyers and preachers, but, above all and more than all, artists? Why are the art schools crowded with girl students, and the designing-rooms of manufactories filled with women designers, and why do we find women painters competing successfully with men in that most profitable field of art, the painting of portraits? What gate has been unlocked from the straitness of woman's past which tempts a headlong and multitudinous rush into the

world's field of labor? And why do many choose to study art instead of other professions? The answer would probably be that to live by art means to the enthusiastic and inexperienced girl to live by doing the most delightful thing in the world, to occupy one's self for a maintenance exactly as one would choose to do for pure pleasure. It is in consequence of this mixture of delight-someness and utility, and because it is a pleasant and enticing occupation, offering many different forms of profitable employment, all based upon one sole method of preparation (itself a fascinating one), that of learning to draw, that so many girls have chosen art as a profession. There is also the reason, authoritative for the time, that in the beginning of the rush, and to a certain degree at present, the reward of pecuniary success has followed, and will follow, unusual talent.

Perhaps the example of two girls, who made a notable success very early in their respective careers, had as much to do with the direction in which the mass of young femininity suddenly rushed into active and ardent art-study as any more profound reason. Examples of success are very far-reaching in their influence, and Rosina Emmett and Dora Wheeler became enviably and admiringly known to thousands of other well-bred and charming girls, by their fortunate winning of the \$500, \$1,000, and \$2,000 prizes offered by Louis Prang for the best and most popular compositions in Christmas-card form. Christmas cards were at that time the universal greeting of friends to friends in the holiday season, and Mr. Prang, who perhaps has done more than any other man in America toward making the love of art general instead of individual, took a very effectual way of directing talent to their production.

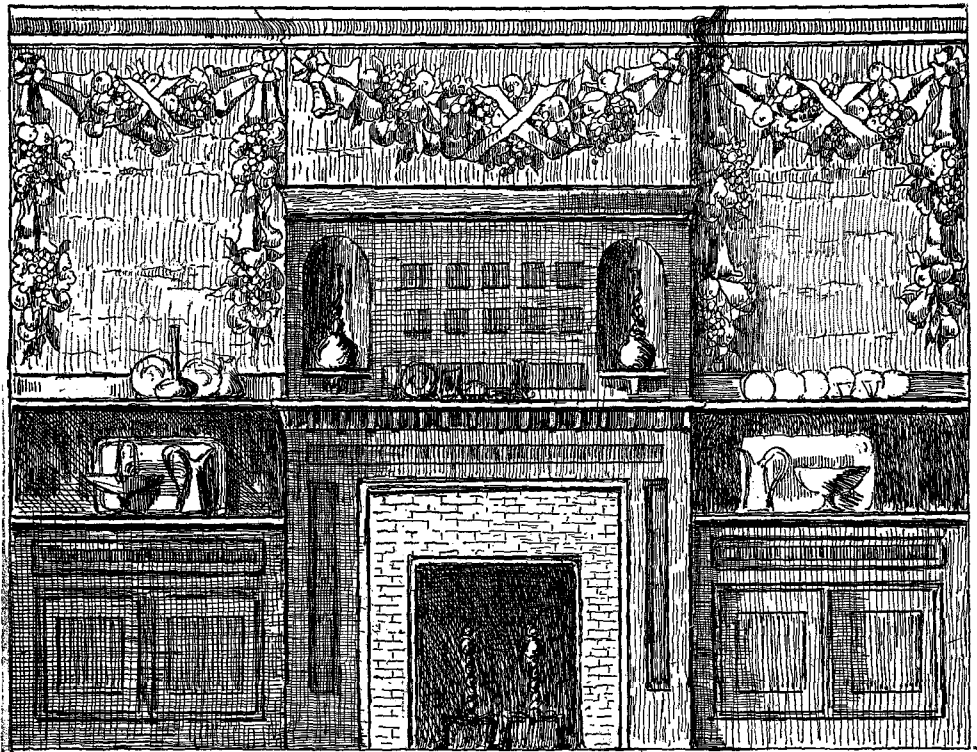
The success of these two pioneers seemed easy to girls of the same general education and acquirements, and who, by reason of scant experience, were not able to reckon the rarity of what each of the two prize-winners had been fortunate enough to possess: first, a genuine vocation for art, and, secondly, an environment which made the study and practice of it a natural consequence. If one girl, or two girls, could do things which gave pleasure to a buying public, earning at once both praise and profit, why should not other girls do the same? and to this end thousands of them,

began to cast about for ways and means to study art.

Previous to this period, another and very potent influence had been at work in the shape of Societies of Decorative Art, which were in process of establishment all over the country. They were really an outgrowth of the exhibit of painted china and embroidery shown by certain societies of English women at the Centennial Exhibition of Philadelphia. I am not alone

was a pressing necessity of the time. I seemed to see that the small skill and abundant taste of the average woman could easily be made available in the production of artistic manufactures of this kind, and I reflected that if English women could do acceptable work of the kind, why should not also American women? Indeed, I was optimistically certain of their ability to do that, and perhaps even more.

This belief was justified in the success



WALL PANELS OF NEEDLE-WOVEN TAPESTRY

in emphasizing the importance of that exposition to the art of America, since many others interested in art and the art manufactures of the country have selected it as the most apparent of the forces leading to an unusual and rapid development; but perhaps few have reflected that much of the important addition of women's labor to this phenomenal development is due to the woman's exhibit of the Kensington School of London, at Philadelphia, in 1876.

This exhibit was especially interesting to me, not only on account of its inherent value and attractiveness, but because the subject of suitable occupation for women who could not become mere laborers

which immediately followed the founding of a society in New York for the encouragement of artistic industries among women. For lack of a better name, we decided to call this organization "The Society of Decorative Art," and our first efforts were given to the encouragement of innumerable auxiliaries all over the country. The organization was as different from its English prototype, The Kensington, as a republic is from a monarchy. It was wider in scope and more general in its benefits, and not based upon the idea of one class helping another, but upon a combination for education in all branches of art appropriate to the various circumstances of

women, as well as present and ultimate profit by their practice.

It had two immediate consequences which were very noticeable.

In the first place, it made daily and successful breaches in the invisible wall of prejudice and custom which had separated well-born and well-bred women from the remotest thought of money-gaining enterprise; and in the next, it made art education an important thing to attain, since lasting and sure success depended upon it; and so it came about that classes in drawing, classes in china-painting, classes in embroidery, became the fad of the hour, followed inevitably among the more intelligent and gifted by thorough and serious study.

In the evolution of this general idea I had become interested in as wide an application as possible of art education to the various manufactures which naturally interested women, and in helping to form the combination since widely known as The Associated Artists, I put it to a practical test.

It was not at any time the intention of this association to educate artists, but to apply the education to the various decorative manufactures which already existed. The first apparent result of this effort was the appearance of a method or school of American embroidery, which carried within itself artistic qualities supposed to belong only to painting, and which illustrated the fact that even great artistic ability could find certain and beautiful expression in embroidery. It followed that hundreds of girls, whose education was not sufficiently thorough to make a profession of painting, found even partial knowledge well applied when used in needlework. Instead of painting poor pictures, they succeeded in making beautiful embroidery and in giving it a value proportioned to its beauty.

The study attending such development led to a corresponding study of design as applied first to embroidery and afterward to textiles; and finally produced what may truly be called an American School of Design—design which included the artistic compositions used in printing cotton and silk draperies as well as wall-papers.

It will easily be seen that here was a large field for artistic ability, and one especially appropriate to women; and in truth they have not been slow to make it their own. There are hundreds of good women

designers to-day, where even ten years ago there was scarcely one, and these hundreds are, as a rule, true to our national tendencies in design, although well versed in the history and traditions of the art in other countries.

As a consequence, this modern expression of American art has been unhesitatingly adopted by manufacturers and buyers, and to-day the handwriting of these girl students and designers is distinctly imprinted upon what we buy as well as what we export. American printed and woven silks and cottons are almost invariably made after American designs, and these designs are almost without exception the work of women students and designers.

The same thing can be said of the much larger manufacture of wall-papers. In 1881 Warren & Fuller, who were among the first to see the value of original and characteristic design in American manufactures, offered prizes of \$1,000, \$500, \$300, and \$200 for the four best examples of wall-paper design, the competition to be open to all nationalities, and the examples to be judged by three of our most prominent architects and artists. All of these were taken by different members of "The Associated Artists," in spite of the fact that at least sixty foreign examples were shown, each one of which, it is safe to say, was far more perfect in technique than the prize designs. This was both confirmation and reward, and did much to encourage our steady development of design in original lines.

I think I have shown in this little record of the happenings of the years between 1876 and 1896 some of the reasons for the beginning of the movement toward art study among women in America—a beginning which developed in many unexpected directions, including not only paper and textiles, but touching all manufactures in materials which, like metals, plaster, wood, etc., are benefited by artistic knowledge. The advantage of this development is not easy to calculate, but it has certainly greatly enhanced the value of our manufactures and increased our balance in the interchanges of commerce.

It often happens that girls who started with an ambition to reach the higher forms of art, such as sculpture, mural painting, architecture, and, in short, all of the more final and ambitious pursuits open to the serious student and artist, found themselves stayed and attracted by happy

adaptations of their knowledge to certain manufactures, while others were led on from art manufacture to higher or more independent forms of art; and this passing to and fro from one pursuit to another, induced by special gifts, secured appropriate talent for each.

Aside from the quality given to manufactures by women students of art, it is certainly an advantage to the country to have a large non-producing element changed into a productive one. From an economic point of view, it is as if the whole Prussian army, maintained by taxation upon workers, should suddenly become active producers instead of active consumers.

Looking at the increase of study and practice of art by women from a more general point of view, no one can deny the advantage to the art of a country, or, to speak more widely, of a period, when the highest gifts of both men and women are brought to its service. The differences in temperament, imagination, and moral and religious sentiment may not at first, or for a considerable time, become apparent, but as soon as art becomes a natural language to both sexes instead of one, it is certain to show the wider range of feeling and tendency comprised in the race as a whole, rather than as a part.

I cannot help looking for a far more general expression of the natural, domestic, and religious side of humanity in art if women really come to the front in power of expression; and that they will master that power we can hardly doubt, if we may judge by the successful portraiture of such painters as Rosina Emmett Sherwood, Mrs. Sears, and Cecilia Beaux, or the mural paintings of Miss Cassatt, Mrs. Macmonnies, and Dora Wheeler Keith. Considering the work of these women, it appears

that there are few directions of art which feminine ability may not follow.

In looking forward to a greater expression of religious feeling from the woman element in art, it may be objected, and truly, that the strongest possible suggestions of religious fervor have abounded in the art of the great old masters, and that the religious feeling of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is strongly expressed both in art and architecture, although both were entirely masculine in source; yet I think, if we analyze it closely, we shall find the sentiment was not, after all, that of a *personal* religion. It was the religion of a dominant power.

It may be that the art of the future, being practiced by both men and women, will embrace more fully the wide domain of thought and feeling. Yet I must confess the women painters of the present have done little to justify the expectation; they are too busy trying to master the technique which has been hitherto the exclusive possession of men.

But the history of art is by no means ended, and probably its progress is not limited by the achievements of its past.

What women will do in the art of the future remains to be seen; but that general art education among them has largely benefited manufactures is certain, and it is not too much to expect that art in its higher development will benefit equally from an expression of the purely feminine translation of life's problems. That its scope may be widened by the peculiar experiences belonging to women, and that modern art may benefit, as certainly as manufactures have benefited, by the dual experiences and the dual gifts of the race, is certainly to be looked for in the future.

Two Priests

By Mary G. Slocum

Two priests one day at Heaven's gate together stood,
And heard the solemn question, "Giv'st thou ill or good
Account of souls?"

"I know," said one, "I have not wrought in vain among
My flock, for from the Devil's grasp I've surely wrung
Some precious souls."

The other sighed and said: "This have I never done,
Alas! But through my love for men my Lord has won,
I know, some souls."

Divine Providence and Miss Vitty

By Anna Eichberg King

I.

SANDOWN was conservative, and yet there came a day when the old stage that rumbled up twice a week from Three Rivers came no more; instead, a railway train shot into the temporary shed and transfixed with awe the soul of Miss Lavinia Vitty, who was limping past, her sunbonnet tilted over her absent-minded old face, and her latest creation, a rag doll for Mary Ann Lufkin, under her arm.

Miss Vitty clung to her rag doll for moral support, and trembled, and had just enough presence of mind left to take a nibble of flag-root out of her under petticoat pocket, after which she scooted like a frightened hare across the railroad track. But worse was to come. No sooner had Miss Vitty's soul become reconciled to the railroad when she received another shock in the shape of Littlefield Nash and Littlefield Nash's sister, who—the sister—flew in the face of Divine Providence (so it seemed to Miss Lavinia) with a sewing-machine.

Miss Vitty was the one dressmaker of Sandown, as her mother had been before her, and she knew the secret history of every wardrobe in the village. With a conservatism that did her infinite credit, she clung to the fashions of her mother's day, and Sandown went about quite contented in leg-of-mutton sleeves long after they had become a tradition feebly resurrected in faded daguerreotypes. But if Miss Vitty was interested in her dressmaking, there was an offshoot of it that she adored: she was the creator of the only dolls with which the infancy of Sandown unbent their rigid little minds.

It was the custom of Sandown to hire Miss Vitty once a year, and to let her loose in a wardrobe and await the result; at the end, such odds and ends as escaped legitimate destruction were made into a rag doll, on which, with the aid of pen and ink, curls, and two red beads for a mouth, Miss Vitty lavished all the romance of her heart. As Miss Vitty grew older, her starved emotions found vent in the extra big eyes of her dolls, who stared into the world with an expression (had Miss Vitty but known it) which was nearly immoral.

Miss Vitty lived in a single room of the Black Horse Tavern, which had been given over to mice and decay these fifty years. The old signboard still creaked dismally before the front door, and the wind whistled and howled through the broken windows. Miss Vitty lived in what had once been the kitchen, a huge, low-studded room, where two black wardrobes loomed at one end, blotting out of existence a very little stove and a very little bed with a patchwork quilt.

She always sat at the window with a doll on the sill, partly for pride's sake and partly for company. She liked to look out and catch the flutter of a dress she had made.

"That purple caliker of Martha Green's is real stylish, if I do say so, but I'd ought to have put more gathers in Mis' Simpinkin's black an' white check—she's dreadful lop-sided. Mis' Nye's black alpacca's about given out, but it's been turned bottom up five times, I guess."

As land was cheap in Sandown, no one cared to pull down the Black Horse Tavern, so Miss Vitty remained in placid possession. She had been dressmaker of Sandown for forty-five years when it was invaded by Littlefield Nash and his sister. Miss Vitty had barely recovered from the railway when, one day, as she went down the street, she stood rooted to the spot: a wooden building was going up near the station, where the Sandown River pours over a dam, and shortly after there appeared over the door a sign, "Toy Manufactory," and in the doorway stood Littlefield Nash, and a great, satisfied smile was on his face, and his shirt-bosom was white and stiff, in a way in which Sandown indulged only twice in its career—when it was married and when it was buried. This smile and this shirt-bosom he turned on Miss Vitty, and invited her in.

"Guess we'll have to go into partnership, Miss Lavinia."

Miss Vitty crept past a pool that looked like blood to her heated imagination, but it was only red dye; and in the factory the wheels and belts were going like mad, and the place was fragrant with the smell of fresh pine wood. She was led to a

machine that cut out eighteen dozen legs and arms at once, and to another where unlimited heads came grinning out at her, and then Littlefield Nash bore her to a room where all these miscellaneous joints were strung together, the whole forming a jumping-jack that leaped into her face and told her that she was dreadfully behind the times. Miss Vitty tried to escape from Littlefield Nash as he told her how many thousands were ordered for New York and Chicago for Christmas.

"Guess you'd best come work for me 'stead of making homely old-fashioned rag dolls. It's real genteel work, and you don't need to do more'n you like."

Miss Vitty fled from the presence of the shirt-bosom and the smile like a hunted creature, and sank down by her own familiar window, and for the first time in her life her hands lay idle in her lap. Her last doll leaned against the window, where she had been placed, it must be confessed, to attract popular applause. Was she really old-fashioned and homely? Miss Vitty, with a tremulous sigh, took her in her arms, as if she were her old illusions and they needed nursing. She stared into the street, when suddenly a sight broke on her vision that sent the blood from her face and left it a mere pucker of gray wrinkles.

"Anna Maria Tucker's got on a dress that I ain't made!" she gasped, and rose so swiftly that the rag doll fell to her feet unnoticed as she flung open the window and thrust her old head out to gaze after this terrible revelation.

"Anna Maria sorter thought you wouldn't notice."

Miss Vitty turned fiercely. "I ain't lookin' after Anna Maria Tucker, Mis' Meachem; I guess she's a perfeck right to have her dresses made—"

"That's what she said," and Mrs. Meachem giggled because she was embarrassed. "I've brought you some doughnuts, Miss Lavinia."

Mrs. Meachem lived next door, and she tried not to be proud, though she had two bay windows and a Rogers group on a marble-topped center-table; but she had been married only a short time, and was progressive.

Miss Vitty picked up the doll and sat down. There was a nervous twitching about her mouth which she could not control, and a dimness in her poor old eyes

which she wouldn't have wiped away for the world.

"Won't you take just one, Miss Vitty? Well, I'll put 'em on the table. Anna-Maria said to me she was dreadful tired of wearin' things like her gran'ma. She said when she got her sunbonnet well over her face there wa'n't tellin' no difference. But she wa'n't so dreadful particular," and Mrs. Meachem giggled, "till Littlefield Nash come with his sister—then she said she'd have to have a dress made on the sewin'-machine. I just wish you'd see them ruffles, an' tuckin' six deep—dreadful stylish—an' all done on the machine. I expek' Mis' Nash'll have mor'n she can do. She ain't particular, she says; they're real well off. Charlie says I can work at the factory afternoons, it's real genteel work, an' I can earn as much as twenty-five cents in no time. You'd best give up them homely old rag dolls, an' work there," and Mrs. Meachem rose.

She was long and slim, and there was a little hectic flush on her high cheek-bones. "If you don't mind, I'll take my dish home. It's one of a set. Why, Miss Vitty, ain't you goin' to keep the doughnuts? Ain't you absent!"

"I don't feel like eatin' doughnuts," Miss Vitty said in a trembling voice, and she stood before Mrs. Meachem, the doll in her arm and the doughnuts outstretched; "I can't eat 'em."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothin'."

"I can't help it that folks will go to Mis' Nash!"

"'Tain't that," Miss Vitty said, feebly.

"I only wonder you ain't seen it before," and Mrs. Meachem flounced to the door, her scanty calico skirts whipping her feet; "half the folks 've been havin' their work done by Mis' Nash. You ain't showin' a Christian spirit," and Mrs. Meachem slammed the door.

In the breathless interest of making a doll's wardrobe Miss Vitty had not noticed how hungry she often was, and how few of her customers had lately sent for her.

"I'll have a dish er tea. I ain't ate nothin' since breakfast," and she limped towards the rusty stove. But there was such a hopeless gloom about it that Miss Vitty was discouraged. "I guess I ain't real hungry if I ain't hungry enough to go to the woodshed for kindlin'," she said to herself, "an' I guess I'll chew a little gum."

She let her tired jaws rest for a spell. "Lor', ain't chewin' dreadful cold comfort! It's havin' all the trouble of eatin' an' none of the good. It is a mercy I'm goin' to the Chesleys to-morrow! I ain't been there since I had them ribs of lamb—all cracklin'! Mis' Chesley only smiled when I asked for a second helpin'. Well, I'm glad some one's come at last! Oh, it's you, Melissa? No, I ain't forgot. Tell your ma I'll come to-morrow. Won't you set, Melissa?"

"Tain't that," and Melissa Chesley rubbed her lean shoulder-blades against the wall. "Ma said you'd best not come to-morrow; she ain't got her work ready."

Miss Vitty stared at this messenger of evil, who breathed hard through the hole where her front teeth had been.

"Ain't got her work ready, Melissa? Why, she's had it ready since—" Here she stopped, and young Melissa stared at her with little cruel eyes, and sucked the air through the hole. "It's all right, Melissa," and Miss Vitty recovered herself. "You tell your mother I'm dreadful glad of the day, for I've lots of sewin' on hand. You'd oughter come sooner, Melissa, and I'd given you a doughnut."

Melissa was edging towards the door, but her eyes were fixed with a hungry stare on Miss Vitty's doll. "Ain't she jest too cute!"

It was the first word of praise that Miss Vitty had heard that day. She gave a sob that was barely disguised by a cough, and the tears filled her eyes.

"You do think so, don't you, Melissa?" she asked, wistfully. "I've always meant to give you somethin', and so—" Here she thrust her latest creation in Melissa's sharp arms. "Your mother's been real good to me." And Melissa, without any waste of thanks, flew home.

"Jest see what Miss Vitty's given me!"

Mrs. Deacon Simpkins was in the kitchen giving Mrs. Chesley her moral support and drinking tea.

"What'd she say, Melissa?"

"She said mother'd always been dreadful good to her, an' if I'd come before I'd've got a doughnut."

"The Vittys always was great for good livin'," Mrs. Deacon Simpkins remarked in a high, sharp voice.

"An' she said your work *was* ready, ma," Melissa piped shrilly.

"To think of her saying that!"

"I don't know why I shouldn't go to Miss Nash; I ain't married Lavinia Vitty. I've tried to save her feelin's. Miss Nash said they'd been wearin' overskirts these five years, an' I ain't seen the shadow of one."

The result was that the very next Sunday on her way to meeting Miss Vitty limped behind Mrs. Chesley, who was arrayed in a stylish snuff-brown dress, all overskirt and tucks and flounces; and when Miss Lavinia climbed the church steps, her eye fastened to that fatal overskirt, her soul rebelled.

"I can't go in an' pray," she thought, fiercely; "I ain't had enough to eat, and I ain't had no work, and the Lord can't expek me to be grateful," and she went home. She had thrown down the gauntlet to Divine Providence, and her heart was faint within her. She had put on her black silk, in the hope that some one would ask her home to dinner. She was dreadfully hungry, but she hoped that she didn't look so. The ladies of Sandown not only had deserted her for Miss Nash, but, having done her that wrong, they now resolutely kept out of her way, and so Miss Vitty sat by her window, hungry and forlorn, and saw Miss Nash's productions flutter by in evident trepidation.

II.

It was a long street, with a bend at one end, and the houses shaded by elm-trees. Littlefield Nash lived just beyond the bend, and Miss Vitty, in her enforced idleness, pressed her nose constantly against the shabby window-pane and saw Sandown disappear up the concrete with bundles.

"Lor', Lor'!" she cried, and clutched her hands as she saw the young married woman disappear with a dress over her arm in which Miss Vitty recognized one of her own choicest productions.

"It ain't fair! I don't begrudge her half, but I do want half, too, Lord!"

If Sandown hadn't been so conscience-stricken, it would have realized that Miss Vitty was looking but poorly. One night she took her last cup of tea. There wasn't a crumb left in the house; there wasn't a drop of oil for the lamp, so Miss Vitty went to bed, and heard the wind squeak the old signboard, and the mice scamper behind the rafters. And she fought a terrible fight.

"I can't kill myself," and she stared

into the darkness. "I can't beg—I'd rather die—an' I can't steal, so there ain't nothin' left for me but Littlefield Nash."

The next morning she limped to the factory. Mr. Nash stood in the doorway, picking his teeth with his penknife, and it suggested to her a breakfast she had not had.

"Hello! Early, ain't you? Business booming?"

Miss Vitty stood speechless.

"Anything I can do for you?"

She raised her eyes to his dazzling shirt-bosom. "I'd be glad," and her voice seemed to belong to some one else, "I'd be glad of a little work, Mr. Nash."

"I kind of expected you. I guess when it comes to machinery work and hand work, machinery gets there 'bout every time. Sandown's just crazy after Bethja's sewing-machine. You'd oughter get one."

Miss Lavinia followed meekly, but her soul rebelled. He gave her a place at a table with half a dozen girls. One or two tittered. She stared fiercely at them; her harassed soul suspected enemies.

"It's real genteel work," Littlefield explained. "This is where we string the jumping-jacks. I pay by the dozen, a cent a dozen. Now you shet up, girls; I ain't going to have no sassin'." He brought a pile of miscellaneous arms and legs and heads, and went away.

Miss Vitty had forgotten her spectacles, and her hands trembled with excitement. The girls, released from the presence of Littlefield Nash, eyed her wrathfully. "Ain't it mean!" and they nudged each other; "there won't be no fun talkin' now."

Miss Vitty tried not to hear, and though she was usually deaf enough, every syllable was painfully distinct. Her hands shook so that it was nearly impossible to find the little holes. Her head was dizzy from the want of food and the whirl of the machinery; her soul was filled with homesickness as she thought of her dolls and the happy days when she had made them in the quiet of her room. The tears fell on the jumping-jack she was trying to string, and she sobbed. The girls stopped in their chatter and grew silent—they were awed by her tears. Suddenly she rose and limped out of the room.

"I'm glad she's gone," said one pert thing in cotton lace and wax beads; but the rest were ashamed.

Miss Vitty found herself in her room

rummaging in the sacrest drawer of the black wardrobe. She clambered to her feet; on the floor lay the jumping-jack.

"Homely thing!" and Miss Vitty put her foot squarely on it. In her hand she held her last treasure, an old white delaine sprinkled with stiff little rosebuds.

"I always wanted to be laid out in it. Mother set an awful store by it, seein' it was her wedding-dress—she kinder hoped it'd be mine. But it's got to go. That doll's as good as sold, an' so I guess I'll go down to the store and get a quarter-pound er tea an' a loaf," and for the first time in her life Miss Vitty did not pay for what she bought. She was reckless, and ran into debt for beans and a slice of pork. She flew home and sewed for three days, and the result was the crown of her existence—a doll that all but breathed, in a white delaine sprinkled with rosebuds, and an overskirt of the most fashionable cut. This masterpiece she put in the window.

"I guess they'll come now. They can see I can do jest as well as Miss Nash."

It was the time of year when Sandown replenished its wardrobe. Miss Vitty was so sure of her triumph that she sat in the doorway and lured in several passers-by; they were loud in praise, but that was all. One day she succeeded in inveigling in the young married woman next door; there was a coolness between them.

"Come in, Mis' Meachem, an' see my doll. She's got on an overskirt as good as Miss Nash's," she urged, wistfully.

Mrs. Meachem sniffed as she entered. "You've got a real good smell here."

"It's beans," Miss Vitty faltered.

"We don't feel as if we could have beans but Saturdays," and Miss Vitty felt the reproach.

"I've been kinder ailin' lately, an' they relished well. Jest look at my doll; ain't her overskirt grand!"

Mrs. Meachem looked with superior scorn at the white delaine. Said she: "Miss Nash ain't makin' that kinder overskirt any more; it's dreadful old-fashioned."

"Lor', Lor', then I give up!" and poor Miss Vitty sank on the rocking-chair, and the young married woman flounced out.

"I've done my best," she cried. "I said I wouldn't begrudge her half. I've worked like a dog, an' I ain't had a cent to show for it. I've got into debt, an' I'm disgraced, an' there ain't nothin' left for me to do but to die, or—her, too! I've

as good as stole, an' the nex' thing's murder. 'Tain't my fault. I meant for the best."

She limped to the bed, and her old joints creaked, so fiercely did she get down on her knees.

"Lord," she prayed, "sometimes I ain't sure you're anywhere; but if you are, you'll know I've done my best. I ain't begrudged Miss Nash half, but I do begrudge her the whole. I can't kill myself, an' I suppose I've got to live. When I'm dead I don't know what'll happen, but it can't be much worse'n now; an' you know, if you're anywhere, Lord, that I jest want Miss Nash to die. Let her die, Lord, real easy, but take her. Afterwards you'll punish me; but I guess you'll know I ain't much worse'n most. Amen." Whereupon Miss Vitty crept back to her rocking-chair. How long she sat she never knew, but at last some one knocked. It was Mrs. Meachem, and she was very friendly.

"I thought I'd just come an' tell you Miss Nash is sick."

Miss Vitty looked at her with strange, dim eyes. "I know it."

"You couldn't have known it. The doctor ain't but just gone. Never mind," she added, forgivingly. "What'll you do my green alpacca for?"

"I won't make it at all. An' I wish you'd go home. I'd like to be alone."

"You've been alone mor'n you like these days," said Mrs. Meachem, and with this parting stab she slammed the door.

Miss Vitty's doubts were set at rest once for all. There was a God, and he had answered her prayer with frightful suddenness. That Miss Nash would die she felt as sure of as that she was horror-struck at her awful crime. No sooner was Mrs. Meachem gone than she limped to her bed and got down on her knees. She was sure that the Lord couldn't hear her from anywhere else. "Lord, Lord!" and her voice was shrill with passionate entreaty, "I've changed my mind. Don't let Miss Nash die—don't! I don't care what you do to me. I was dreadful wicked, an' I wa'n't at all sure you'd hear me. I never had my prayer answered so dreadful sudden before. Now I know you are; but, Lord, spare Miss Nash! Think of mother, if you don't of me. She's waitin' in heaven for me, an' think how she'll feel if I don't ever come! For mother's sake, Lord!" she sobbed, and beat her old head against the iron bed.

It was an early autumn twilight when

Miss Vitty stumbled back to the window. There was a golden haze in the air, and the street was dusty and still, except for the chirp of a cricket. The loose rattle of wheels broke on the silence. Miss Vitty looked out, and suddenly the dull misery in her eyes gave way to terror. She flung open the window and thrust out half of her lank body. "Ira—Ira Felch—you ain't goin' to Miss Nash!" she screamed. "Yes, I be!" and Ira spat out a convivial straw and continued on his way.

It was the one undertaker's wagon of Sandown. Miss Vitty, clinging to the window-sill, saw it draw up before the Nashes' sidewalk and Ira disappear up the wooden steps. Ira was gone a horribly long time.

"He's measurin' her," thought Miss Vitty, and shook as if in fever. "They're layin' her out in the best spare room. P'r'aps," and her teeth chattered, "God's already told her it was my doin'. Oh, I can't stay here—I can't stay!" and with a wild dash for her sunbonnet, without a covering for her poor thin shoulders, she rushed into the autumn twilight.

III.

What became of Miss Vitty that night no one ever knew or cared. The next morning the young married woman was gathering crab-apples that had fallen from the two little trees before her bay windows. She was aided by a neighbor just as Miss Vitty limped into view. Her black and white check clung to her sharp shoulders, and her boots were heavy with mud, and her sunbonnet had samples of every kind of shrub and insect clinging to it. The two women were gossiping briskly, when suddenly Mrs. Meachem looked up.

"If you ain't given me a scare!" she gasped. "Where under the sun have you been? Well, you do look!"

Miss Vitty's lips moved, but she did not utter a sound.

"She's just crazy!" and the neighbor smacked her lips unconsciously.

Then from Miss Vitty's moving lips there came a question in tones like the rasp of a file:

"When's the funeral to be?"

"Why, she ain't so crazy after all!" said the neighbor, in some disappointment. "We was just talkin' about it when you come. To-day at two."

"Be you talkin' to me? I can't hear."

"Lor"! she ain't on'y crazy, she's stun

deaf," the neighbor exclaimed in melancholy satisfaction.

"At two!" Mrs. Meachem shrieked, and held up two fingers. The women watched the bent figure out of sight.

"Ain't she queer! An' what she wants to go to that funeral for I can't see."

"I don't know," and the neighbor began to pick up the crab-apples again. "We ain't had nothin' real pleasant since last Sunday-school picnic. I like to go to funerals when I don't care nothin' to speak of about the corpse."

The little white church stood on the main street beyond the bend. The green shutters were open, and Sandown straggled in. The melodeon, gasping for air, was squeaking out a voluntary. The undertaker's wagon was drawn up against the concrete, and Mr. Felch was reading a newspaper kept for such occasions. Some one scurried past, and he lifted his head. It was Miss Vitty in her black silk. She looked neither to the right nor the left. "It beats all," and Mr. Felch shook his head, "how folks do love to go to funerals if 'tain't their own; an', after all," he thought, with professional sorrow, "it's mighty few's lays out real han'some."

The services had begun, but Miss Vitty, with a singular indifference to public opinion, limped up to an empty front pew. She stared at the long black coffin, and then turned her dim eyes to the minister, when, all of a sudden, the blood rushed to her face; she couldn't hear a word he was saying. "Lord!" and she clutched her ears with a clap of which she was quite unconscious, "if I ain't stun deaf!"

The congregation glared at her, but she saw only the motion of the minister's lips.

"Lord, Lord, you've begun punishing me already! Didn't you know I meant to—but," she added in polite acquiescence, "I guess you'll know how to best."

She felt the scuffling of feet, and rose like the others. Then, as customary, Mr. Felch, who had shuffled up, pushed the lid of the casket from the face of the deceased, and Sandown filed past.

Miss Vitty had proposed to herself a scheme of expiation beside the body of Miss Nash. "I killed her," she had decided to say, and then let the justice of Sandown take its course. But she had not calculated on being stone deaf and bewildered at the horrible silence. The crowd pushed her on, and she had still so much

earthly emotion left that she poked a mourner with her elbow who was treading on her black silk.

It was Miss Vitty's turn at the coffin. The tears streamed down her face, and she wiped them away with a new cotton handkerchief, and her eyes and nose were swollen with friction.

"Ain't she changed, though!" and she sobbed as none else did. Perhaps she would have said something, but the crowd pushed her on. But her mind was made up; her crime must be expiated. She looked about for Littlefield Nash, but he wasn't there.

"I've got to speak, though it'll kill me."

In the church porch stood Mrs. Chesley in the snuff-brown creation. Even in her great grief Miss Vitty did notice the fit. "No, I couldn't make nothin' like it," she groaned in her self-abasement.

"Have you seen Littlefield Nash?" she asked, humbly.

"I guess he's to home. I met him as I was comin' here."

Miss Vitty partly understood.

"I shouldn't have thought he'd have stayed away," she said, and elbowed her way through the crowd. When she got to the Nashes' steps her feet were like lead, and she lifted each as if it were a dead weight.

The door-bell had an action like a coffee-machine and a peal like thunder. A sandy young girl, who "helped along" in the house, opened the door a crack.

"Do you think Mr. Nash is able to see me?" she asked humbly, and the tears began to roll down her cheeks again.

"Come in," the sandy young girl snapped; and Miss Vitty, blinded by tears and the cotton handkerchief, tottered into the nearest room.

"Why, is it you, Miss Vitty? For the land's sake!"

She looked up gasping, for there, on a horse-hair rocking-chair, rocking for dear life, sat Miss Nash herself!

Miss Lavinia stood rooted to the spot, her nose still buried in her moist handkerchief, over which she stared at Miss Nash.

"Set down, Miss Vitty; what d'you want?" Miss Nash was short and stout and good-natured.

"I thought you was dead," said Miss Vitty, and sank on the horse-hair sofa.

Miss Nash laid a pudgy hand on each knee and laughed till she shook all over.

"Ain't it a joke!" she screamed. "I've

been making a dress for Mis' Doctor Hoyt, of Three Rivers, and yesterday the doctor came and brought back the spencer to be changed, and along towards afternoon my machine give out, and I sent down to Felch's for him to fix it—he's got the only other in town, and he's handy at putterin' that way; and if he didn't come up in his undertaker's wagon, and stayed and stayed, an', if you'll believe me, half Sandown's been up to inquire."

"Will you tell me, then, to whose funeral I've been?" Miss Vitty gasped.

"Lor', you ain't been to that funeral an' thought it was me?" Miss Nash shrieked. "Why, it was old Ansel Blake; he died down to Swansea; he was just the dreadfulest old critter, and he ended in the almshouse down there. Sandown kinder thought it ought to bury him 'cause of his mother, who was a fine woman, and did much for the church here. Didn't you see him?"

"I thought you'd changed dreadful."

"Gracious me, if that ain't too rich!" and Miss Nash wept tears of hilarity. "Well, as long's you've come I'm going to

talk to you, Miss Vitty. I know you're a real smart sewer, and I ain't great excep' on the sewing-machine and in cuttin'. Suppose we join?"

When Miss Vitty climbed down the steps she seemed to tread on air; she could even hear better. "Ain't it a beautiful day!" and her heart leaped for joy. She flung open the windows of the Black Horse Tavern, and the last golden rays of the sun poured in.

She hardly waited to lay down her old parasol before she was on her knees by the bed.

"Lord!"—and she clasped her hard-worked old hands—"Lord, I know that you are, and that you are good, and that you know best. I'll never again pray for you to do anythin' special, for you'll do what's best anyhow. You've been dreadful good to me, Lord, an' I wa'n't worth it; but I guess you saved me for mother's sake, for you knew her heart 'd jest break in heaven if she wa'n't to see me again. I'm dreadful grateful, Lord, dreadful—" and Miss Vitty buried her old face in the patchwork quilt, and outside a cricket began to chirp.

About People

—In one respect Archbishop Temple differs from all his predecessors. He is said to be the first teetotaler to sit on the throne of Canterbury.

—Mr. Stilson Hutchins, who has just bought the Washington "Times," was the founder of the Washington "Post," and owned that journal for twelve years. The new editor of the "Times" will be Mr. John H. Oberly, of Illinois, formerly a Civil Service Commissioner.

—The Boston "Transcript" says that Mr. Percival Lowell, whose astronomical researches with reference to the inhabitability of the planet Mars have commanded wide attention, has now gone to the City of Mexico, near which place he has erected an observatory. He has made elaborate plans for continuing his researches there, as well as his work at Arequipa, Peru, in the interest of Harvard College.

—Dr. Brewer, in his "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," tells the following story: It is said that Spurgeon used to practice his students in extempore preaching from a text disclosed only in the pulpit, and that one of his young men, on reaching the desk and opening the note containing his text, read the single word "Zaccheus." He thought for a minute or two, and then delivered himself thus: "Zaccheus was a little man, so am I; Zaccheus was up a tree, so am I; Zaccheus made haste and came down, and so do I." He suited the action to the word.

—Joseph James Cheeseman, the late President of Liberia, was born in that country when it was

still a colony. His parents were sent out to Liberia by the American Colonization Society, and were among its early founders. His father died when young Cheeseman was sixteen years old, leaving to him the care and support of a mother and a large family, a duty which he faithfully discharged. Mr. Cheeseman became a merchant, and his high character and intelligence raised him from small beginnings to a prominent place among the merchants of the West Coast of Africa. He was twice re-elected President of the Republic.

—An appeal is made by the New York Association of Cooking Teachers in behalf of a fund which it is proposed to raise for the care of Miss Juliet Corson. Miss Corson is widely known as a pioneer in the cooking-school movement. It is stated that she has printed and circulated at her own expense over fifty thousand copies of a small book showing how to prepare fifteen-cent dinners. Many thousands listened to Miss Corson's lectures and talks at the New York State cooking exhibit of the Chicago World's Fair. She is now a helpless invalid, and it is desired to raise a fund to place her in a home where she will have the necessary comfort and nursing. Contributions may be sent to Miss C. C. Bedford, President of the New York Association of Teachers of Cookery, 16 East One Hundred and Thirty-first Street, New York City. This Association will apply the funds for Miss Corson's benefit as circumstances require, and as soon as possible will endeavor to place her permanently in a suitable institution.

Books and Authors

Recent Poetry¹

It is a pleasure to use the word poetry in connection with a few volumes of recent publication; for, as a rule, the word verse describes the product of the pen in this department. It is a serious question whether ease of publication is not obscuring in a way the quality of the group of men of poetic insight and imaginative quality who are now writing poetry; whether the flood-tide of books of verse, whose skill and fluency any accomplished person could readily gain without the possession of any real poetic quality, does not tend to submerge the few volumes which, with the approval of the Muses, appear at rare intervals. Mr. Aldrich's work has a distinction which separates it at once from mere versification. No American poet has more completely mastered the technique of his art and more completely conceals the process by which he has reached the knowledge of the perfect line. Mr. Aldrich's workmanship has become so fine that it is entirely simple, harmonious, and lucid. No poet can express a thought more clearly in fewer words; but all these words are poetic. The younger poets, who are tempted to be obscure and prolix, may well study Mr. Aldrich's latest volume as a model of clear, condensed, and beautiful expression; an expression which conveys a very definite impression and yet stirs the imagination. In dealing with the story of Judith, Mr. Aldrich has departed widely and wisely from the ancient tradition, and has clothed the chief actor with a warmth and tenderness to which the Judith of the Apocrypha is a stranger. The theme is remote from our time, and Mr. Aldrich has not sacrificed that atmosphere of remoteness through which it gains a certain noble impressiveness; but he has humanized the heroine. The work is finely conceived and almost flawlessly executed; and a long poem is so rarely attempted by an American that this sustained and finished work, touched at all points with lyric freedom and beauty, carries one back to an earlier time, and forward to the day when the new singer shall feel the ancient impulse and trust himself to it. Mr. Aldrich keeps the charming lucidity of his earlier verse, but experience has ripened his art and deepened his feeling. He has been loyal to his art, and his art is now richly rewarding him.

The title of Mr. Kipling's latest volume of verse, "The Seven Seas,"² suggests its breadth of theme and vigor of treatment. It is the song of imperial England, and Mr. Kipling is the first to sing it with adequate strength. He is a world-poet, not by virtue of the universality of his thought, but because England is a world-power and he feels that power in the depths of his imagination. He has never been more vivid, vital, and virile than in these poems, which have something of the rush of the seas in them. Mr. Kipling has evident limitations, but in his field he is a master; his voice is the voice of one who sees, knows, and feels profoundly the phases of life which interest him. He cares little for ideas, but he cares greatly for those realities of

life with which the English deal with such a strong hand. His lines are full of life and passion; the force of elemental character and experience streams from them. They take one entirely out of the literary atmosphere, and set him face to face with conditions which are full of the stuff of which literature is made, and of men who dare and risk and act and speak without shame or reservation. Mr. Kipling is very free with his themes and his readers; his taste is sometimes astray, and he makes a needless sacrifice of reserve where reserve is not only a matter of manners but of morals. This is, however, the reverse of his strength, and his force and directness are so unusual in contemporary verse that his offenses are venial compared with his real achievements. There is generous proportion of barrack life in this volume, but there are also great themes touched with that imaginative force which is Mr. Kipling's greatest gift. The breath of life is in these songs, and moves on the face of the seven seas; and that is a thing to be grateful for.

The modesty of Mr. Richard Burton's verse, "Dumb in June,"¹ is characteristic of the man and his work. In neither is there any pretense or assumption. The work is sincere, honest, and promising; the man is clearly wedded to the highest standards, and content to grow rather than to attempt to force the note of power. Among our younger writers there is none more conscientious than Mr. Burton, and none whose progress has been more steady and healthful. Both in prose and verse he has shown an increasing acuteness of perception, clearness of insight, and command of his materials. The contents of this volume are not entirely unfamiliar to the readers of *The Outlook*. Some stray verses have appeared in its columns, and other verses have appeared in other publications. They are all characterized by delicacy of feeling and by a sense of what is poetically significant. Mr. Burton does not try to make experiments with novel forms of verse, nor does he search in hidden places for themes. He takes what comes, as a poet must whose art grows out of his life. His simplicity, directness, and sincerity, combined with his ability, give good promise for the future.

Mr. James Whitcomb Riley has been steadily enlarging his audience and advancing his reputation with the publication of each succeeding volume. The delight with which Mr. Lowell discovered the Indiana poet on his return from England has now been shared in by a host of readers in all parts of the country. The humor, the freshness, the homeliness, the flavor of the time and the soil, give Mr. Riley's verse a reality and an originality which are rare among contemporary poets. "The Child World"² is one of his most distinctive poems; it is a domestic pastoral which pictures life in the Central West as Whittier's "Snow-bound" pictures life in New England; it is simple, homely, familiar, tender, and at times prosaic. There are some things in it which are not poetry, but the underlying conception is entirely poetic, and it is full of those fresh and sincere touches

¹*Judith and Holofernes*. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

²*The Seven Seas*. By Rudyard Kipling. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

¹*Dumb in June*. By Richard Burton. Copeland & Day, Boston. \$1.25.

²*The Child World*. By James Whitcomb Riley. The Merrill-Bowen Co., Indianapolis. \$1.

which make the reader feel that Mr. Riley is not only an American, but an American poet. The home life in Indiana has found in him its authentic and sympathetic interpreter. He has sung of childhood and the memories of childhood, and of the tenderness and beauty of domestic life, with a voice which is both trained and sympathetic.

In his delightful introduction to Mr. Paul L. Dunbar's "Lyrics of Lowly Life"¹ Mr. Howells says that "the world is too old to care for the work of a poet because he is black, because his father and mother were slaves, because he was, before and after he began to write poems, an elevator-boy." Mr. Howells is entirely right. These facts in Mr. Dunbar's career invest his work with interest, but they do not present any valid claim for a consideration other than that which is based upon the quality of the verse. It is interesting to know that this young colored boy, with his defective training and his obvious limitations, has found his way to poetic expression; but it is much more interesting to find that the expression is, on the whole, excellent, disclosing here and there the promise of something really fine and strong. Mr. Dunbar comes of a race which is gifted with a genius for emotion, and with a musical instinct. One expects to find in his verse, therefore, a touch of tenderness and a genuine singing quality, and these are characteristics of this group of poems. The range of thought is not wide; there is no evidence of the play of a great imagination or the force of a great passion; but there is feeling, considerable felicity of expression, and the musical quality. The most genuine and significant poems in the volume are, naturally, those in the negro dialect; these are simple, humorous, vivid; they are distinctively a contribution to our poetic literature. The volume is certain to have sympathetic reading and kindly comment; it is fortunate that it deserves both.

Mr. Bliss Carman and Mr. Richard Hovey have again collaborated in a volume of poems almost identical in spirit and method with the volume which already bears their names on its title-page. "More Songs from Vagabondia"² is characterized by freshness of feeling, exuberance of spirit, and occasional audacity. The workmanship of the poems which it contains is very unequal, and the reader is vexed because he is unable to fix the responsibility. Of the two authors of this volume, Mr. Bliss Carman is distinctly the poet of natural gift and power. There is, indeed, no young poet in the country whose promise is greater. Mr. Carman has done admirable things, and has revealed a capacity which deserves the most conscientious and wholesome artistic development. It will be a great pity if he allows himself to be confused by the fads and vagaries which some of the younger poets are affecting, and from the influence of which he has not entirely escaped.

Of Mr. Madison Cawein it must also be said that he has shown poetic ability of a genuine kind, that his command of poetic expression is very unusual, and that it lies in his power to do very admirable work. His latest volume, "The Garden of Dreams,"³ proves this beyond all question. It is full of delicate fancy, and, better still, of real imaginative insight, and it abounds in fine illustra-

tions of imaginative expression. It shows, however, occasional evidences of carelessness and occasional violations of literary taste. Mr. Cawein owes it to his fine ability to avoid extravagance and carelessness.

The Books of the Week

[The books mentioned under this head and under that of Books Received include all received by The Outlook during the week ending December 18. This weekly report of current literature will be supplemented by fuller reviews of the more important works.]

RELIGIOUS AND THEOLOGICAL

A new volume of sermons by Bishop Brooks is always an occasion for rejoicing, because no recent religious teacher has more often touched the springs of spiritual life or has more nobly and intimately ministered to the spiritual needs of his contemporaries than the great preacher who so lately passed from us. The new volume bears the suggestive title so descriptive of Bishop Brooks's point of view, *New Starts in Life, and Other Sermons*. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.) The selection of sermons, of which there are twenty, could hardly go amiss, and the spiritual genius of the preacher is so familiar to all readers of The Outlook that it is unnecessary to do more than convey the information that more riches from his noble heart and great mind are now accessible.

Thomas Nelson & Sons, of this city, send us the *Illustrated Bible Treasury and Combined Concordance*, handsomely made, with flexible covers, and profusely illustrated. This volume, besides being a condensed and extremely convenient concordance, contains a series of valuable articles by eminent students and specialists on questions relating to monuments, chronology, patriarchal history, topography, historical and physical geography, analyses of the books of the Bible, descriptions of Bible birds and animals, reptiles and fishes, comment on the astronomy of the Bible, Jewish antiquities, a brief life of Christ, and twelve colored Bible maps. This brief résumé indicates the wealth of material contained between these covers, and the value of the volume for readers and teachers of the Bible.

We are somewhat surprised at the necessity for a "third million" of *A Square Talk to Young Men about the Inspiration of the Bible*, by H. L. Hastings, the editor of "The Christian." (H. L. Hastings, Boston.)—Two books have just appeared on the subject of the life beyond. One is entitled *Beyond the Horizon*, and is by Dr. Henry D. Kimball, of Chicago. (Eaton & Mains, New York.) There is much of cheer and comfort in this volume, although its literary and scholarly merit is by no means on a par with *Life After Death*, by Bishop Dahle. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) This volume, so far as we know, is the first important theological work which has been translated from the Norse. Our readers may remember that Bishop Dahle was one of the Protestant missionaries in Madagascar who made the successful translation of the Bible into Malagasy. He now lives in Norway, and directs all the missionary work of the Norwegian Church.—Volume VI. of *The Critical Review* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York) has now made its appearance, and is a far more notable volume than are the bound numbers of most magazines. Any volume would be notable which contained such scholarly reviews as Dr.

¹*Lyrics of Lowly Life*. By Paul L. Dunbar. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.25.

²*More Songs from Vagabondia*. By Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey. Copeland & Day, Boston. \$1.

³*The Garden of Dreams*. By Madison Cawein. J. P. Morton & Co., Louisville. \$1.25.

Robertson's, of Christlieb's "Homiletik;" Dr. Bruce's, of Gould's "Commentary;" Dr. Dods's, of Schwartzkopff's "Die Weissagungen Jesu Christi;" Dr. Salmond's, of Otley's "Incarnation;" Dr. Gibb's, of Gladstone's "Butler;" Dr. Macalister's, of White's "Warfare of Science with Theology;" and the Rev. William Johnston's, of Bradford's "Heredity and Christian Problems."—The Warburtonian Lectures delivered in Lincoln's Inn Chapel in the years 1890-4, by the Rev. F. H. Woods, B.D., have now been made into a book, *The Hope of Israel*, which we reserve for longer notice. (Same publishers.)

The author of *A Boy and the Christ*, Frank C. Haddock (Eaton & Mains, New York), states that it is his custom to preach once a year a Christmas sermon in the form of a story. This sermon opens with a dream of the Temple, and then it takes up the unfolding of the mind of a boy into manhood, when he develops a system of belief which the writer of the book means to be a help to others seeking a way to a belief in the divinity of Christ and the Gospel teachings.

BOOKS OF TRAVEL

In this general domain three excellent publications have just been issued. One of them is, in great part, however, a reissue; namely, Susan and Joanna Horner's *Walks in Florence*. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) This work, the title of which reminds one strongly of Mr. Hare's "Walks" in various places, has long been favorably known to those who have visited Florence, but has become somewhat antiquated. The numerous changes which have taken place in Florence have made a new edition necessary. The present two volumes as now issued show an entire recast, and also have the addition of some chapters on the neighborhood of Florence.—Mr. Alexander Robertson has published a volume which covers a district hitherto treated in an unsatisfactory manner. His admirably printed, illustrated, and bound *Through the Dolomites: from Venice to Toblach* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), is exactly the book to stimulate interest in a most interesting region, as well as being a good guide-book. As long ago as Titian's time it was the custom of Venetians to go in summer-time to the cool Dolomites. The mountains may be seen even from the city itself. Mr. Robertson covers the whole situation in his description and appendices. We could wish, however, that the map were clearer.—The third publication, and the one which will make by far the greatest stir, is a fragment by the late Robert Louis Stevenson, and is entitled *A Mountain Town in France*. (John Lane, New York.) This is really the opening chapter of "Travels with a Donkey in the Cevennes," but the intention was abandoned in favor of a more abrupt beginning, and the fragment is now printed for the first time. The "mountain town" was Le Monastier, and Stevenson's stay there was in the autumn of 1878. The text is made even more than Stevensonally picturesque, since it has the accompaniment of five illustrations by the author. These are not remarkable; in fact, they are just about like those that any traveler may have perpetrated in the idlest hour of some summer holiday. The text is, of course, remarkable. It is not, however, equal to the best parts of "Travels with a Donkey," but one can easily see that it has been written by the same man who wrote that delightful book and that other equally delightful one, "An

Inland Voyage." We are thankful for every bit of Stevenson, be it good or not so good.

NOVELS AND TALES

Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, in *Frances Waldeux*, brings out three or four characters with clearness, and tells their story directly and forcibly. There is a tinge of melodrama in the crisis of the plot which seems a little out of Mrs. Davis's real province as a novelist. The fun of the book, on the other hand, is natural and effective. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)—*The Wise and the Wayward*, by J. S. Street, has refinement of manner and also many negative virtues. It is not, however, notably forceful. (John Lane, New York.)

NEW EDITIONS

Chief among the editions of standard works which have just made their appearance must be placed the first volume of the Centenary Edition of the Works of Thomas Carlyle, which is to be completed in thirty volumes, in octavo form, with an ample page, wide margins, and delightfully clear, large type. The first volume very properly presents *Sartor Resartus*, with an interesting portrait of Carlyle as a frontispiece. The volumes are to be sold at \$1.25 each, and the edition promises to be a definitive one. Further comment will be made later. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)—From the same publishers come the second volume of *Sentimental Tommy*, and *My Lady Nicotine* and *Margaret Ogilvy* (the latter two in one volume), being Volumes VII. and VIII. in the Complete Works of Mr. J. M. Barrie.

The sixth volume of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, with notes and introduction by Arthur Waugh, completes an edition the excellent features of which have already been pointed out in these columns. These well-known biographies have never appeared in a more compact and attractive form. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)—The same imprint appears on the two volumes lately added to the Muses Library, and containing the *Poems* of Henry Vaughan, edited by E. K. Chambers, with an introduction by H. K. Beeching. Each addition to this library increases its value to the lover of English poetry, to whom Henry Vaughan appeals through certain poems with special directness and effectiveness. These volumes will afford occasion for more extended comment.

BIOGRAPHY

Professor Woodrow Wilson's *George Washington*, which has appeared in chapters in "Harper's Magazine," has been put into a substantial and handsomely made volume, and is likely to be accepted as a permanent addition not only to American biography but to American history. Professor Wilson's study is a dispassionate, intimate, and sympathetic one. He has endeavored to get at the real Washington behind the traditional hero and the National ideal, and he has been very successful in his effort. He has humanized Washington without in the least diminishing his great services or lowering the standard of his lofty character. It is impossible to have too many such books as this life of one of the greatest of Americans. They are, first and foremost, the very best educational material for American youth. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

The admirers of Du Maurier—and how many there are in this country is best indicated by the

sales of "Trilby," more than 1,000,000 copies of which have been bought and read by Americans—will welcome the two latest contributions by the artist's American publishers (Harper & Brothers, New York) to Du Maurierana. In *Bohemia with Du Maurier* is a record of the artist's early life in Paris by his intimate comrade of those days, Felix Moscheles, the well-known artist-musician-littérateur of London. Mr. Moscheles's characteristic charm appears in the style and literary contents of his familiar and friendly story; but perhaps the chief value of the volume lies in the sixty-three illustrations by Du Maurier. They are sketchy and impromptu in quality—not unlike some of Thackeray's similar pen-and-ink work. But they appear to be singularly different in spirit and method from the famous "Punch" drawings. Many of the best of these are embodied in the collection, published by the Messrs. Harper, called *English Society*, with an introduction by Mr. W. D. Howells. This, after all, in our opinion, is a product of the most satisfactory side of Du Maurier's versatile genius. The draughtsman's skill, the artist's imagination, the social satirist's wit, the humor of the genial observer of mankind, are all recorded here. What, for example, could be more keen than the picture of the supper-room in an English mansion during a fashionable party at which the following brief dialogue takes place:

She—After all, there's nothing better than the wing of a chicken! Is there, General?

He—I never tasted the wing of a chicken. I only know the legs! When I was young, you know, my parents always ate the wings, and now my children always do!

POEMS

The Book of the Hills, by O. C. Auringer (Henry Stowell & Son, Troy), is a volume of poems which are only occasionally poetic.—*The Substance of His House*, by Prosser Hall Frye (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), is very sentimental substance—indeed it were better called stuff.—The Rev. Benjamin Copeland has published through Messrs. Eaton & Mains, New York, *Poems Pastoral and Psalms*. The pastorals are poor, but under the next head there are some beautiful lines. In reading them one feels that it is their manifest destiny to be set to music. They are both expressive and spiritual.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

Mr. James Otis continues to enjoy popularity as a writer of boys' books. His *With Lafayette at Yorktown* combines history and fiction in judicious proportion; it shows how two boys joined the Continental army and went through Lafayette's campaign as soldiers and spies. The pictures of camp life are interesting. Mr. Otis has also written *Wrecked on Spider Island*, a tale of marooning, treasure-finding, insurance-wrecking, etc., etc.—quite improbable, of course, but pleasing to the boyish imagination. (A. L. Burt, New York.)—Mr. Edward S. Ellis, in *The Phantom of the River*, adds another to his long list of stories having as heroes boys with quite preternatural sagacity. (H. T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia.)

A book of suggestions for arranging a home stage for the performance of Fairy Tale Plays has just been issued by Longmans, Green & Co., New York. The author, Mrs. Hugh Bell, has prepared several other books in the same line. This book dramatizes the familiar fairy plays, "The Forty Thieves," "Red Riding Hood," "Beauty and the Beast," "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Cinder

ella," "The Sleeping Beauty," "Bluebeard," and others.

It will be a surprise to many people to know that *The Three Homes: A Tale for Fathers and Sons*, was written by Canon Farrar, who states in his preface that this is the only piece of literary work to which he had not before attached his name. The three homes are those of three boy friends—three cricketers; boys of different temperament, and growing up under entirely different influences. It is a book that would be as valuable to the fathers of boys as to the boys, as the writer had specially in mind methods of discipline and home influence. (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.)—The writer of *A Virginia Cavalier*, Molly Elliott Seawell (Harper & Brothers, New York), has told in a most sympathetic spirit the story of the boyhood and youth of George Washington. The home life at Ferry Farm and Mount Vernon, and at Grey Court, the home of Lord Fairfax, reveals the high-mindedness and refinement of the three homes in which George Washington is said to have grown up. Little is said of the three brothers, but Betty Washington, his sister, and his half-brother, Laurence Washington, are brought well into the foreground of the story. There is an Indian fight, the history of the surveying experiences in the new country, and enough of the French and Indian wars to satisfy the dramatic instinct of the boy, to whom Washington is always a man and a general.

It is delightful to open such a book as *The Child World*, by Gabriel Setoun (John Lane, New York), charmingly illustrated by Charles Robinson. Every illustration is a delight, from the wee little maiden in the upper corner of the fly-leaf to the little maiden in the lower corner of the last fly-leaf. The following poem, illustrated by a demure little maiden holding the finger of one hand in the other, is irresistible—only one of the many to which that adjective might be applied in this delightful book of poems for children:

I saw a bumblebee to-day
Alight on a nettle-leaf;
And when he had rested and buzzed away,
He was not buzzing in grief.

"The nettle did not sting," you see,
I said to mother and nurse;
"For the nettle knows it he stung the bee,
The bee would sting him worse."

The coward nettles only sting
The hands that are soft and small,
For the gardener grips them like anything,
And they don't hurt him at all.

We believe that no good art is too good for children, but also that children cannot be expected to separate the fad-esque from the picturesque as an adult mind is able to. We therefore consider *In Childhood's Country*, by Louise Chandler Moulton, illustrated by Ethel Reed (Copeland & Day, Boston), an unsuccessful book: it is intended for children, but it can appeal only to grown people who are interested in deckle-edged paper, expansive margins, and drawings very well done, but of the most modern decorative school.

SCHOOL-BOOKS

The Students' Series of English Classics, published by Leach, Shewell & Sanborn, Boston, has just been enlarged by Dryden's "Palamon and Arcite," De Quincey's "Revolt of the Tartars," Carlyle's "Essay on Burns," and Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield." Dryden's poem is edited by Warren Fenno Gregory, A.M., and contains a valuable

biographical sketch of Dryden, a list of his works, and the comments on his work by Johnson, Scott, Macaulay, Taine, Saintsbury, and Lowell. "The Revolt of the Tartars" is edited by Franklin T. Baker, Professor of English in the Teachers' College, New York, with a sketch of the life of De Quincey. Carlyle's "Essay on Burns" is edited by W. K. Wicks, M.A., of Amherst, with a biographical sketch. "The Vicar of Wakefield" is edited by James Gilbert Riggs, Superintendent of Schools at Plattsburg, N. Y. The book contains a biographical sketch and list of works of Oliver Goldsmith, and critical comments on Goldsmith by Goethe, Irving, Thackeray, and Black, with valuable notes.

The Forms of Discourse, by Mr. William B. Cairns, of the University of Wisconsin (Ginn & Co., New York), is, as its author informs us, an attempt to present the subject of literary invention in a form suited to the needs of pupils in high schools and colleges. A book on rhetoric is assuredly one of the hardest things to compile. Some authors assume that its study is the study of style, and nothing else. When they treat the forms of discourse, they do so only by way of literary analysis. Whereas style comes appropriately first, it is, as we are well reminded, not a study in which progress can be forced. In order to reach normal growth, this study should be carried on simultaneously with that of invention. Mr. Cairns's volume is valuable in this respect, and his text-book differs from any other now before the public. It relieves that long-felt trouble of the student when asked to prepare a composition, a trouble caused not so much by matters of diction as by such questions as, "What subject shall I choose?" "What shall I say about it?" and "How shall I express my thoughts to suit this particular occasion?"

MISCELLANEOUS

The Square of Sevens purports to be "an authoritative system of cartomancy." Mr. E. I. Stevenson in a prefatory note explains that this is a reproduction of a famous and rare old book by one Robert Antrobus, who flourished in the first half of the eighteenth century. Whatever its origin, those who wish to pass an idle hour in making believe that they believe in card necromancy will here find an elaborate system expressed in somewhat antique form. The book is oddly and charmingly printed. (Harper & Brothers, New York.)

One of the most useful reference-books in The Outlook's editorial library is *The New York Charities Directory*. It contains a vast deal of information, in brief space and well indexed, about all philanthropic and educational societies and institutions and churches in the city. The information is authoritative, as coming from the Charity Organization Society. The number and variety of the societies cannot fail to impress one with the extent of the charity work of the metropolis. There are about 2,000 institutions mentioned in the 500 pages of this book. The title-page quotes the excellent motto of the Charity Organization Society, "United, an Army; Divided, a Mob."

How to Listen to Music, by the well-known critic, Mr. H. E. Krehbiel (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), might justly be called the music-lover's enchainment. There is scarcely an amateur who will not get more profit as well as more pleasure from orchestral concerts after having read it. It not only evinces knowledge of a high order on the part of the author, but the still rarer quality of

knowing just how to adapt technical learning to the average non-professional mind.

Margaret Huntington Hooker has made a collection of scarce, curious, and valuable recipes, compiled from "old and reliable sources." She has called the book *Ye Gentlewoman's Housewifery*. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.) A delightful introduction contains the following paragraph:

Mrs. Hannah Glais—who hath done more for the happiness of mankind than all the blue stockings of this or any other age. There is scarcely a civilized being who hath not been benefited by her labours in the cause of human happiness, and it is one of the indications of a base ungrateful world that neither statue nor monument, nay, not even a biography or a pudding hath been consecrated to her memory—Mrs. Glais's unparalleled genius as far outshines and overtops that of Mrs. Hemans and other female vendors of empty poetry, as doth a white fricafée or a dish of buttered eggs exceed the frothy evaporations of a brain moistened by the dews of Parnassus. What comparison can there be between the false sentiment and flimsy philosophy of Madame de Staël and the solid puddings of Mrs. Glais? Talk of an Epic poem! Verily, gentle reader, it is little better than downright nonsense. There are the Iliad, the Odyssey, the Aeneid, the Phædria, the Argonaut, the Jerusalem Delivered, the Paradise Lost, the Henriade, and the Vision of Columbus. But there is only one plum pudding and one Mrs. Glais!

This from an American cook-book of the present century! Would that Mrs. Glass had more followers to-day! "Ye Gentlewoman's Housewifery" certainly would not satisfy the consciences of many of the nineteenth century housekeepers. The following is the recipe for pancakes:

Pan-Cakes should be made with half a pint of Milk, salt, three great spoonfuls of Sugar, spiced with Cinnamon, Cloves, Rose-water or Lemonbrand, just as you happen to have it. Flour (sifted to make a batter. If you have no Eggs or wish to save them supply the Place with two or three spoonfuls of Lively emplings, but they must stand five or six hours to Rise. A spoonful or more of New England Rum makes pan-cakes Light. Flip makes very nice Pan-cakes. In this case nothing is done, but to Sweeten your mug of beer with Molasses, put in one glass of N. E. rum, heat it till it foams by putting in a red hot Poker: and stir it up with Flour as thick as other Pan-cakes.

The recipe for custard pie is really valuable. In turning the pages of this book one is impressed with the simplicity of housekeeping in our day as compared with the days of the famous Mrs. Glass; and this simplicity is due to the labor-saving devices of the present day, and the knowledge of chemistry which has taken from the housekeeper much of the care and work that were inseparable from housekeeping in the olden time. Not the least interesting of the pages in the book are those devoted to the "Approved secrets in physicke and chirurgery." Though one might be grateful for being spared the using of many of these "approved secrets," "the Vapours and Hysteric Fits" approved secret is as valuable to-day as when it was written, especially this: "Endeavor to preserve a Cheerful spirit, putting the best Construction on Everybodys Words and Behavior"—a little moral stimulant as useful to-day as when it was prepared.

—Mr. Harold Frederic writes to the New York "Times" that "the practice of practically gutting new books under the pretense of reviewing them has been carried to great lengths here by T. P. O'Connor in the 'Weekly Sun' and by W. T. Stead in the 'Review of Reviews,' and authors and publishers have never quite made up their minds whether it is serviceable to the book or not. Perhaps the general feeling was that it helped novels, but hurt books of travel, history, and the like. Mrs. Humphry Ward, however, does not hold this view, for she is applying for an injunction

against the sale of the current number of Stead's 'Review,' which quotes large blocks from her book, 'Sir George Tressady.'

Literary Notes

—Professor Maspero's "Dawn of Civilization" has now been followed by his "Struggle of the Nations: Egypt, Syria, and Assyria." The book includes the story of the Israelite sojourn in Egypt.

—Professor Palgrave, of "Golden Treasury" fame, has been preparing an anthology of the landscape art of the poets, from Homer to Tennyson. It seems strange that no one has yet carried out this idea.

—The "New Century Review" has now made its appearance in England. It is to be a monthly international journal of literature, politics, sociology, and religion, and will be sold at a sixpence. Its headquarters are at Oxford.

—Sir Walter Besant's new novel is to be named "A Fountain Sealed," and is to be a romance of the latter half of the last century.

—The newest quarterly is called "Americana Germanica," and is devoted to the comparative study of the literary, linguistic, and other cultural relations of Germany and America. The quarterly is under the editorship of Mr. Marion Dexter Learned, of the University of Pennsylvania, and is published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

—The rumor that the delay in the publication of a biography of Lord Tennyson was due to a difference of opinion in the Tennyson family as to the wisdom of publishing certain portions is declared by the London "Academy" to be unfounded. The journal says that the delay has been caused solely "by the magnitude of the work."

—Mr. Ford writes from London to the New York "Tribune" that Mr. Bramwell Booth's strictures on the disappearance of certain passages of Herbert Spencer's "Social Ethics" in the revised edition have brought out a delightfully characteristic letter from the philosopher in the "Times." He recognizes the conflict between his earlier and later beliefs, and confesses that he has learned something in the course of the forty years during which he has enjoyed leisure for thinking out fully a few things at first thought out only in part. He remarks, philosophically: "It would be strange if a writer on evolution contended that his own ideas were the only things that had undergone no evolution."

—In these days when sensationalism and straining after effect seem to be prime motives in journalism and periodical literature, it is always a relief, a pleasure, and an encouragement to turn to the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly." The oldest literary magazine published in this country, it has possessed throughout its long career an unshaken reputation for solidity of character and finish of workmanship that has given it an enviable position among American periodicals. Its announcements for 1897 promise that the high standards of its past—standards set by Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, Parkman, and others of that illustrious group of men of letters—will be maintained with catholic taste, human sympathy, and trained skill. It deserves to have conferred upon it by a convocation of its contemporaries, in which The Outlook would be

glad to join, the honorary title of "*Exemplar literarum humanarum*." It professes on its title-page to be devoted to "literature, science, art, and politics," and it lives up to its profession.

Books Received

For the week ending December 18, 1896

- A. L. BURT, NEW YORK
 Otis, James. With Lafayette at Yorktown. \$1.
 Otis, James. Wrecked on Spider Island. \$1.
 HENRY T. COATES & CO., PHILADELPHIA
 Ellis, Edward S. The Phantom of the River.
 COPELAND & DAY, BOSTON
 Moulton, Louise Chandler. In Childhood's Country. Illustrated by Ethel Reed. \$2.
 DODD, MEAD & CO., NEW YORK
 Dunbar, Paul Laurence. Lyrics of Lowly Life. \$1.25.
 Hooker, Margaret H. Ye Gentlewoman's Housewifery. \$1.50.
 E. P. DUTTON & CO., NEW YORK
 Farrar, Very Rev. F. W., D.D. The Three Homes. \$1.50.
 Brooks, Rt. Rev. Phillips, D.D. New Starts in Life and Other Sermons. \$1.75.
 EATON & MAINS, NEW YORK
 Kimball, Henry D., D.D. Beyond the Horizon. \$1.
 Haddock, Frank C. A Boy and the Christ. 60 cts.
 Copeland, Rev. Benjamin. Poems Pastoral and Psalms. 50 cts.
 GINN & CO., BOSTON
 Cairns, William B. The Forms of Discourse.
 Thorp, Frank Hall. Inorganic Chemical Preparations. \$1.60.
 HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK
 Moscheles, Felix. In Bohemia with Du Maurier. Drawings by G. Du Maurier. \$2.50.
 Warner, Charles Dudley. The Relation of Literature to Life. \$1.50.
 Davis, Rebecca Harding. Frances Waldeaux. \$1.25.
 Seawell, Molly Elliot. A Virginia Cavalier. \$1.50.
 Wilson, Woodrow. George Washington. \$3.
 English Society Sketched by George Du Maurier. \$2.50.
 Stevenson, E. Ireneus. The Square of Sevens. \$1.50.
 H. L. HASTINGS, BOSTON
 Hastings, H. L. A Square Talk to Young Men About the Inspiration of the Bible.
 JOHN LANE, NEW YORK
 Setoun, Gabriel. The Child World. \$1.50.
 Street, G. S. The Wise and the Wayward. \$1.50.
 THE MACMILLAN CO., NEW YORK
 Cartwright, Julia (Mrs. Henry Ady). Jean François Millet, His Life and Letters. \$5.
 THOMAS NELSON & SONS, NEW YORK
 Wilson, Sir Charles, Prof. A. H. Sayce, Marcus Dods, and Others. The Illustrated Bible Treasury. Edited by William Wright, D.D. Illustrated. \$2.
 CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, NEW YORK
 Bibliographica. Part XI. (Imported.) \$2.
 Dahle, Bishop Lars Neilsen. Life After Death. Translated by Rev. John Beveridge. (Imported.) \$3.50.
 The Critical Review of Theological and Philosophical Literature. Edited by Prof. S. D. F. Salmond, D.D. (Imported.) Vol. VI. \$2.
 Cave, Alfred, D.D. An Introduction to Theology. (Imported.) \$4.50.
 Carlyle, Thomas. Sartor Resartus. (Imported.) \$1.25.
 Vaughan, Henry. Poems. Edited by E. K. Chambers. (Imported.) 2 Vols. \$3.50.
 Horner, Susan and Joanna. Walks in Florence and Its Environs. (Imported.) 2 Vols. \$4.
 Johnson, Samuel. Lives of the Poets. Edited by Arthur Waugh. (Imported.) Vol. VI. \$2.50.
 Robertson, Alexander, D.D. Through the Dolomites. (Imported.) \$2.50.
 Woods, F. H. The Hope of Israel. (Imported.) \$1.40.
 Betis, Victor, and Howard Swan. Class-Room Conversations in French. (Imported.) 80 cts.
 Krehbiel, Henry Edward. How to Listen to Music. \$1.25.
 Barrie, J. M. The Novels, Tales, and Sketches. Sentimental Tommy, Vol. II. My Lady Nicotine; Margaret Ogilvy (in one volume). \$2 each.
 HENRY STOWELL & SON, TROY
 Auringer, O. C. The Book of the Hills.
 UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON
 The Universalist Register for 1897. Edited by Richard Eddy, D.D. 15 cts.
 FREDERICK WARNE & CO., NEW YORK
 Whittle, James Lowry. Grover Cleveland. \$1.25.
 The Royal Natural History. Edited by Richard Lydekker. No. 35 (Vol. VI., No. 5). No. 36 (Vol. VI., No. 6). 50 cts. each.

The Religious World

Missionary Progress

The January number of the "Missionary Review of the World" contains an interesting summary of the progress which has been made in foreign missions. The figures are taken from various authorities, and presumably are correct. The article is by Dr. George W. Peck, of Buffalo, N. Y. According to his figures, in the year 1825 there were only 60,000 Christians in all the mission churches of the world. In fifty years from that time the annual increase of Christians in mission fields was about 60,000, while in seventy years the annual increase was about 100,000. In other words, the gain in seventy years had risen from a very small number to 100,000 converts per year. In the whole of the first hundred years after the birth of Christ the additions to the Church were only 500,000, but now it is increasing at the rate of 100,000 per year. In the year 1800 there were 200,000,000 nominal Christians in the whole world. During the next ninety years that number was augmented by 70,000,000. "Thus on the average Christianity expanded more than thirty times faster during each decade of the missionary century than it did during each decade of the previous eighteen centuries," Dr. Peck then considers the facts as related to the United States. At the beginning of the present century the church membership was only one out of eighteen of the population; while now it is one out of four and one-half of the population. That is, our church membership has increased from about seven per cent. to nearly twenty-five per cent. of the population. It is estimated that not more than 8,750,000 copies of the Bible had been printed in the world up to the year 1804, but since that time 256,000,000 copies have been issued. We are well aware that figures are not always reliable. All who bear the Christian name do not possess the spirit of Christ; and yet the figures do bear a certain testimony to the value of Christianity. They unquestionably show that, while in certain localities the type of Christianity may have been higher in other times, in the world at large the progress has been greater than the most sanguine Christian would have imagined if he were not familiar with the facts. We believe these figures do not exaggerate the advancement which the Church has made during what is properly called the greatest mission century in its history.

In Madagascar

When the French rule was confirmed in Madagascar, many felt that the era of Protestant missions was at an end; that the influence of the French would be given entirely to the Roman Catholics, and that all the splendid achievements of English Christians would practically be destroyed. Happily, that anticipation has been proven to be without foundation. The French occupancy of the island has thus far been marked by great moderation, an English missionary himself being the witness. According to the Rev. W. E. Cousins, since the French assumed control the condition of the country in all the large towns has improved. Many roads have been constructed, and other public improvements are in progress. The present Governor is himself a Protestant, and has made it clearly understood that Protestantism will have an

equal chance with Romanism. The missionaries are having to face many difficulties, but they are chiefly in those parts which the French have not been able to penetrate. As many as four hundred churches have been destroyed, but that is the result of a nationalistic revival which opposes all foreigners, and Christianity because it is a foreign religion. Persecution is not inspired by the Jesuits, but is, in part, directed against them. So far as there is any religious element in the movement, it is a recurrence to the original heathenism which prevailed in the island. The outlook is not by any means altogether discouraging. The condition of society which always prevails where there are a large number of resident troops is not favorable to the growth of missions, and the terrible hostility of the more savage people of the interior is also resulting in great suffering on the part of many native Christians; and it has been proven that the faith of many was only nominal. But a most encouraging fact is that, so far as can now be seen, there is no indication on the part of the French Government of an intention to discriminate against any special form of Christianity. Protestants and Romanists will have an equal opportunity.

A Modern Apostle

One of the noblest missionaries of recent times is the Rev. Egerton R. Young, whose heroic service among the Indians of British Columbia is now well known. Mr. Young and his wife went a thousand miles north of St. Paul, where the nearest post-office was four hundred miles distant, and where they received their daily paper but twice a year. He says they "lived in a land so remote from cultivation that the word 'bread' was literally unknown, and the petition 'Give us this day our daily bread' had to be translated 'Give us something this day to keep us in life.'" He says: "For years we did not begin to live as well as the thieves and murderers in the penitentiaries of Great Britain and America, but it was blessed work and we were happy in it." In a vivid article in the "Missionary Review" Mr. Young gives a brief account of some phases of his work, and tells the story of the translation of the Bible, and the invention of a written language. He says: "In some of our villages eighty per cent. of our people over eight years of age are now reading in their own tongue the blessed Book." His story of the loyalty of the Indians to their convictions may well be read by those who make light of the sanctity of the Lord's Day, and with whom a promise has no binding obligation. Illustrating this point, he relates an incident of failure on the part of a commissioner to meet the Indians, as he had promised, with provisions. The provisions were on hand, but the commissioner had not arrived to distribute them. The Indians waited two days and three days, until they were almost starving, and when they found the commissioner he proposed to come to them on Sunday, but they refused even to receive their food on that day because it was the Lord's Day. Such simplicity may excite a smile in our easy-going time, but it is a type of loyalty to conviction which may be wisely cultivated in many circles. In another place he describes an interview between Mrs. Young and an old Indian, whom she declared

to be the most interesting Christian that she had ever met, and who Mr. Young afterward told her had in earlier days been a cannibal, and who had eaten his first wife. Yet that man had been so utterly changed that all who knew him felt that his Christianity was genuine and vital. No one can read the story of the work of Mr. and Mrs. Young in the region of the Hudson's Bay Company without feeling that the days of heroism are not past, and that many modern Christian missionaries have performed a service for the kingdom of God as wonderful as any in the apostolic or the martyr days.

A London Anniversary

The church of which the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, D.D., has been pastor for thirty years has just celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. The Independent Church of Clapham is one of the strongest in the metropolitan district, and its pastor is now perhaps the most prominent of the elder Congregational leaders. The location of the church is near the Clapham Common. It was founded in 1646. On a recent Sunday Dr. Rogers preached special anniversary sermons, and others, like Dr. Charles A. Berry and Principal Fairbairn, took part in the celebration. We quote from the anniversary sermon of the venerable pastor as it is reported in the "British Weekly:"

One of the few early facts known of the Clapham Church is that an early pastor (Mr. William Bridge, M.A.) was one of the five men who, in the Westminster Assembly, stood out for full liberty of conscience. In 1760 the squire of the parish hired a mob from London, who wrecked the pulpit and building, because an obnoxious minister from Southwark preached. Dissent is never an attitude agreeable to unreasonable men, but it was forced upon the Congregational churches. From this starting-point the Doctor passed to a vindication of the influence upon national life of these quiet, unobtrusive spiritual churches, and an eloquent appreciation of the courage and faithfulness shown by the 2,000 evicted clergymen of 1662. But no church can live upon its history. It only lives as it does its work. It is only a true church as it brings a message to the generation, as it accomplishes its task, as it becomes more and more a channel of life to men; and for all these ends it must be a living church. The true church is a lighthouse to men, in which Christ himself is the light, the inspiration, the strength, and the source of all power and help. This sermon was listened to with the keenest attention by a large congregation, and was one of the most piquant, forceful, and inspiring ever delivered by the Doctor.

The Bishop of Rochester on Socialism

Economic liberalism seems to be growing stronger and stronger in the English Establishment. The London "Clarion" reports that the Bishop of Rochester, in a recent lecture at Birmingham on "The Church and Social Problems," declared that, though he was no collectivist,

he thought a special duty rested upon all who in any degree enjoyed the good things of the existing system to look with very earnest and sympathetic candor towards those thoughts which, to use a single name, were Socialist in color. There was so much in Socialism which, it seemed to him, echoed the spirit of the words of Christ himself. He recognized in Socialism a largeness of human aim, a desire for a kingdom on earth of justice and love, sympathy for the weak, a desire to control the thrust and stress of material forces and self-regarding impulses under the sway of higher and more noble human motives, and assertion of the universal obligation upon every single life of the law of service to God and man, a burning impatience of all the open sores and crying evils and frightful inequalities of opportunity and advantage in our present social life. Along with those things he often saw a self-denying personal disinterestedness, a devoted toil, a consuming zeal in many of its representatives, in honoring which he was sure that he honored his Master, and from which he knew that he and the like of him had much to learn that was really His.

The Wants and Dangers of Syria

The veteran missionary, the Rev. H. H. Jessup, D.D., of Beirut, has written a letter to the Secretary of the Foreign Board of the Presbyterian Church on "The Wants and Dangers of Syria" which we condense for our readers. Dr. Jessup asks for special prayer for the thousands of Syrian men and women who have emigrated from their native land to North and South America and Australia. The number is estimated at not less than eighty thousand. They are exposed to peculiar temptations from the vices of other lands. About one-third of this number return to their homes, and either help or hinder the work of the missionaries. Dr. Jessup then speaks with great earnestness of the danger that a corrupt European civilization may prove the ruin of Syria. Great good has already been done by the missionary, charitable, and educational institutions taken there by the United States, Great Britain, and the Continent of Europe; but, on the other hand, intemperance, horse-racing, and gambling have come in upon the land like a deluge. The most serious menace to the morals of Syria he finds in the "Hotel Casino" which is now in process of erection on one of the stations of the Damascus Railway, at an elevation of forty-five hundred feet above the sea. Here a French syndicate are building a palace of gambling, designed to take the place of Monte Carlo when the license there shall terminate. It is to be a hotel with every European luxury and attraction. It will draw multitudes from Europe, and work great moral ruin in Syria. Gambling is contrary to the Mohammedan law, and it remains to be seen whether the vice which will be driven out of Europe will be sanctioned there. Well may the missionaries pray to be delivered from the corrupting influences of Occidental civilization, which often do more harm than the missionaries can do good! Dr. Jessup asks also that Christian people pray that the restrictions on the printing of books, tracts, and newspapers should be removed. At present they are intolerable. He also asks prayer that the missionaries may have the grace of patience, declaring that the present crisis in the East is a test of courage and patience. All who have had the privilege of seeing and hearing Dr. Jessup will appreciate the force of his suggestions. He is not a man to be led away by his feelings. If he speaks strongly, it is because there is great need of such speech. It is a burning shame that missionaries of selfishness and crime should follow the missionaries of the cross wherever they go around the world, and in large measure neutralize their beneficent work.

The Question of the Gown

A case has just been decided in the English courts which doubtless seemed to some to be of great importance, but which in Americans can only excite a feeling of amusement and of pity; a case which could be known only in a land where there is an Established Church. It seems that some years ago a lady living in Bournemouth, the widow of an English clergyman, "wishing to guard against improper innovations, left a sum of money in trust for the clergyman, on condition that the black gown was always worn in preaching, unless it should be made positively illegal; and, furthermore, that the incumbent should sign an undertaking, pledging himself to fulfill this condition of the trust." A certain Mr. Selwyn, who was incumbent of that church,

refused to comply with these conditions, and applied to the court to compel the payment of the endowment. That was the case, and it was appealed from one court to another, but in each case the will was supported. Mr. Selwyn insisted that the use of the black gown itself was illegal. The whole affair to an American seems supremely ridiculous. While a minister was devoting his energies in the courts to the question of what kind of a garment he might wear in the public services, multitudes of people were waiting for the message of the Gospel. Those who tithe mint, anise, and cumin are not all dead yet! We are thankful, however, that there is little danger of such a controversy ever arising in this country; and we should think that the friends of the Establishment in Great Britain would long for a time when such spectacles would be impossible there.

The Home Department

The Home Department for Biblical Study is one of the institutions of our time. Just where it began we do not know, but it is finding a place in many churches. It is more than a department of the Sunday-school, although it is usually administered through the Sunday-school. It is a plan for enlisting a large number of the congregation in the systematic study of the Word of God. One of our suburban churches, which has had such a department heretofore, has recently taken an advance step, with the result that more than a hundred adults, many of them among the most prominent men and women in the congregation, have signed the pledge agreeing to study each week the same lessons that are studied in the Sunday-school. The plan in that church is to have the same passages of Scripture considered at the weekly prayer-meeting, and often also the subject of the Sunday morning sermon. The result will be that at the end of the year the people of that congregation will have a systematic knowledge of the teachings of Christ such as would otherwise have been impossible. The Home Department is one of the most important departments of church work, and one which ought to find a place in all churches. In the one to which we have referred the lessons used are the Blakeslee Lessons on the Teachings of Christ; and while the adults are considering the teachings of Christ the children will be studying the events in his life and ministry. Thus the whole church will be at work upon the same part of the Bible, and the benefit will be instant and universal.

Home Missionaries and Hard Times

The times are improving slowly. Yet the present winter promises to be financially one of the severest which has yet been experienced. The fact that the missionary societies have made such a strenuous effort to pay their past debts, combined with the fact that the times have not as yet generally improved, is making the outlook for the treasuries of some of those societies far from favorable. The Congregational Home Missionary Society is a case in point. In common with other Congregational societies it paid a heavy debt, but it now finds itself obliged to face the fact that its receipts this year have been \$110,000 less than in the same months last year, a decline of more than one-half. Of this falling off \$65,000 were in donations and \$45,000 in legacies. Already the appropriations have been scaled down to what seems to

be the lowest possible point. The missionaries on the frontier are at the beginning of a long and severe winter, in dire need of all their small salaries, while the directors of the Society at home are looking into an almost empty treasury. The exigency is great. It can be met only by prompt action, and, if necessary, instant and general sacrifice. The churches have not yet begun to sacrifice. The wealthy church members have not begun to give as have the poorer. There is money enough in the possession of the rich to lift all these forms of Christian activity out of their embarrassment. The cry that such responsibility ought to be distributed is liable to abuse. The poor usually give far more in proportion than the well-to-do. If necessary, prosperous churches ought to cut down their expenses and unite in a movement to prevent suffering on the part of the heroic workers who have undertaken the difficult work at the front. Of course it is possible that next month may show a great increase in the receipts of this Society. It is devoutly to be hoped that there may be an improvement in the condition of the treasury.

Young Men's Christian Union

The recent celebration of the fifth anniversary of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Young Men's Christian Union again brings to our attention that excellent organization, of which we have before spoken, and which is doing such an active work in the northern section of our city. Although the Union is scarcely nine years old, its beneficent influence has already been so effectually spread, and the advantages of its existence become so apparent, that both in and out of its immediate district have arisen friends who, notwithstanding the hard times, have enabled it to carry on and enlarge its work, while maintaining its reputation for always meeting its engagements promptly. Having for its object the upbuilding of character, it proceeds by providing a comfortable place of resort for the young men, wherein they will be free from temptations to evil, and may enjoy the advantages of gymnasium, baths, educational classes, lectures, concerts, etc. Religious meetings in its rooms are not a feature of its work, but the Christian spirit and example extends throughout. Every young man is considered a gentleman and expected to conduct himself as such, and this simple rule is the only one which has ever been needed. The Union's property, corner Westchester and Bergen Avenues, is finely located, and, although the building is small, an effort will be made to replace it before many years. The Ladies' Auxiliary aims to provide for the girls some of the advantages which the Union offers the young men. Considerable attention has also been given to fresh-air work among the poor. By their own efforts the ladies have raised over three thousand dollars, but the scope of their work has been very much hampered by being obliged to conduct it so that it would not interfere with that of the Union proper, and an annex building exclusively for their purposes is very much needed.

Texas Christian Lectureship

The Texas Christian Lectureship held its four days' annual session for 1896 in the early part of December at Bonham. This lectureship is a kind of spiritual and intellectual exchange maintained by the preachers of the Disciples of Christ in Texas,

and its educational influence has been a great agency for good for many years. The programme committee assigns a number of the strongest men in the State to discuss certain vital issues confronting the churches; they are required to write their lectures and mail them to certain other ministers appointed to review the lectures, so that the Association has the benefit of the original treatment, and also the mature and scholarly opinion of able critics. This method of treatment secures broad and practical results, and especially helpful they have been to the younger men of the State. The following partial list of themes and speakers gives an idea of the scope and trend of the recent meeting: "Harmony of the Work of Evangelist and Pastor" was ably discussed by the Rev. B. B. Sanders, of Austin; "The Bible in the Light of Modern Research," by the Rev. F. N. Calvin, of Waco, was much enjoyed, though perhaps not of equal acceptance to all. "The Gospel in the Cities," by Dr. J. W. Lowber; "The Gospel in the Country," by the Rev. C. McPherson; "An Educated Ministry," by Professor Comparethe; and a large symposium on "The Working Church," seven phases of which were presented by as many specialists in as many departments of work, all elicited close attention and deep interest. One of the most enjoyable features of the lectureship was the Normal Bible Lecture given each morning by experts in that line of work. The general supervision of the sessions by the venerable Charles Carlton, President of Carlton Female College, did much toward making the social features of the lectureship a success. We see no reason why the ministers of the several denominations of other States

might not profitably maintain a lectureship similar to this one in Texas.

A Down-Town Church

The Metropolitan Temple of New York City has just issued its annual report. During the year 284,925 people have attended its services, being an average of 5,450 per week. Dr. Cadman has received into church fellowship 340 members, and the educational and literary sides of this phenomenal growth have been cared for by numerous circles, class-meetings, sewing-schools, choirs, etc. The broader evangelical school finds expositions in the preaching, while the charge that this does not secure adequate spiritual results is not sustained by the facts of this particular case. The concerts are given weekly, also the lectures. Both are free to the people. During the year Dr. Abbott, Dr. Joseph Agar Beet, the Rev. W. L. Watkinson, Dr. Buckley, Bishops Warren, Newman, and Andrews, have preached in the Temple, and the Sunday evening audiences in this down-town church overcrowd the building, numbering from 1,500 to 1,800 people.

Is This a New Denomination?

A church is to be erected in North Adams, Mass., to be known as The Church of Glad Tidings. Its distinctive article of faith will be what is known as Conditional Immortality, or life in Christ alone. It will be open to pastors of various denominations, but the teaching will not all be according to accepted orthodoxy. When the divergence is so slight, is another denomination necessary? This will be the one hundred and fifty-seventh, or thereabouts, in this country.

Correspondence

"Divine Healing"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I think you hardly meet the case in your reply to "C. R." in your issue of December 5. "C. R." asks: 1. Do you consider that there is any Scriptural foundation for the belief in divine healing? You answer, For a belief, yes; see Psalm ciii., 3. You might have quoted a very large body of Scripture which, it seems to me, is a warrant for that belief. See Isaiah liiii., 4; the Hebrew is "He bore our sicknesses." See also Matthew's understanding of this text (Matthew viii., 17). See also the name by which God revealed himself (Exodus xv., 26), "I am Jehovah Rapha," *i.e.*, Jehovah your repairer, healer, etc. See also Job xxxiii., 19-30 inclusive; Deuteronomy vii., 15; 2 Chronicles xxx., 20; Psalm xxx., 2, 3, and many others in the Old Testament. In the New Testament a very notable proof is found in a right translation and interpretation of Acts iv., 7-12. See the account of the healing of the lame man at the gate of the temple. Peter and John were examined by the Council, inquiring, "In what power or in what name did ye do this?" Notice, the only question being considered is, By what means was this cure effected? There is no ambiguity about the question, and the answer is equally clear: "Rulers of the people and elders of Israel, if we be inquired of as to the good deed done to the ailing man (as to how he has been healed), be it known unto you that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth . . . doth this man stand

here before you whole," and there is not salvation (Greek *soteria*, *i. e.*, healing, soundness, health) in any other, for there is none other name given under heaven or among men whereby we must be saved, *i. e.*, healed, Greek *sodzo*.

There is no question as to the salvation of the soul; that was not the subject of inquiry, neither is it in the text. Peter so understood it and answered accordingly. As to James v., 15, the statement is not that the anointing shall heal the sick, but that "The prayer of faith shall save" (Greek *sodzo*), *i. e.*, heal the sick. For the use of the Greek *sodzo* see Mark v., 23; Luke viii., 36; Acts xiv., 9, and xxvii., 34, where it is rendered healed or made whole physically. But the text demands that the prayer shall be energized and inwrought by the divine energy. To me the plain teaching of the Bible seems to be that divine healing is a legitimate part of the inheritance of those who are obedient to God in all things and who believe for it, but it is nowhere promised to the disobedient or the unbelieving.

2. As to Mark xvi., 9-20, being a later addition, that would greatly strengthen the claim of those who believe in divine healing, because of the direct testimony of verse 20 to the belief and the experience.

You say of this passage, to wit, verse 18, "If it be a valid argument, it is a guarantee against the effect of an overdose of morphine." Which is true, but only to "those who are believing these things"—see Young's translation. This promise belongs only

to those who believe these things, and it is no guarantee against presumption.

As to Matthew xvii., 20, you say nothing, and yet it is a plain statement, and requires for its proof only the *condition of faith* on the part of the believer. The trouble is we do not believe God and appropriate what he gives. Consequently we do not realize the promised results of faith.

Again, you say as to the other texts the promise to faith is always conditional, expressly or implied on the use of means. Clearly this is not so understood by those who accept them as inculcating faith for divine healing.

As to the claim of freedom from bodily ills being too sweeping, if the above conclusions be correct, then those who believe have a right to claim deliverance from sickness, but only unwise persons would think that the body should not grow old, or die. The last enemy (Death) has not yet been destroyed. As to paralysis and cancer, they are in these days often cured in answer to "the prayer of faith," as is proven by a constantly increasing volume of unimpeachable testimony.

3. Is there ground in John xiv., 12, for the claim that we should effect cures by the methods which Christ employed, namely, by prayer and the laying on of hands? You answer "may," not "should." "Many cases are amenable to such treatment, provided they have the same faith in it which the subjects of Jesus' treatment had." Quite right, and there is no promise to any other faith. And this will include all lepers, etc., who have the same faith.

In your reference to Hebrews ii., 9, it seems to me that text will not bear your construction. The question is not death, but "divine healing" of the man when sick.

As you say, and that wisely, controversy should be avoided; it is unprofitable, and seldom productive of good. The Christian should bear testimony to the facts of experience.

As to Christian Science, it seems to me that that system should not be named "Christian;" but, as I understand C. R., his inquiries do not relate to Christian Science, but to divine healing pure and simple, which I believe to be an eminently Scriptural belief, and verified in experience. And I believe the supreme value and interest in Christianity consists in the fact that it stands for a complete regeneration of the man in spirit, soul, and body—socially, politically, and religiously.

D. J. S.

[We agree with you that "Christianity stands for a complete regeneration of the man in spirit, soul, and body." But there can be no common ground for argument upon the subject with one who denies, as we understand you to do, that the Scriptural promise to faith is "always conditioned expressly or impliedly on the use of means" for the securing of the thing prayed for. Such denial we regard as a serious and mischievous error. We are exhorted to work out our own salvation, because it is God who works in us. To except cases of disease from this rule, which we apply in every other case, finds no warrant that we can discover either in Scripture or in reason.—THE EDITORS.]

The Bible and Small Type

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

One of my parishioners has given me such a good illustration of the ill effect of fine print in Bibles that I send it to you, hoping that it may add

to the force of my appeal to the American Bible Society published in your issue of October 17.

This lady is one of those people who excuse their own failures in duty by cultivating a tender conscience for the sins of other people, and especially of members of the Church.

She attends church occasionally, and is in every way a most correct person as the world goes, but has always rejected all appeals made to her to come out and make a public profession of faith in Christ; although her only son is a professed Christian.

I was making an appeal to her to become one of Christ's flock, both on her son's account and on her own, when, after she had positively refused to do so, I said to her:

"You are quieting your conscience by dwelling on the faults of others; do you read your Bible?"

"No," replied she, "I do not. There was given to me when I was a child a Bible in very small print, and it has been years now since I read it, for I found that it hurt my eyes."

My reply to this was to give her a set of the 24mo edition of the Gospels published by the Bible Society in separate volumes.

The moral of the story is plain.

J. R. T

Bryan, Texas.

[Our correspondent's point is well taken, but we are not so sure about the plainness of the moral. We doubt if so naïve a sinner would read her Bible if it were printed in display pica. We should suggest trying her with the thumb-nail Bible published by the Oxford University Press, which is so small that it can be read only by the aid of the little magnifying-glass which is carried in a little pocket inside the cover. Perhaps Curiosity would accomplish what Conscience apparently cannot.—THE EDITORS.]

Indian Reform

To the Editors of *The Outlook*:

The opinions of Dennis Crowley on the management of the Reservation Indians, in *The Outlook* of November 14, have interested me very much. I cannot speak from an experience of twenty-seven years with Reservation Indians, as Mr. Crowley does, but can most heartily indorse every point he makes, and would like to add a few more. To us who live with the Indians, and who work for their advancement, it often seems as though, in the management of Indians by Government officials, theory were ruling and had even "run to seed," while many practical points had been lost sight of entirely.

1. As to the selection of agents, not only should an agent be both capable and honest, but if he is to be a civilizing and an uplifting force, he should have an ideal to work towards. The man who thinks that, no matter what is done for the Indians, they are, and always will remain, senseless dependents on our paternal Government, is manifestly out of place in the office of Indian agent. Under the leadership of such a man the Indians will not make the progress that they can and will make under a wise leader. For to the Indians the agent and the agent's opinions are supreme. What he thinks, they think. And if he thinks and says they will always remain what they have been, then remain so they *must*. There is no use trying to do differently.

2. If great care should be exercised in the selection of agents, what should be said regarding the

selection of inspectors? If the inspector is "kith and kin" to the dishonest or incompetent agent, how is reform possible? If an inspector finds an agent unfit for office, yet for political reasons "whitewashes" that very agent, and bolsters him up in his iniquity, what are the friends of good government to do? I greatly fear that the rule of the political machine in Indian affairs has ceased more in the imagination of some people than in actual fact.

3. In some cases greater care should be exercised in distributing Government supplies. The giving of wagons, harness, plows, and seed should be done *judiciously*, with a view to stimulate self-help, not so as to take the place of it. A system which squanders Government money by giving to Indians constantly and unwisely is no system at all. It pauperizes, instead of teaching thrift and economy, and is a lasting detriment to the cause. Too often such promiscuous giving of Government supplies is used by unworthy agents to curry favor with the Indians to get them to sign petitions asking the Government to retain in office these agents, who thus use their office only for their own selfish ends. Such men care not how much they ruin the Indians, their only ambition being that they may be allowed to continue "feeding at the public crib."

4. In some quarters a brighter day will dawn for the Indian when his true standing before the law is better defined. For the last decade or more much has been said and written about securing for "poor Lo" his just rights, and the sentiment now prevailing is, "Let the Indian have a white man's chance." Nothing could be more just than this. But let not the sentimental obscure the practical side to all this! When an Indian becomes a transgressor—what then? The white man under such circumstances is amenable to the law. To what law shall the Indian be held amenable? The State court and its officials are near at hand, but they hesitate to interfere, because the Indian is a ward of the Government. Cases of murder are, indeed, tried by the Federal courts, but the many cases of lesser importance too often go unpunished, either because the great dignity of the Federal court forbids its stooping to attend to them, or because to the judge of the Indian court, if such court has any existence whatever, nothing is known of law, justice, or equity, and caprice or favoritism rules. If the Indian is to become a good citizen, he should be taught to know what the law is, and he ought to be made to obey it.

5. The Government, through the agent, ought to deal with a firm hand with such questions as marriage amongst the Indians, the power of the heathenish "medicine-man," and the demoralizing "ghost-dances." No doubt there are tribes who are not far enough advanced to be ready for reforms along these lines. But there are tribes who are ready, and in their cases the apathy of Government on these points becomes the silly doting of the rich uncle who clothes and feeds his erring nephew, while the erring nephew continues unrebuked in his erring way.

X. V. Z.

Uniform Rates

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Your kindly notice of my monograph, "A General Freight and Passenger Post," in The Outlook, failed to call attention to the fundamental principle on which I base all of my conclusions.

The Penny Post scheme of Sir Rowland Hill was founded on the principle that any rate that would pay the cost of the transportation of a piece of postal matter for the shortest distance in a postal system would pay the cost of the service for the average post, and was, therefore, the cost of service rate which should be adopted as the uniform standard rate for all distances within the postal system.

Relying upon the adoption of this principle as certain to produce the best results both for the Government and for the people, Mr. Hill proposed at one sweep to reduce the average charge of the inland postage of England from about twenty cents a sheet to two cents, and to make the rate from Land's End to John O'Groat's the same as that then charged from London to the nearest village. He offered this scheme to the English people in the spring of 1837; in January, 1840, it was English law and in course of application.

Now, it is in the application of this cost of the service principle to railway tariffs that I seek for the solution of the railway problem; and I hope for it, when applied under the control of the post-office, the same wonderful results in general transportation that have come from its adoption in our ordinary postal business.

I am enthusiastic enough to hope that when the twentieth century opens, my scheme, or something similar to it, may be American law and in course of application throughout the whole railroad system of North America.

The cost of the service principle may, however, be applied by any State legislature, at any session, to all the stations subject to its jurisdiction within any railroad system, and with beneficial results to be measured only by the extent of its application.

If it had been adopted by the last New York Legislature, it would have saved to the people the nine million dollars to be expended on the Erie Canal, while it would, at the same time, have given to the railroads an ample return for their services, and would have secured to every railroad station in the State the lowest possible uniform rates for every day in the year; and these rates, these transportation taxes, would have been subject to change only at the will of the representatives of the people convened in their General Assembly.

My position that railway rates should be uniform for all distances is indorsed by the highest authority. The Inter-State Commerce Commission said, in 1888, that the system of a uniform milk rate then prevailing for all distances within 220 miles of New York was the best possible system that could be devised for the good of all interested in the traffic. This zone of a uniform milk rate now covers distances up to 330 miles, and George R. Blanchard, of the Joint Traffic Association, says that there is no good reason why it should not be extended up to one thousand miles. The counsel of the Delaware and Lackawanna Railroad says that the only limit to the uniform rate should be the distance within which the milk can be brought to the New York market in fit condition for use, and for this reason the cost is practically the same, whatever be the length of the haul. But transportation taxes should not only be uniform for all distances; they should be determined by the cost of the service; and the Hon. Joseph H. Choate has shown that the present milk rate to New York is about three times the cost of the service.

Between all great competing points, distance has

long ceased to be a factor in the determination of rates, and there is a steady tendency toward the application of the cost of the service principle in this traffic. My scheme makes this rapidly growing railway custom, in through business, a common law in all railway traffic, and provides that this law shall be enforced by the Government.

The evil in our mileage system of rates is this: Distance measures very accurately the cost of transportation by human burden-bearer, or by ox team dispatched on a special errand. The railway manager using ton miles and passenger miles in his local traffic is thus enabled to so gauge his rates that a man cannot quite afford to walk or to hitch up his cattle. A more effectual system for keeping the districts through which the railroads pass in their original human burden-bearer and ox-team condition could hardly be devised. It would be very difficult to invent a system by which one man, the manager of a railway system, could more easily convert the property of the people along his lines to his own private use or to that of the stockholders in his private corporation.

It is this "terrible" power of the railway manager, now rapidly concentrating itself in the hands of the controlling spirit of the Joint Traffic Association of New York, that threatens both our civil and industrial liberties. The object of my book is to point out a method to save the State and to restore our general prosperity.

JAMES L. COWLES.

New Haven, Conn.

Indolent Activity

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am sure if my brethren in your office find it difficult to read this article because the hand of an old man trembles, they will kindly decipher it as best they can, and print it if they deem it worthy. I have been for years out of the pastorate, and have received most loving and tender treatment from my brethren still busy and tireless in this great service. I have wondered whether some observations and thoughts from one in this retirement might not be helpful to my beloved brethren. If these suggestions seem meddlesome, will you not, my brethren, kindly forgive, remembering the solicitude and loving anxiety natural to one no longer engaged in the active duties of ministerial life, although loving them most fondly?

Sometimes there is a busyness which does not seem to accomplish much. I have thought that perhaps some of our most active ministers did not always accomplish very satisfactory results, at least not to that degree which might be expected. Why is it? I have asked myself. A possible explanation has come to me in some quiet hours, which I give here.

A well-known principle of physics is familiar to all. Other things being equal, a force always takes the direction of the least resistance. The mountain streams that run down from the hills of New England on their way to the ocean make strange figures in the flat meadowlands at the edge of the sea. Almost all the letters in the alphabet are printed in the green of the salt-water marshes. The force of the stream has cut the way for the water where there is the least resistance.

I have wondered whether my dear brethren of the ministry were not acting a little too generally upon this principle of nature. May I illustrate? The ministers of any generation may be roughly divided into two classes:

First, those who enjoy the active duties of the pastorate.

Second, those who enjoy the quiet duties of the study.

The first are pastors pre-eminently; the second, preachers. No doubt the tendency is planted by nature in the disposition of any given minister toward one of these courses. But following this tendency involves a possible and serious mistake. For instance, here is a pastor who loves to be among his people. He rushes out in the morning to visit in the homes of his parishioners. Many calls are needed, and he seems to be very active and earnest. Dropping into an office or store, a chat with a lawyer or merchant may win the man to church attendance or pave the way for spiritual conversation. The poor are to be visited, and the sick gently administered to. The active minister feels that he is accomplishing a good day's work and worthy of the "well done" when the evening comes. But is this true? Has not his life force taken the direction of the least resistance, whether it is the right direction or not? He has been active, but has he been wisely active? Supposing the lawyer or merchant won by his pleasant call dropped into the church on the following Sabbath and heard only a rambling, disconnected, indifferent talk. Has the minister gained anything by his call? Would he not have spent his time much more usefully, at least through the morning hours, by hard, earnest, devout study in his library? His temptation is to neglect the studious side of his life and work. A greater danger is, however, that he will satisfy himself with the idea that he is nobly meeting the demands of the parish by rushing about here and there when he ought to be in close confinement over books and paper. He is active, but indolently active. He does the thing which he likes to do best, and neglects the thing which he needs to do. I have seen men of great natural ability who have almost wasted their lives by yielding to the temptation of taking the direction of the least resistance.

But the dear brethren who constitute the second class are liable to a similar temptation. These find it easy to study. The library woos them and holds them. Not the morning only but the whole day is delightfully spent in careful and profound study or thoughtful composition. There are outside parish duties to be done, but these are irksome, and my studious friend urges to his conscience that he is too sensitive, and his time too valuable, to spend himself or it in listening to a recital of the rheumatic pains of the old ladies, the garrulous chatter of the old men, or profitless talk with lawyers or merchants. But is not this the same mistaken tendency, and must it not prove equally disastrous? To do the thing because it is easy to do, and inviting, is indolent activity whether on the library or on the street. The life is taking the direction of the least resistance, and not the direction of the largest usefulness, in such a case. Now, my brethren, I have thought so much of this danger, and have seen some of the most honored brethren little by little lose their hold upon the work which they loved and the influence which they desired, that I have presumed to write these words. Few men, educated and trained, are willing to be absolutely idle. No Christian can be. Quite a considerable number, however, are content with an activity in the direction in which they most desire to be active,

I have feared sometimes that the excessive use of electives in our institutions of learning tended to develop vacillating qualities in the young men. It is doubtless well that a young man should determine the larger course of his life, what he will be, what line of study he will pursue. What the world needs, however, is men who can hold themselves rigorously to lines of work that are not inviting. This is the final test of success. To render work inviting to the young is important. But those of us who have passed through many years of active labor know that there are many duties to be done because they are duties, and not because they are particularly pleasant or inviting. The sterling manhood of New England has been developed because the very fight for existence involved the surmounting of insurmountable obstacles. Not this alone, for a high and noble ideal was always present, and it was this which inspired a noble race to this heroic conflict. The man who does the easy thing because it is easy will some time find that his fellow-men do not even trust him with the easy duties of life. Perhaps there is no self-deception more insinuating than that a busy life is necessarily a useful life. Not sheer downright idleness, but indolent activity, is the rock on which not a few ministerial barks go down.

SENEX.

Notes and Queries

In your answer to my inquiry in regard to the story of Jonah and the whale you say—"There is grave doubt whether Christ did make any reference to Jonah as 'in the whale's belly.'" But Matthew says that in answer to certain of the scribes and Pharisees Christ "said unto them"—thus giving as Christ's own statement that which follows in verses 39, 40, and 41 (ch. xii.). Do you think that Matthew or a "late transcriber" would quote Christ as saying that which he never uttered? If Christ did not say on this occasion that which Matthew quotes him as saying, how are we to know that he did say that which Matthew quotes him as saying in the sermon on the Mount of Olives?

E. A. C.

The grounds of our belief in any case lie in the evidence given us. This evidence is supplied in part by a comparison of parallel accounts, and in part by the general character of Jesus' teaching and example. Our opinion that verse 40 in Matthew xii. is not from Matthew, but a later hand, is based on the account in Luke (xi., 29-33), which not only omits reference to the "whale," but expressly says that Jonah "became a sign to the Ninevites." The "sign of Jonah," then, was in his preaching at Nineveh, not in previous occurrences, of which the Ninevites were ignorant. Verse 40 in Matthew xii. makes the "sign" to have been very different—his experience with the sea-monster. As we have to choose between these two versions, we choose that of Luke as being from first to last the more self-consistent. We then account for the divergent version in Matthew as having arisen from a reader or preacher, who jotted down his comment in the margin, which afterwards got copied into the text, where it stands as verse 40.

I am much pleased with a statement you make (December 5) in reply to "A Diligent Reader." Now "if the two sacraments symbolically represent the fundamental truths of the Gospel," is it not then best to practice those sacraments in the forms given and practiced in the N. T.? Are we, for instance, wise to practice the degenerated form of baptism, *i. e.*, infant sprinkling, in preference to the burial of Romans vi., 4, 5?

J. M. S.

As our correspondent, in a subjoined note, explicitly disclaims any desire to enter into a discus-

sion, we will explain that, in our view, the symbolic import of baptism is in the water itself, not in its quantity or mode of use. Granting that immersion was the usual mode in Palestine, it appears from "The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," a document of the second century, emanating from Palestine, that baptism was already practiced otherwise; that is, the mode was varied as circumstances dictated. Such liberty does not seem to have been "degenerate" then, or to be so now. Whether the transfer of baptism from a rite signifying confession of faith in Christ and admission to his Church on such confession, into a right signifying consecration of a child by the parent, is legitimate is another question. That such a change in the significance of the rite has taken place we do not doubt.

Sometime perhaps you will print (or send me) a list of books on the following lines: 1. Devotional and spiritual, for use in one's own quiet hour to cultivate the spiritual life of communion with God. 2. The Holy Spirit. 3. Books helpful in personal Christian work for others.

D. S.

1. "Between the Lights," by Fanny B. Bates (Randolph, New York); "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," by Mary W. Tileston (Roberts Brothers, Boston); "Good Cheer for a Year," Selections from Phillips Brooks, and "Royal Helps for Loyal Living," by Martha W. Richardson (Thomas Whittaker, New York); "Moments on the Mount," and "Words by the Wayside," by Dr. George Matheson (imported by the same); "The Building of Character," by Dr. J. R. Miller (Crowell & Co., New York); "The Still Hour," by the late Professor Phelps, of Andover (Scribners can supply it); A' Kempis's "Imitation of Christ." 2. Included in the foregoing. 3. Dr. Cuyler's "How to be a Pastor" (Baker & Taylor Company, New York); Dr. Spencer's "Pastor's Sketches," Stall's "Methods of Church Work," Canon Barnett's "Practicable Socialism" (Funk & Wagnalls can supply).

Recently I heard a pastor in Chicago make this statement: that several years ago, when in Massachusetts, there was considerable agitation in regard to the doctrine of the "larger hope," at that time he predicted that in twenty-five years the question would be at rest; that although not that number of years had passed, yet the idea had been so generally abandoned that it is scarcely ever mentioned now. Quite the contrary was a statement made by another—that so many had accepted the idea of the "larger hope" that there was less occasion for discussion now. Which statement is the more correct?

R. G.

For this part of the country, at least, the latter statement seems nearer truth than the former. One indication of its truth appears in the proceedings connected with the installation especially of Congregational pastors. The insistence, so general twenty years ago, upon their holding to the doctrine of an endless punishment seems for the most part to have disappeared. The "Congregationalist" of December 17, speaking for the Congregational churches, says they "do not affirm that there is an eternity of conscious suffering for sinners unchanged and unforgiven." Instead of this, while strenuously affirming a future retribution, there is a disposition to affirm nothing more, but to leave to God what has not been revealed.

1. It is stated here that Abraham Lincoln was led to issue the proclamation of liberty for the slaves through an interview held with a Spiritualistic medium. Can you give any information on the matter? 2. What was the result of Joseph Cook's investigations into Spiritualism? 3. What was the Seybert Commission and the nature of its report? 4. Are Mr. Stead and the Hon. Arthur

Balfour Spiritualists? 5. Is 2 Cor. xii, 1-4, a legitimate instance of Spiritualism? J. W. P.

1. No; we utterly disbelieve it. 2. Mr. Cook simply reported the conclusions of Professor Zöllner, of Leipzig, and criticisms upon them. The "result" was, in Mr. Cook's view, that Zöllner's physical facts required further investigation. As to inferences from these facts, Zöllner held that there was more evidence for the agency of evil spirits than of good. 3. It was a scientific commission (in Philadelphia, we think) to report upon certain claims of Spiritualists. The report was thoroughly unfavorable, so far as we remember, and was bitterly resented on that account. 4. Mr. Balfour is not; as to Mr. Stead we do not know. 5. No; it refers to ecstasy. Spiritualism, or, as we prefer to say, spiritism, always has reference to commerce with the spirits of the dead.

Be so kind as to name a thorough but compact work (not too expensive), such as will give me: 1. A good knowledge of secular history to serve as a background for a better understanding of the development of the Christian Church. 2. A knowledge of ancient and mediæval history, such as will throw light on the genesis and growth of the civilization of to-day, *i.e.*, a work on general history, written from the standpoint of evolution. Is Fisher's "Outlines of Universal History" such a work? 3. Is Fisher's "Brief History of the Nations" noticed in Book Number of The Outlook practically an abbreviated form of his Outlines? O. H. C.

1. Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church," Vol. III., Schürer's "History of the Jewish People in the Time of Christ," and Uhlhorn's "Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism" will probably serve your purpose well. 2. Fisher's "Outlines," etc., is such a work, not that it is exactly "written from the standpoint of evolution," but recognizes the law of a developing design in history. 3. Practically so, but with the recasting of a considerable part of it.

Kindly answer the following questions: 1. Which are the best histories of the United States? 2. Which book (or books) of Herbert Spencer's deals with evolution? 3. Do you know of any interpretation of George Macdonald's "Golden Key" or "Lilith"? 4. Is there any English translation of Max Chop's (I believe that is the name) "Vademecum für Wagnerfreunde"? If not, is there any English book on Wagner's operas which also gives and explains the different *motifs*? 5. What are the respective literary merits of Simrock's, Schroeter's, and Freytag's treatment of the "Nibelungenlied"? Why is Simrock's generally considered the best? M. L. C.

1. Fiske's, Bancroft's, Schouler's, Rhodes's. 2. All of them. But see especially his "Principles of Biology." 3. No. 4. Finck's "Richard Wagner and His Works;" Krehbiel's "Studies in the Wagnerian Drama;" the "Bibliography of Wagner's Leit-Motives and Preludes." 5. We cannot enter into a discussion of the relative merits of these translations. We believe that scholars do in fact consider Simrock's the best.

We know the Catholic Church, the Presbyterian Church, etc., but please tell your readers what is the "Church of God in general." Is it a new division of Christendom, as is the Reformed Episcopal Church? and who made its constitution and canons, and where can we find them, in accordance with which the Rev. Samuel Fallows and others ordained Mr. Ballington Booth? E. S.

The churches for which we have "denominations" are particular churches. The Church universal includes all these and all sincere seekers after God, for Christianity is broader than any of the *isms* which are covered by the Christian name. Its "constitutions and canons" are stated by Jesus Christ as the Two Great Commandments (Matthew xxii., 36-40). As we understand it, Mr. Booth was ordained as a minister of this Church universal,

which ought to have its ministers as much as any particular churches.

1. What is the name of the service-book used in the Scottish Kirk? Where can it be obtained? 2. Do you know of any books of a similar nature which have been successfully used in evangelical churches? Where can they be obtained? N. D.

1. "Εὐχολόγιον [Euchologion]. A Book of Common Order, being Forms of Worship Issued by the Church Service Society" (W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh. Imported by any bookseller). 2. "The Scriptural Service Book" (Ferguson Brothers, Philadelphia). "The Church Service Book," by Dr. E. Hungerford (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston). "The Congregationalist," a series of Church Services, issued semi-monthly, each issue a complete service (The Congregationalist, Boston).

Kindly give your ideas in regard to the washing of the disciples' feet, as described by St. John, ch. xiii.—whether a direct command was given, and a perpetual ceremony made binding on all who profess to be true followers of Jesus; whether it was only a strong way of saying, As I am willing to do the humblest things, so ought you also to be humble? AN EARNEST READER.

See Luke xxii., 26, 27, where Jesus inculcates the principle in which he had just given an object-lesson by the foot-washing. As Jesus had girded himself for this with a towel, so Peter (1, v., 5) exhorts the brethren to gird themselves with humility. One who regards the foot-washing as a permanent institution must in consistency not have more than one coat, because this was a special injunction of Jesus. (See Luke ix., 3.)

1. What do you consider the best series of lesson helps for Sunday-school scholars? (I do not refer to teachers' helps, such as "Peloubet's Notes" or the "Sunday-School Times.") 2. Is there any book which tabulates quotations from the Bible, and gives abstracts of its histories, etc., serviceable for public speakers who lack time to hunt out these for themselves? E. C. S.

1. This is a question to which we do not think that a general answer can be helpfully given; it depends so much on varying conditions, as, the religious denomination, the character and grade of the pupils, the capacity of the teacher, and finally the subject-matter, which changes every year. 2. We do not know of any such.

Kindly mention a list of books that would be helpful in preparing a series of sermons on (1) The Lord's Prayer, (2) The Life and Times of the Apostle Peter.

A BEGINNER.

1. See the volumes written by Canon Farrar, Dr. Gladden, Dr. G. D. Boardman, and the Rev. H. W. Foote. 2. See Farrar's "Early Days of Christianity," Renan's "History of the Origins of Christianity," Vol. II., "The Apostles," Macduff's "Footsteps of St. Peter," and Dr. W. M. Taylor's "Peter the Apostle."

Where can I find the effusion of Sam Johnson in which he said:

"Never since I went to school
I heard nor saw so — a fool
As William Wordsworth is for once."

Also that of Wordsworth to which it was a reply?

T. A. W.

Johnson died when Wordsworth was nineteen years old. The lines were written, we believe, by Byron in parody of a familiar passage in "Peter Bell."

"C. P.," sends us from California a synopsis of an article in a Jewish periodical asking as to the truth

of its allegation that the account of the trial and execution of Jesus is unhistorical, because contradictory to the established procedure in criminal cases according to Jewish law; *e. g.*, crucifixion not being a Jewish mode of punishment. This is quite beside the mark. We do not hold that Jesus was tied and executed according to Jewish law. The Gospels themselves show that the Jewish part of the proceedings was simply a preliminary hearing to justify the design of making Roman law and Roman power instrumental for his death. See the accounts in Luke and John, especially Luke xxiii., 1-6.

The Outlook asked week before last for some excellent book on Quakerism. I have a most excellent work entitled "Observations on the Commencement and Progress of the Work of Vital Religion in the soul," by Samuel Rundell. (Wm. H. Pile's Sons, printers, 422 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, 1895.)

If "C. L. C." who asks for an old song commencing, "When the hollow drum beats to bed," will address "R. C." Box 1,033, New London, Conn., I will furnish a copy as I find it in "The American Song Book," published in 1815, New York and Boston.

Bits of Fun

No invention, we think, ever caused quite as much talk as the telephone.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Friend—I see that the papers are complaining of overcrowding on the cars of your line. Street Railway Director—Yes, business has been fairly good of late.—*Brooklyn Life*.

Author—You have no idea how many stamps I use up mailing my manuscripts. Critic—Very likely. I think there ought to be round-trip tickets for manuscripts at reduced rates.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Professor—Say, Anna, couldn't we just as well postpone our silver wedding and celebrate it at the same time as the golden wedding? I don't like to be interrupted in my work so often.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Like Other Medicine.—Penelope—I hear you are engaged to Miss Dingbatts at last. Reginald—Yes; she refused six times, but I persevered. Penelope—Then you were well shaken before taken.—*Harlem Life*.

Unanswerable.—Little Clarence (his 'steenth question)—Pa? Mr. Callipers—Well, my son? Little Clarence—Pa, how did the man who named the first parcheesi board know it was a parcheesi board?—*Truth*.

When the Queen visited Dundee in 1844 the Town Council provided a piece of red cloth for her Majesty to walk upon in passing from the steamer to the royal carriage. At a subsequent meeting a discussion arose as to what should be done with the cloth, when a learned Councilor proposed to preserve it "as a *memento mori* of the royal visit."—*Scottish American*.

The Spanish general was seated at a desk, a blue pencil behind his ear and a pair of scissors in his ready right hand. "There is a newspaper man outside who desires to speak with you," said the subordinate officer. "Ask him what he wants." "He desires to inquire whether there are any proofs of the victory you have been winning." "Proofs? Of course there are. Tell him I am just reading them."—*Washington Star*.

"William, dear," exclaimed a Washington woman, whose husband is prone to oversleep himself, "it's time to get up." The only response was a yawn. "William, dear; you'll have to get up, if you don't want to be late in getting down town." "Yes." She left him a little while, and, coming back, found that he had relapsed into slumber again. Shaking him, she said, "William!" "What is it?" "If you don't get up this minute, you'll be so rushed getting away that you won't have time to find fault with the breakfast."—*Washington Star*.

This is said to be the title of a genuine essay evolved by a boy in a Welsh Board School. "King Henry VIII. was the greatest widower that ever lived," says the boy. "He was born at Anno Domini in the year 1076. He had 510 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again. But she said the word 'Calais' would be found on her heart after her death. The greatest man in his reign was Lord Sir Garret Wolsey. He was sir named the Boy Bachelor. He was born at the age of fifteen unmarried. Henry VIII. was succeeded on the throne by his great-grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary, Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel."—*Exchange*.

George Du Maurier

—The other day Mr. Gerald Du Maurier discoursed thus to a New York "Tribune" reporter:

"Father never thought that 'Trilby' would be a success as a play when he was first told that it was going to be dramatized. However, he said he didn't care what was done with it, so long as he was not obliged to see it. He always hated the theater, anyway, and never went unless he had to, for the sake of some one else. But he rather changed his mind later about 'Trilby.' That is, he thought it was awfully clever to be able to make a play out of it at all, and was quite pleased at the way in which several of the scenes were reproduced. He went to the dress rehearsal, and several times after that.

"As for the book 'Trilby,' my father grew very tired of the furor which that created. Everything in the shops was 'Trilby' for a time—gloves, boots, shoe-laces—it was ridiculous, and the very name grew wearisome to him. Personally, I like 'Peter Ibbetson' much better than 'Trilby,' and I think father also thought it was the better book of the two. He was very much interested in the new book 'The Martian,' and preferred it to either of the others.

"After his books became so popular he was quite overwhelmed with letters from all parts of the world. A good many came from admiring women, especially American women, and some of them were vastly amusing. I have no doubt many of them thought he was a young man. Well, reflectively, he used to let his grandchildren answer most of those. I fancy the writers were rather disappointed. Then there were numbers of letters relating to the dream part of 'Peter Ibbetson.' My father didn't believe in any of that, of course, though he wrote it perhaps as if he did. But so many people took it absolutely seriously. I don't know how many inquiries he had about it. 'I have tried sleeping on my back,' one would write, 'with my feet crossed, as you describe, and my hands clasped under my head, but I can't succeed in "dreaming true." Such complaints used to amuse him very much. He seemed to consider hypnotism an interesting subject, though he never investigated it particularly nor believed much in it."

"Most of the personal characteristics of Peter Ibbetson were actually those of your father, were they not, Mr. Du Maurier?"

"Yes; he put himself into all his books; perhaps more directly into that than the others. The dislike of cruelty to dumb animals which he mentions in several places was a characteristic of his. He never would shoot or hunt in any way when he was a young man. He didn't mind boxing, or any sort of reasonable encounter between men, but the idea of hurting helpless creatures, lower in the scale, was very repulsive to him."

For the Little People

A Child's Fancy

By A. R. L.

Why, Moon, it strikes me you're looking quite thin ;
You were fat when I saw you before.

Pray what have you done, and where have you
been?

You had better not go any more.

Perhaps you are sick, and have eaten some stuff
Which did not exactly agree ;
Just go to my doctor, and tell him your case—
I assure you he always helps me.

But, please, dear old Moon, don't get any worse ;
When you come again morrow-day night,
I hope you'll not look so peaked and thin,
For I like you fat, jolly, and bright.

Silvercap, King of the Frost Fairies

By Alice J. Patterson

Silvercap lived far up among the white, fleecy clouds of the North. All his life he had played and studied with his brothers and sisters and cousins in the fairkingdom of his father. But now he was almost grown, and he began to look with disdain upon childish sports and occupations, and to long for something greater to do. He was much rejoiced, therefore, to receive, one day, a message from his father commanding him to come at once to the Council Chamber of the palace to hear the discussion of plans for an expedition to the Earthland, and to receive orders to assist in the onslaught.

Silvercap did not waste a moment, but rushed into the palace, where he found his father, King Winter, seated upon a magnificent throne of crystals, and surrounded by his attendants. The king, as soon as Silvercap had taken his place, arose and thus addressed the assembly :

"I have called you together, my dear subjects, because my son, the West Wind, has just returned from a flying trip to the Earth. He informs me that Prince Autumn, with his followers, is lingering longer than usual this year, and is loth to leave, even though he knows it is time for my reign to begin. We must, therefore, hasten down and strike him such a blow that he will be glad to depart without further delay.

"North Wind, you must start with your forces at once. Make your first attack upon the trees, and scatter their leaves in all directions, for there are some of the bold Autumn fairies still at work painting them all sorts of brilliant colors. Then hasten into the gardens and fields, snip off the heads of the asters, the goldenrod, and the other flowers that you may find. But you understand your work : see that you do it well.

"Prince Snow, set your forces at work to-day, to fill all your bags with flakes from the mountains. Have them ready to-night, so that you may fly down early in the morning, and begin scattering the crystals before the sun has a chance to peep at the ruins left by North Wind."

When King Winter had given orders to West Wind, and Prince Ice, and others, he turned to Silvercap.

"My son," he said, "I have decided to intrust to you the band of Frost Fairies. They have remained in idleness long enough. It is high time they were beginning to serve me. Just what they can do I am not prepared to say. You may form your own plans ; but whatever you do, never forget that you are a prince, the son of King Winter."

Silvercap made a very low obeisance to the king, and left the Council Chamber. All the rest of the day he spent in deep thought. At length, after a sleepless night, he called the Frost Fairies together and said :

"My father has appointed me to lead you forth to Earthland to aid in maintaining his rule there. North Wind has just returned telling of the wonders he has wrought. He has wrenched the beautifully painted leaves from the trees, he has killed the flowers, he has driven all the birds away. This makes me very unhappy, for I am sure the Earth children must be mourning and weeping for their flowers and leaves and birds. Let us, then, dear fairies, gather together myriads of the feathery leaves of our trees, and our dainty crystal blossoms, and hasten to the Earth to deck their trees and plants. Let us also fill our chariots with our waste building material ; perhaps we may find some place on which to build fairy castles for the children, and thus make them happy once more."

The fairies were delighted, and set up a great shout for Silvercap, for he had always been their favorite. All day they worked busily, filling their chariots, and when the twilight began to gather, with happy hearts they started on their expedition to Earthland. They flew to the trees, and decked every bough and twig with the most exquisite lacy leaves. They covered every plant in the gardens, even the weeds and grasses, with their wonderful feathery blossoms.

"I don't believe their own leaves and blossoms could look more beautiful," whispered Silvercap, as the last twig was finished.

"Now for the castles ; where shall we erect them ?" asked the chief builder.

"On the windows of the rooms where the children are sleeping," answered Silvercap.

So into the rooms, through chinks and crevices, the tiny fairies crept. Silently they began to build, not only grand castles with towers of all shapes and sizes, but the surrounding landscape as well, with its high hills covered with silvery trees and rushing waterfalls, its sloping valleys and bounding streams, its fields filled with rare blossoms, flocks of flying birds, and hundreds of tiny insects.

The last chariot was emptied just as the sun began to unfold great streamers of red and gold in the eastern sky.

"Into your chariots, brave fairies ! We must begone !" cried their leader. And away they flew. Silvercap alone waited long enough to hear the merry shout from the Earth children as they arose, exclaiming :

"O the beautiful trees ! O the wonderful silver castles ! O the kind, loving Frost Fairies !"

King Winter was so pleased with the success of this plan that he immediately appointed Silvercap King of Frostland. And every winter since, he and

his fairies come and work night after night to make the world beautiful for the Earth children.

The Squirrels in the Park

By Mary Willis

The squirrels in Central Park are very tame. They will run down a tree-trunk and across the road in front of you, and stop and squint at you, or gaze squarely at you, without a thought of fear. I saw a group of little boys, dirty, ragged little boys, sitting on a bench looking at the beautiful jackknife of one of them. While I was watching them there was a shriek, and one of them jumped into the middle of the path rubbing his leg. Now what do you think had happened? A squirrel running across the lawn had seen this group of boys, and doubtless thought, "Here are some nice young, very young, trees. I'll take a nibble," and he had run over and nibbled the leg of the boy who shrieked. The squirrel was quite as much frightened as the boy. He ran like a flash across the grass and up the trunk of a tree, where he sat on a limb gazing pantingly at the curious transformation of his young trees into the most curious objects, who shook fists and threw stones that never reached him.

It seemed a pity that these boys and squirrels, made for each other's enjoyment, should be enemies. So I explained to the boys what had happened. They were very much interested, and agreed to go with me to the Park entrance and try to find a peanut man, and play marketmen for the squirrel. We found the man, and returned to the squirrel locality with a bag of peanuts. We sat down, some on the bench, and some on the ground. Presently a squirrel appeared; I think the same squirrel. "There he is," screamed all the boys at once. He was not there by the time the sentence was finished, but up the same big tree, looking in the most startled manner at this curious crowd. The boys agreed not to shriek when the squirrel appeared again. But they had to hold their hands over their mouths. The smallest boy was sent with a peace-offering when the squirrel came down. A dozen peanuts were thrown far out on the grass. The squirrel, being very intelligent, seemed to understand, and came at once to investigate. He did look so funny when he sat up and cracked the peanut that the smallest boy rolled over and over on the path in convulsions of smothered laughter. The squirrel finished his lunch, and then sat down to investigate the strange creatures on the other side of the path. He came nearer and nearer. The boy nearest the middle of the path was handed the bag of peanuts. He held one in his fingers until the squirrel took it from him. The smallest boy shouted "Hurrah!" and Mr. Squirrel refused to come back to us. We ate the rest of the peanuts ourselves, but agreed that we would enter into a compact not to be frightened at any of the animals free in the Park, and never to throw a stone while in the Park.

A Queer Member of the Community

A curious story is told of a hen and a cat in one of the Western papers. When the cat was a tiny kitten, the hen stole her nest and determined to raise her family in the carriage-house where this kitten and her family lived. Her owner told his little boy, named Tom, not to permit her to settle on her nest in the carriage-house. Every time he

saw the hen on the nest in the carriage-house, he must drive her off. Again and again Tom drove the hen from her nest, but she would come right back. Tom knew that cats and hens were not supposed to be good friends, so he took one of the little kittens and put it in the hen's nest, believing that she would leave the nest when she found the kitten there. Instead of driving the hen away, kitty's presence seemed to be a new attraction. The hen was charmed with the nice, furry thing, and settled down in the nest with her. She endeavored to make the kitten comfortable and happy. The family gave up the attempt to drive Mrs. Hen out of the carriage-house, and allowed her to carry out her maternal intention as she felt disposed. No chicks came to Mistress Hen, and she adopted the kitten. When the kitten was able to walk, it appeared, with its adopted mother, in the hen-house yard, and was accepted as one of the community, even sleeping on the high beam just above where its mother roosted. The kitten is now a big cat, a large and important member of the poultry community. The rats are greatly surprised, when they visit the community for eggs and young chickens, to find a cat in charge, who has reduced by several scores the number of the rat community who live in the barn.

A Mouse's Night Journey

Here is a funny little story told of a mouse. A bicycle hung in a cellar from the ceiling. Near it was a hanging shelf. How the mouse got on the shelf no one knows, but he did. He must have wondered what that queer object of wires and rings could be. Like some small children, he thought he could easily decide by touching it. He jumped, landing on the inside rim of the wheel, which began at once to revolve. Poor little mouse, how frightened he must have been! He trotted and trotted, but the faster he trotted the faster the wheel went round, and the dear little mouse was always in the same place. The next morning, when one of the family came into the cellar, he was greatly surprised to see the front wheel of the bicycle going round. He caught it in his hand, and the little mouse dropped to the floor, very tired—too tired to run away. He had traveled twenty-eight miles, so the cyclometer said. That little mouse will not be tempted to get into intimate relations with strange objects very soon.

An Industrious Cat

A lady in California has a cat and an olive orchard. She has taught the cat to pick up the olives that fall from the trees, and put them in a basket. The basket is put under a tree, and Bildad—that is the cat's name—is called. He sets to work at once, and acts as if he enjoyed picking up the nuts, which he does with his mouth. When the basket is full, he goes in and pulls his mistress's apron to let her know she must come and get the basket before the nuts are stolen. The second thing that Bildad has been taught to do is to churn. The churn is a small one, and the treadle light. At the side of the churn a small bell is hung. Bildad has learned when the butter is ready by the sound in the churn. When he thinks the butter is ready he stops churning and rings the bell. Bildad seems to enjoy the churning, so perhaps his natural industry is his enjoyment. We know boys who are happiest when working, so why not cats?

The Home Club

Working-Girls' Clubs

The constant increase of the number of working-girls' clubs in this country, and the increase, slow but sure, in the membership in the older clubs, proves the need they meet in the life of working-girls. The first club established in this country is the Thirty-eighth Street Club of New York, of which Miss Grace H. Dodge is the President. For years Miss Dodge has conducted a Tuesday evening series of practical talks, many of which have been published in book form. The talks for this year have just been announced—"Literature," "Our Country and Our City," "Woman and Her Needs," "Home and Character Building," "Music and Pictures," "Finance." These subjects are treated in turn, and followed by discussions in which the members take part. Current events come under the head of "Our City and Country." The many phases of the other subjects are treated on the assigned evening in regular order. For instance, November 17 the subject is "Home and Character Building." The phase that night for treatment and discussion is:

Art of home-making. The kitchen and its influence on the well-being of a home. How can homes be made attractive? Functions of a true home.

December 22—Woman and Her Needs: Relations of single life. Which is the happiest life, married or single? Responsibilities of a single life. Opportunities of usefulness. Cannot old maids be just as happy as married women?

February 23—Home and Character Building (Three P Circle Discussion): Define the broad meaning of love. Define the usual narrow meaning of love. What is true affection? How best show it? Is it selfish to expect attention from a person you love very much?

All the subjects are treated on this plan.

A New Club

The City History Club of New York City is now fully fledged.

The City History Club has for its object the formation of popular classes for the study of the History of the City of New York, in the hope of awakening an interest in its traditions and in the possibilities of its future, such educational work being for the improvement, uplifting, and civic betterment of the community.

It aims to accomplish this through four classes: A normal class of those who are willing to teach others; general classes formed by the members of the normal classes; public lectures in conjunction with the Board of Education; and a series of papers. These will be issued by the Club and called the Half-Moon papers. They are edited and written by the members of the Club. The first of these is now published. The subject is the "Staats House," by Alice Morse Earle. She has succeeded in making a most instructive and interesting paper, a valuable addition to the histories of New York. The editors of the series are Mrs. Almon Goodwin, well known to our readers; Miss Edith Putnam, and Mrs. Boyce. Mrs. Robert Abbe is the President of the Club.

The Pin-Money Sweat-Shop

The question of sweat-shops is one of the most serious questions with which the philanthropists and sociologists have to deal. That many of the burdens laid upon the needlewomen who must earn their own living are due to women who need

not earn their own living—that is, women who work for pin-money—doing the work at prices that they could not possibly do it for if they were self-supporting is well known. At no special department of sewing is this pressure so great as in embroidery. Many women in comparatively good circumstances earn their clothes by following this employment. It has been discovered that babies' shawls, infant blankets, and sacks are embroidered at from \$1.25 to \$6 a dozen. This means solid embroidery on four sides of the blanket, which is about seven-eighths of a yard square. The worker is paid about ten and a half cents a shawl. This work must be kept perfectly clean, a thing which is almost impossible in the tenement-house home. By steady work one woman says that she can make \$4 a week. In Brooklyn one employer of this class of labor lives in a brown-stone house in a neighborhood that suggests ease and comfort, and the women she employs, for the most part, live under the same conditions.

The Burden of the Law

There is not a State in the Union the laws of which do not require remodeling as regards the rights of parents and children. New York has just had a demonstration of the inadequacy of the law. A father and mother separated, having one child. The father took the little girl and evidently devoted himself to her care and entertainment. The mother, who had not fulfilled all the duties of a mother to a child, made the charge against the father that the child was not sent to school. He proved conclusively, when the case came to trial, that he had tried to send the child to school, but that the schools in the neighborhood of his home were so overcrowded that he could not get the child into any of them. The mother acted through the Gerry Society, and her statement was found to be true—the child was not attending school. In order to settle this case, that little girl of eleven years was brought into a police court and was compelled to sit by while her mother made charges against her father, while her father attempted to defend his position. She was old enough to know that an effort was being made to take her away from the home her father had provided for her and put her in an institution. The decision was that the child should be taken from the father and placed under the care of the Gerry Society until a school was found. Those who saw the incident in court said that it was enough to move a stone. The little girl clung to her father's neck until the officers of the law unclasped her hands and bore her fainting away from him. When the mother saw what she had done, her mother-heart reasserted itself and she then tried to undo it. This led to the child's being returned to the father after three days. Now, this happened because the father and mother were poor. There is no privacy for the poor before the law. Surely something should be done to save little children from being made participators in such scenes as this in a police court. A girl eleven years old will remember as long as she lives being made a prominent object before the law, and she bears a scar that nothing will remove. This case should have been

tried—and hundreds like it occur every year—with-out bringing the child into the court-room.

The Difference

Some one writing of the housekeeping in Hungary says:

The mistress of a large household in Hungary has need to be a very capable housewife, for she is cumbered with many cares. You must boil your own soap, mold your own candles, dry your own prunes, prepare your own candied fruits, smoke your own sausages, cure your own hams, bottle your own compotes, make your own vinegar, store your own fruits and vegetables, butter and cheese, for winter use, grind your own maize for culinary purposes, grow your own wine, act as your own butcher and poultryer, laundress and seamstress. The eye of the mistress must be everywhere, even though she invariably has a housekeeper under her. Servants get much smaller wages, work harder, and live less comfortably, but they are very independent, and there is absolutely no standard of personal morality among them. There is always an undercurrent of *galanterie* going on between the men and the maids, ending occasionally in tragedy, though more often in indifference.

The blessings of housekeeping in this country shine out by contrast. Certainly wisdom must be as great a stranger in Hungary as here. There is no doubt that many women make as great a failure in the business of housekeeping as men make in the commercial world. These failures are not recorded in the daily press, but are recorded in the hearts and characters of those who are affected by the failures. There is an ocean of difference between housekeeping and home-making. One is a business, the other is an art. Many women make great successes in the business who fail absolutely in the art. Their houses are perfectly kept. Every department is run with care and exactness. There is never a failure to meet demand; but it is not a home. A home exists for the comfort, happiness, and health of the family. There is no department of housekeeping that is not made to yield to the needs of any member. There is never a crisis of temper if a meal is late, or the convenience of a member demands a change in the hour. A few minutes, yea, even a number of minutes, spent in kindly converse in the morning, the call of a friend, or the sudden desire for an hour's outing never seems to the home-maker a violation of the moral code. Dust does not cause nightmare, nor disorder a display which love and charity agree to call nervousness. Not things but souls are the objects of the home-maker's care. She values peace more than system, happiness more than regularity, content more than work accomplished. Yet with it all her house, when she touches perfection, is the essence of regularity, order, and quiet. It is this that makes home-making an art. And she alone is a home-maker who has a true sense of proportion.

German Housewives Society

We recently referred in these columns to the organization of housekeepers who had arranged for the giving of prizes to servants who had served faithfully given periods of time. The constitution of the German Housewives Society can be obtained by addressing the office, 107 East Fifty-ninth Street, New York. As stated in the constitution, the Society "was organized to guard the interests of the employer as well as the employee." The employers joining the Society pay three dollars initiation fee, and two dollars in advance as dues every six months. The class of servants is limited to cooks, general housework maids, chambermaids, nursery-maids, and nurses. The Society regulates

the wages to be paid. A prize of \$100 is given for ten years' uninterrupted service with a member of the Society; \$45 for five years; \$30 for three years; \$20 for two years. Servants who neglect their duties, or who are obstinate, forfeit the privileges of the Society.

Parents and Teachers

There has been formed recently in New York a League of Parents and Teachers, the purpose of which is for the improvement of the secondary education of girls in New York City. The constitution states: "This League exists to secure the co-operation of parents and teachers in improving the condition of the secondary schools and their relation to the colleges." The meetings are to be held the first Monday in each month. Miss Louise A. Bangs is the President. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, of Columbia College, is Vice-President. Meetings of great interest to educators and parents were held last year. After the year's experiment the projectors have decided to form an organization looking forward to permanency.

The Mother's Letter

A member's letter appeared in these columns in the issue of December 12 that led the editors to believe that the writer had perfect health. She sends this in reply to this editorial comment:

Dear Outlook: I notice in to-day's Outlook you have credited me with "perfect health," and I rise to explain that I have not always had good health, but am blessed with the power of recovering rapidly from sickness, and bearing up under afflictions. I think the secret of living down sorrow and trouble, next to the Divine Help, is *work*.

Many a time have I gone to the piano to practice with a breaking heart and a sob in my throat, and with such an anguish of mind as only mothers know who have lost dear children. I forced myself to it, and the effort brought its reward. How can we mothers live and see our children go from us forever, if we shut ourselves up and grieve and mourn and wear deep mourning clothes? I am looking for the day when fashion shall decree that mourning be left to widows. As I reason it, our friends in heaven would grieve to see us so troubled, and they would wish us to take up life and go on again as if they were still with us—and so they are!

Another thing I did not touch upon in my last, and I would like to urge it here—find a hobby and *ride* it. It is fine exercise. And when one gives out, mount another, always selecting a good one! This will tide a mother over many of her frets and worries, and improve her mentally and physically.

One thing more, to show what a woman can do. Last December, and again this year, I have had an exhibition of fine water-colors and etchings from a New York firm in a room down-town, showing them in the afternoons of one week, and have sold quite a number. My young babe is left at home in charge of a grown woman. I find I can spare the time for this business venture, and no one suffers for it. Why does not some other woman take up this "missionary" work? It is educating the town people up to good pictures, and is light, easy work for one who is versed in art, to say nothing of the pleasure and delight in looking at and feasting on such good things herself.

J. P. W.

London, O.

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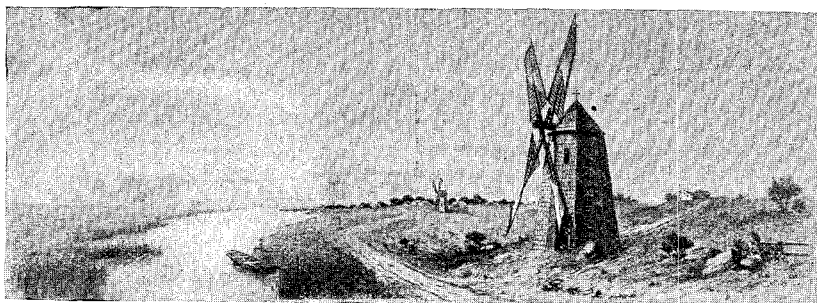
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